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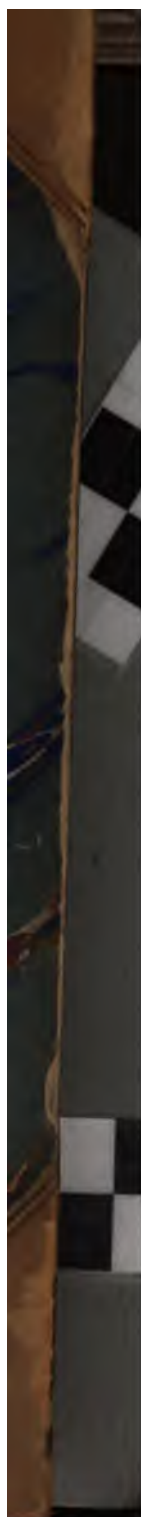
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**G**IOVANNI, son of Pietro Bernardone, was born at Assisi in Umbria, some time during the year 1182, or perhaps 1181, on a day which cannot now be recovered. At Assisi, likewise, he died, in his forty-fifth year, on Saturday evening, October 3rd, 1226. He was canonized under the name of St. Francis by his friend and protector, Pope Gregory IX., less than two years from the date of his death, on July 16th, 1228. And in 1266, forty years after the same event, in a full assembly of the Franciscan Order, holden in Paris, at which St. Bonaventure presided, the following Constitution was drawn up:—

'The General Chapter commands under obedience that all the legends of Blessed Francis heretofore made be abolished; and that, where they be found outside the Order, the brethren study to do away with them, seeing that the legend which hath been made by the General was compiled according as he had it from their mouth who were always as it were with the Blessed Francis and knew all certainly, and the matters proved are there set down diligently.'

A modern critic, lighting on this passage, would have his attention immediately awakened by its anxious yet peremptory tone,  
 Vol. 189.—No. 377. B tone,



tone, and its singular method of reasoning. Why did the Chapter insist, at a distance of forty years and more from the incidents to be described, on dealing, like Omar the Caliph, with so many works as must by that time have accumulated, in a way which was, to say the least, unusual, except where the charge of heresy had been fastened on such writings, and they had fallen under anathema? What, again, is meant by preferring the 'Legend' of Bonaventure to these earlier and possibly more authentic narratives? And why is it stated so emphatically that the General, though he never had set eyes on St. Francis, yet had learned his story 'from their mouth who were always as it were with him, and knew all certainly'? The problem which these words, and the acts following upon them, cannot but imply, would stir up at once a passion for research, and suggest the lines upon which it must move, in the curious antiquarian. He could not refrain from asking himself whether any of 'the legends heretofore made' were still in existence. Or had all alike been abolished 'under obedience,' and was that of St. Bonaventure alone left to tell the tale?

Instinctively, such a critic or enquirer would turn first to the legend thus held up for admiration as true and sufficient, and the quintessence of all others. He would have no trouble in finding it. The 'Life' by St. Bonaventure would meet him everywhere in all the Franciscan libraries of Europe. There is no speech or language where its voice is not heard. The Italian version has long been a classic, and is graceful and debonair, with a charming touch of the antique in its drawn-out sentences.\* The English goes back several hundred years, and was keenly relished in the days when recusants clung to their devout literature in secret, and printed it where they could, abroad or at home. The original Latin text, never much disturbed, has been given forth again quite lately, at the house of the Minor Conventuals near Florence. In a significant preface, these scholarly men echo from after, faintly yet not indistinctly, the warning words of that ancient Chapter, held six hundred and thirty-three years ago. But their drift is not altogether the same. They have caught sight of the critic, whom, without disapproving utterly, they feel tempted to distrust. He is a stranger and an intruder. He may not be a Franciscan, or a Catholic, or a Christian at all. How can he write faithfully of things which he has never experienced? 'But,' say these excellent men, learned in manuscripts, 'to pass a true judgment on this "Life" of St. Francis, we must not try

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\* Read it, as published by Mgr. Leopoldo Amoni, Rome, 1888.

it by that standard which the modern science of history is wont to use.' For history now lays stress upon finding out and setting down the acts, times, and circumstances of a man's life, whereas Bonaventure, in the spirit of that earlier age, drove at practice rather than knowledge, did indeed relate nothing but what appeared to him true, but wrote for edification and painted the soul. 'Nor,' said Leonardo Aretino, 'has any one excelled him in this high province.' Whereupon the critic, leaving editors to their task, opens the 'Legend' and reads it diligently, as it was written.

It is a fine mediæval text, no question, with something in its lights and colours of the richness of a window in stained glass, devout, warm, mystical, edifying—but certainly not modern. It has a rhetoric of its own, pious and abounding in the references to Scripture which the Middle Ages loved, and out of which we might build up the style of St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure, and Pope Gregory IX. Yet, as the editors have told us, times and circumstances are wanting to it. From its pages of meditative eloquence we cannot learn, or be sure that we know, what manner of man Francis really was. Another classic 'Legend' occurs to our mind as we go forward in this quiet and demure company, where all is said in an undertone without variation of key. We remember the 'Little Flowers of St. Francis,' with their poetry, their wild and fantastic humour, their pretty extravagances, their frolic tone, their 'grandissima allegrezza e caritade'; what has become of this, which paints in still more vivid hues, and as if out of doors, under the cloudless Umbrian sky, a Saint most unconventional, full of sweet fancies, not only tender but jocose, living in sequestered woods and on the mountain side, among birds and beasts, and gathering about him strange child-like followers, grown men with the simplicity of children, Brother Giles and Brother Juniper, whose very names are the signal for a smile? It is not only the chronology that we seek and do not find; it is the man as Italian tradition knows and loves him; the Francis that composed and went about singing his 'Canticle of the Sun.' What has befallen those touching majestic stanzas? For they are not here.

'Altissimu, omnipotente, bon Signore,  
tue sono le laude, la gloria, el honore, et onne benedictione.'

Did Bonaventure never hear them? Impossible. But he has passed them by. And many another word and story, which still run from lip to lip, we shall look for here in vain. But the 'Fioretti' are a garland of idle tales, say the severe



Bollandists, which they would not waste their precious moments in glancing at, let alone studying them. Such was once upon a time the art of critics, saintly or scholastic, too high for these things beloved of mere peasants and unlettered folk. Nevertheless, a charm so potent, so enduring, had the 'Flowers of St. Francis,' that to this day, in the common imagination, *they* are his 'Life,' rather than the stately, all too serious, pages of St. Bonaventure or the Bollandists.

What was the man like after all? Not the most austere contemplative is forbidden to ask that question. Cardinal Newman, who will not be suspected of undervaluing works of piety, has said, with characteristic boldness:—

'A Saint's writings are to me his real "Life"; and what is *called* his "Life" is not the outline of an individual, but either of the *auto-saint* or of a myth. Perhaps I shall be asked what I mean by "Life." I mean a narrative which impresses the reader with the idea of moral unity, identity, growth, continuity, personality. When a Saint converses with me, I am conscious of the presence of one active principle of thought, one individual character, flowing on and into the various matters which he discusses, and the different transactions in which he mixes. It is what no memorials can reach.'

And he goes on to affirm that, if we draw out our materials, 'not according to years, but according to virtues,' we may perhaps be teaching 'moral science,' but we shall not be writing history.

'Nay,' he concludes, 'hardly that; for chronological considerations will be neglected; youth, manhood, and age, will be intermingled. I shall not be able to trace out, for my own edification, the solemn conflict which is waging in the soul between what is divine and what is human, or the eras of the successive victories won by the powers and principles which are divine. I shall not be able to determine whether there was heroism in the young, whether there was not infirmity and temptation in the old. I shall not be able to explain actions which need explanation, for the age of the actors is the true key for entering into them.'\*

This quotation, we trust, will not appear too long. It is, perhaps, a little more decided in refusing to accept the character of individuals on any testimony save their own—when the writers are saints—than the critic will be, who has his peculiar means of sifting out evidence from the conclusions founded upon it, and who, in a certain measure, turns that witness to autobiography. For, as we possess the letters of Chrysostom or Augustine, so, to take a closely parallel instance, we may

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\* Newman, 'St. Chrysostom,' 'Hist. Sketches,' ii. 227-230.

have the recorded conversations of Dr. Johnson. Coming back to St. Bonaventure, it must be said that, while he keeps no order of time, and the indications of place are by no means always clear, his incomparable hero is transfigured into a glory that hides him by its brightness. We feel the lack of humour, the toning down or omission of humble but impressive circumstances which, though nothing apart from a man, are everything as showing him to us near at hand. In brief, this poor fleshly garb of ours, if it be not rendered with all its imperfections, will vanish in the luminous cloud, and we shall yet be seeking the Francis whom his neighbours saw, and wondered at, and could have told us many a droll story about, with the something in it of heavenly, too, which was his charm. He has left this undying memory, romantic and human. Can we trace it to its source, assure ourselves that it is not imagination, and watch it springing up? Was there a *Legenda Antiqua*, in which the Saint himself talked and acted, and told his companions what he meant at setting out, how he fared, and whether he achieved his ideal, or came within sight of it? We are able, at length, to answer that there was, and that we have it still.

The trials, triumphs, and vicissitudes of glory and shame which the Franciscan Order has tasted have long been matter of history. No Congregation in the Roman Church unfolds a chronicle so chequered. None has aimed at higher things, or developed an originality more startling. What scenes will compare, for example, with the ardent hopeless uprising of the Spirituals—or extreme Left Wing, as they would now be termed—led by William of Occam and Michael da Cesena, against principalities and powers, nay, against the Apostolic See itself, in that boundless confusion of the fourteenth century? But here precisely we come upon the track which, eluding Bonaventure, goes round as well as beyond him, and takes us back to the beginning and St. Francis. Read the published fragments—we await the full printing yet—of the ‘*Chronicon Tribulationum*,’ written in the year 1330 by Angelo Clareno. This Angelo was born between 1240 and 1250; entered the Order young; made acquaintance with certain of the first generation of Friars; fought valiantly on behalf of the letter and spirit of a Rule which, by interpretation or enlargement, had grown more and more to resemble the Benedictine or the Augustinian; and lived on, a much-enduring saint, into his ninetieth year, dying as late as 1339. But he complains that—

‘Francis had communicated very many things to his companions and the ancient Friars which have been sunk in oblivion, partly because those things which had been written in the First Legend  
were,



were, when Friar Bonaventure brought out a new one, abolished and destroyed by his command, and partly because they were held in contempt as they seemed to run counter to the common course. St. Francis, taught of Christ, delivered to his brethren and foretold that as Adam, in the apple of the knowledge of good and evil, had transgressed God's command, so the Friars, by their love of knowledge [*amore sciendi*] would fall from the virtue of truth and humility, and from the love and the operation of poverty.'

What a fierce light is here thrown suddenly across the General Chapter of 1266, sitting at Paris, 'in gremio Universitatis,' with St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor, at its head! Nothing less, it appears, than a vital difference in the interpretation of the Rule, in conceiving the Franciscan idea and carrying it out, emerges from this statement, combined with the decree, which we know was issued, for abolishing the earlier legends. But the 'Chronicle of Tribulations' does more than recite a fact: it quotes often from the ancient authorities; the first part of it turns out to be a recapitulation of those books which, somehow, had escaped the fire and survived, without glory or recognition, down to the day when it was lawful to read and possess them again. As at Florence the rival schemes of government, 'largo e stretto,' had their seasons of honour and dishonour, so, from the moment when Francis quitted a world which had been too much for him, in the Seraphic Order one General revoked what his predecessors had established, or set up again what had been cast down. Brother Elias ruled, was deposed, came again to the supreme power, and again was hurled from it by Papal anathema. John of Parma, his blameless successor, died a martyr for the cause of the strict observance. Bonaventure followed, and after him a line of moderates, zealous for the *juste milieu*; severe on the relaxed, but still more unsparing in their treatment of the Spirituals; resolute in defence of the learning, the temporalities, and the high places which they deemed nowise incompatible with Franciscan poverty. The Popes migrated to Babylon in France; they displayed a luxury which the Renaissance would not much outshine; and at Avignon the quarrel between 'largo e stretto' was taken up with renewed violence. But a wind of reform had passed over the Brethren; it was now the turn of those who preferred Francis and his ways to the dynasty of which Bonaventure had been the most worthy representative. Legends hitherto suppressed came to light. In the great refectory of the Friars at Avignon they were read by command from the pulpit, and visitors or pilgrims copied, took away with them, and scattered in every part of the world such chapters as  
pleased

pleased them best. When Luke Wadding and the Bollandists undertook the history of the Order, these materials lay dispersed here and there, available though not soliciting attention. Used or neglected, it is only since the beginning of the present century that they have, little by little, asserted their claim to the importance they are now seen to possess. These last years have witnessed a resurrection of documents such as we could not have hoped for. And at length the 'Life' of the Poverello d'Assisi may be written from sources authentic and contemporary, full of those personal, intimate, and characteristic details which Cardinal Newman thought indispensable to a right understanding of any saint, while they suffer the critic to test them upon principles now acknowledged on all sides.

When we speak of the historian of St. Francis, we name M. Paul Sabatier. Others may have compiled; M. Sabatier has interpreted. To him modern literature will adjudge no contemptible crown. For he has made this most human of the saints a living figure once more among the great religious idealists. M. Renan had a mind to boast that he, and no second son of the nineteenth century, understood St. Francis. It was too much and too little. The Francis whom he knew was his own creation, not very solid or real—a phantom rather, airy and volatile. To know the genuine Francis, M. Renan would have found it necessary to comprehend the spirit of the Middle Age; his '*Drames Philosophiques*' are surely a demonstration that he had scarcely outgone Voltaire a league on that toilsome journey. Better things may be written of M. Sabatier. Descended from a well-known Evangelical stock, of which Strassburg is justly proud, the historian brings to his enterprise that profoundly serious temper of the Puritans, but also a critical training wherein are mingled elements more gracious. Though hardly, or perhaps not at all, dogmatic in his religious principles, he is devout, sympathetic, and candid. The iconoclast mood, fatal to intelligence, he does not cultivate. But he inherits far too much good sense to handle this rare and touching idyl—this Italian page added to the New Testament—as if it were naught save literature, or an æsthetic theme on which the dilettante might show off. To disengage from fiction, from polemics, from barren or interested moralizing, the unparalleled Saint who never has had equal or successor in his own line, and to set him forth in the terrible and magnificent thirteenth century, as he appeared before the cloud took him and the mortal man was hidden—such is the task to which M. Sabatier has consecrated his days, and he has done exceedingly well.

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The French 'Life of St. Francis' may not detain us now. It is in every way a success, and its twentieth edition a pleasing proof that men and women still read what will profit them, if the writer be not wanting. Its firm yet sensitive style, its self-control, its exactitude, its modesty of tone, and its delicate local colour, gained by a long residence at Assisi, entitle it to be called the best biography of St. Francis in a modern tongue. But if we would take the full measure of M. Sabatier, we must consider him as the critic, who, in preparing and making accessible to European scholars the '*Speculum Perfectionis*' of Brother Leo, has displayed the finest sagacity, and given us back a treasure which might have seemed to be hopelessly lost.

An article might indeed be spent, and to good purpose, in following M. Sabatier through the libraries and manuscripts which have led up to this triumph. But St. Francis waits; we must hasten on. Suffice it, therefore, that we are now in possession of three 'Lives,' and large portions, if not the whole, of a fourth, written between 1227 and 1247, the latest of them anticipating Bonaventure's 'Legend' by some thirteen years. Two are official: the first and second 'Lives,' which we owe to Thomas of Celano, composed, one in 1227, at Pope Gregory's instance, the other in 1247, at the request of the General, Crescentius, and of the whole Order. That of which only portions were extant dates from 1246, and was used by Celano; it is celebrated as the work of the 'Three Companions,' Leo, Angelus, and Rufinus. Within the last few months, more of it has been discovered, perhaps the whole; and it is in process of editing at Rome. But Leo, its principal author, was confessor, friend, and intimate of Francis, '*homo miræ simplicitatis et puritatis*,' observes Angelo Clareno, quoting the words of the Saint himself. Neither did he delay twenty years before committing to paper what he had seen and heard in so privileged a friendship. By an accumulation of evidence, too intricate for this place, but as clear as it is copious, M. Sabatier proves that within a year of the Saint's death, Leo, whom Francis was wont affectionately to call '*la pecorella di Dio*,' had composed in his beautiful hand-writing, specimens of which may still be viewed at Assisi, a large account of all, extending, in its present shape, to no less than one hundred and twenty-four chapters. This is that '*Legenda Antiquissima*' of which all the while we have been in search.

A singular contrast to Bonaventure's 'Legend'! True, that when we first turn over its pages, we make out neither plan nor chronology, save the attempt to illustrate and exalt the virtues of the Seraphic—his poverty, lowliness, gentle dealings, and the pathos

pathos which his last years brought with them. The wandering tale reminds us of a note-book into which matters have been cast for sorting and arrangement by and by. Or it is like Xenophon's 'Memorabilia,' 'sine arte, sine ordine,' the hastily drawn portrait which a mourner, occupied with his grief and his love, dashes down lest he forget some precious feature of the Beloved who is gone from him. Written, too, with a strong indignant sense of what was taking place around him, with Elias and the too carnal followers whom that astute ambitious man had won over, dyeing the white purity of the Franciscan ideal in their scarlet dreams. The 'Speculum' is a passionate polemic, yet not only that. For its argument is a life, tenderly, graphically told, with transparent candour, and not without genius, the more delightful to moderns that it never glances at itself, but is utterly direct, absorbed in the story it has to tell, and knows nothing of plays upon words, and the quaintnesses in that day imagined as fit ornaments of rhetoric and a good style. From Frà Leone, and the companions likeminded with him, comes whatsoever is individual, lively, heart-stirring—the fire and the emotion, the divinely-simple heroic, the joy in which a tear is hidden—that has passed into Thomas of Celano, and, wrought to some inevitable wildness and popular fancy, has given the 'Fioretti' their breath of the morning air. Frà Leone overflows with his Master's sayings and doings. He is full of them, and lavishes reminiscence upon everyone who pays him a visit at Assisi, the place where he too was born, and which, after Francis has laid down there his mortal spoils, he never will forsake. But his first memorial, flung off with headlong speed, cries aloud, in its mere disorder, that the heart was pouring out an abundance of life, experienced and unforgettable. There is no plan; yet, with a little care, we arrive at one.

For, unlike the official story, told by a stranger, this has sprung up out of the soil. It is a vision of things done, always before the eyes of Frà Leone, which he sees in every particular as it comes to pass. M. Sabatier, being an admirable judge of the real in history, applies to the 'Speculum' a method not far removed from that of the 'Horæ Paulinæ,' familiar to English students. And he draws out for us, from the seeming medley of chapters, a succession, a chronology, as simple as it is luminous. From St. Bonaventure we could get nothing distinct in place or time. Here the details find their proper situation, and every stroke adds to the picture. The visual power is extraordinary in this man, who knows the highways and byways of his little Umbrian town, clinging to the hillside, as none but a native could know them. And the language of  
St. Francis,



St. Francis, here echoing at every turn, is that incommunicable speech of the gods when they come down among mortals, inspired, idiomatic in some country where we have never been, not lending itself to imitation. A made-up legend, observes M. Sabatier, will never stand this test. Blow away the names, and nothing is left; all has gone to colourless water. But, in these pages, the names do not signify. You may blot them out, the reality stands as before, smiling at you, visible as a landscape which you see for the first time and without a map. Because it is experience, it bears within itself this unique power of impressing the spectator. Such is Frà Leone's narrative. When we have finished reading it in the right order we know our St. Francis.

The Saint of the 'Fioretti' and tradition, despite the grave Bollandists. A man not easy to frame, and put on canvas, or so much as persuade to sit for his portrait as one of the canonized; very perplexing to routine, whether in castle, market-place, or church; so inveterately original that nothing would serve but he must go his own way; yet charming everyone, high or low, by his forgetfulness of self, his bright and innocent looks, his gay confidence in the nature of things, and his faith in Paradise at the doors. Never was there such an optimist. 'Be not overcome by evil; but overcome evil by good' is a philosophy which the largest reforming designs have found too wide and deep for their proportions: the reformer, almost as speedily as the mad revolutionist, clutches at the sword in his zeal to bring about with no delay the Kingdom of Heaven. Francis would take up neither the axe of the headsman nor the rods of the lawgiver, whose lictors, in the Middle Ages, went before him, bearing their instruments of torture. But the Saint of Assisi lived all his days in Galilee, transporting by a mighty magic into the heart of Italian anarchisms the world of the first three Gospels, and, amid confusions which no after-time has exceeded, showing himself a moral miracle, his power being simply human, unsullied by rage or force, borne up by the grace in which he believed.

Frà Leone is not a philosopher. He has no outlook into the meaning of his own age. To him it appears a matter of course that Assisi should detest Perugia, and Perugia lie in wait for Assisi; that, within the compass even of his native ant-hill, nobles and industrials should be fighting—the 'majores' against the 'minores'—and that Bishop and Podestà should need to be reconciled by the song of the dying Saint. What a picture it is, touching and melancholy no less than barbarous, when Francis calls the high people together that they may hear  
his

his brethren, the 'Joculatores Domini,' the Lord's minstrels, chant his 'Canticum Fratris Solis' and be pacified, yielding up their spirit to the charm of its fresh stanzas!—

'Laudato si, Misignore, per quelli ke perdonano per lo tuo amore,  
et sostengon infirmitate et tribulatione :  
beati quelli kel sosterranno in pace,  
ka da te, Altissimo, sirano incoronati.'

By way of prelude to the deeds which glorified this 'poor man of Assisi,' we should read a little in two books, unlike enough to one another, yet each pouring its own light upon the century into which Francis was born. One is St. Matthew's Gospel; the other Thucydides. If we would set before us the Italy over which Popes and Emperors fought their battles—the 'tented field' of the Fredericks, Innocents, Alexanders, Gregories; of the Lombard League, of the Guelfs and Ghibellines; of the municipalities walled in, and the castles held by captain-brigands; of robber-companies, and bishops in coats of mail, and ten thousand tyrants scrambling for the booty of a growing middle class—and all this calling itself civilization—we may study it in the pages of the immortal Greek. Hellas and Italy exhibit the Aryan madness, which will not combine against barbarians, but turns the sword in its own bowels, and delights in faction-fighting, till some strong hand beats it into slavery, when now too weak for resistance. And the blood feuds, the treason, the defiling of holy things, the oracles sent out from Delphi, the interdicting from the sacred games—in Italian or Greek they are identical, except that no Thucydides arose in the year 1300 to make of the century just gone out in volcano fires and whirlwinds of burning smoke 'a possession for ever.' But we should look again at his chapters on the revolutions of Corcyra, and compare with them our mediæval chronicles, Papal Bullaria, and manifestos of Frederick II., if we would realize the heroism of a new sort which ran to and fro in a world so desperately convulsed, crying to every one it met: 'Pax et bonum.'

M. Sabatier does not shrink from the assertion that Francis delayed the fall of mediæval Christendom by three centuries, and was, in fact, its saviour. The perils which menaced it on every side came from its champions as from its most determined enemies. That city should rise against city, the country against the castle, the Upper and Lower Town be embroiled in deadly warfare, was bad enough. But in the never-ceasing quarrel of Church and Empire something far more terrible had come to pass. With the Pope, the Hierarchy, the Monastic Orders,



Orders, all that we now describe as morality and civilization was bound up. How then did these elements of the higher life prosper in a chaos upon which, amid storms and tempests, the fierce contending powers fought out their quarrels? Let one symptom be quoted, concerning which there is no manner of dispute. When Innocent III. reigned—a Pontiff abounding in energy, conscientious, austere, and resolute in putting down evil—the three chief countries of the West were, in whole or part, struck with interdict. So far as in him lay, Innocent did his utmost to suspend the public practice of Christianity for months or years in England, Germany, and France. He smote the people by way of bringing rulers to their knees. It was a hazardous experiment, kill or cure, repeated again and again, until the common man learned to do without those sacraments which, through no fault of his own, might be taken from him whenever it pleased authority to employ this weapon against kings and emperors, republics and magistrates. What way could be more certain of throwing the Christian back on his private judgment, and teaching him to consult the spirit in his own breast, than by locking the Church doors, silencing the bells, and abolishing the ritual? None but the clergy could do this amazing defeat upon themselves; and they did it.

They reckoned that the people would come back to them, suing for reconciliation. But thousands had ceased to distinguish between the Church and its ministers. Tradition held, with Augustine, that, the great High Priest being always Christ—‘*Christus qui baptizat*’ was the formula—it could not signify to the intrinsic worth and grace of the sacraments whether saint or sinner administered them as the instrumental or second cause. Yet even Gregory VII., in his wrath against simony and concubinage in the clergy, had ordained: ‘*Si qui vero [presbyteri vel subdiaconi] in peccato suo perseverare maluerunt, nullus vestrum eorum præsumat audire officium, quia benedictio eorum vertitur in maledictionem et oratio in peccatum.*’ It was a famous canon, ‘*Nullus audiat missam,*’ repeated in many Councils, whereby the supreme authorities did their utmost to separate not so much the people from the priest as the priest from the people, when his guilt had become notorious. But a hundred years afterwards, Lucius III., dreading what might happen if laymen were thus permitted to sit in judgment on their clergy, distinguished between notoriety of fact and notoriety of law: an ecclesiastical court must intervene. It was too late. Arnold of Brescia had taught, or his followers had ascribed to him, a doctrine which, if carried into practice, would

would have left innumerable parishes desolate: 'Quod pro malitia clericorum sacramenta Ecclesiæ sunt vitanda.' The 'Poor Men' of Lyons or of Milan were beginning to give trouble. The Waldensians roamed from city to city, translated the Bible into Provençal, withdrew into secret chambers and celebrated the Lord's Supper, and were evermore denying that a bad priest could consecrate the Body of Christ. Let them have their way and the Hierarchy must come to an end, the religious Orders be deemed superfluous, when weavers and merchants, dwelling in their own homes, professed to be living up to all that the New Testament counselled or commanded. These early unconscious Protestants were now spread along the world's highway. They wandered down as far south as Rome itself; they were encamped in Lombardy; they followed the fairs in France; they travelled north to Paris, everywhere finding disciples, nor thought the people evil of them.

But a new church was rising as the old began to stoop towards its base. The Paulicians, Cathari, Bulgarians, Albigenses, the 'new Manichæans'—by how many names were they not praised or flouted, every one of them a sign that the sectarian fever was at its height? Gibbon has left an incomparable description of their pilgrimage from the mountains of Armenia to the banks of the Rhone and the Garonne; he is not unjust to them; and their cruel sufferings in the war which almost blotted them out have subdued multitudes of readers to a pity and sorrow for them surely not deserving of blame. The thirteenth century was merciless; when we go through its history year by year, and all that tale of blood fills our eyes, stains our imagination, at last in horror we let the volume fall, and ask ourselves if they were of one kindred with us who did such things? It is certain that in action as in speech the mediæval hero was a child dominated by his first lively impressions, headlong, without judgment, and, once roused, a demon whose furious onset aimed only at destruction. We are as much perplexed, when we read of the capture of Beziers, to reconcile with the supposed Christianity of these crusaders their atrocious deeds, as, in the pages of Thucydides, we fail to understand how it was the same Athenians who melted into tenderness before the Euripidean stage and decreed the universal slaughter of the people of Mitylene. But the Athenians revoked their decree. In the Middle Age no revocation was possible, or would have been tolerated.

So it is, and our instinctive detestation of cruelty ranges us on the side of the hunted heretics, not as sharing their doctrine, but as loathing their persecutors. Yet the truth must be told.

'Better



'Better had it been for Rome,' says M. Sabatier, 'had she won her triumph by meekness, learning, and holiness; but a soldier cannot always choose his weapons, and, when life is at stake, he will snatch the first that comes to hand. The Papacy has not always defended reaction and ignorance; when it put down the Cathari, it was the victory of good sense, nay of reason.'

These sectaries, who paid so dearly for their attempt to orientalize Christendom, held an anarchical creed. They were, as M. Sabatier perceives, given over to a mixture of fancies and principles, which, had they prevailed, would in no long while have degraded their converts below the level of Islam. For the Albigenses were 'Gnostics, Buddhists, Mazdeists'; they held, as Schopenhauer, and not he alone, has dared to express it, that 'the world was made by the devil'; and, in spite of their chance association with poetry and the new languages of the South, we cannot question that their rule would have been distinguished by severe unnatural rigour on the one hand, to which an emancipation of the flesh passing all bounds would have corresponded on the other. They had conquered Provence; and it required crusades and Inquisitions to conquer them. Already they were meditating an empire in Italy. But they passed, without an Inquisition, and without civil war. To whom was that owing? M. Sabatier replies: to St. Francis.

We are at length come into the presence of this wonderful reformer, who could truly say that his ideas and projects were his own, but who was yet, like all of us, the child of his time and his environment. The more so, indeed, that he possessed none of the learning by which he could have risen above either. We should greatly mistake, nevertheless, did we imagine that ideas in the thirteenth century travelled slowly or could not win their crowds of proselytes because printing had yet to be invented. It was a period of violent, rapid, and extreme fluctuations of thought. Liberty was in the air, and it seemed not wholly impossible that Church and Empire would go down together. The Italian communes were winning their independence; and had Tertullian been alive he might have parodied his own saying and applied it to the Cathari, '*Faciunt favos vespæ; faciunt et Marcionitæ ecclesias.*' Though Assisi was little among the thousands of Umbria, yet Assisi too had its revolution; its liberties and privileges had been lost; Conrad Count of Suabia and Duke of Spoleto ruled the town from his castle overhead. Then Innocent III., a strong and popular man, was raised to the tiara in 1198. Conrad must abdicate. As soon as his back was turned, the people went to work, and left

left not a stone upon a stone of the tyrant's fortress. They put a high wall round their city. Francis, then a youth of seventeen, may well have joined his friends, the 'popolo minuto,' in their patriotic task. By and by, the hands which carried stones and mortar to build the enclosure of Assisi would be occupied in repairing desolate sanctuaries. But the nobles dreaded plunder and confiscation. They called out to Perugia. One of those mediæval Italian contests followed, half terrible, half grotesque, in the plain, near Ponte San Giovanni. The citizens were defeated, some prisoners taken, and Francis among them.

This event cuts his life in two. When he came back to his native town, a free man, he was on the eve of conversion. It was about November 1203. Frà Leone has little to tell us of the years when his hero lived like other men, except that it was, from the rather modest point of view which in so small a neighbourhood would be habitual, a delicate or luxurious existence. The son of Bernardone was not noble, though with nobles he consorted, sharing their pleasures, and the master of their revellings, thanks to a singularly gay and facile temper which never seems to have had any malice in it. His schooling had been slight. He knew Latin after the vernacular fashion in which many spoke and wrote it around him; for it was not yet extinct in the pulpit, and quotations from the Bible were familiar as household words among the middle and upper classes. To judge from the sample of his handwriting which is left—one of the most precious relics in the Convent of Spoleto—the Saint never advanced beyond a simple schoolboy character. His reading cannot have amounted to much at any time. But he listened eagerly to the epic tales then so widespread of 'Charlemain and all his chivalry,' concerning which he had his own thoughts. Long afterwards it delighted him to say of the Friars, 'These are my brethren of the Table Round.' Frà Leone tells a story which is worth a thousand, how Francis distinguished between saying and doing when a novice asked leave to keep the Psalter by him, which he might not without permission. Why did he want it? The Father broke out:—

"Charles the Emperor," he cried, "Roland and Oliver, and all the Paladins and robust men that were mighty in war, pursuing the infidels with much sweat and labour, even to the death, took a notable victory of them. And, at the last, the Holy Martyrs too died for Christ in battle. But now there be many that by the mere telling of those things which the others wrought, think to receive honour and praise from men. So among us are not a few that by reciting and preaching the works which the Saints did are willing to get honour



honour and praise." . . . And blessed Francis said to him, "When thou hast a Psalter, thou wilt desire a Breviary; and after thou hast a Breviary thou wilt sit like a great prelate in thy seat, and say to thy brother, 'Bring me the Breviary.'"

In these delicious touches of humour, and this abundant style, we recognize how truly one wrote of Francis, '*Homo facundissimus et hilaris facie.*' The satire is too gentle to hurt; and yet it is piercing; and the magnificence of the heroic cycle leads in the Saints, with their deeds of prowess, their 'much sweat and labour.' We catch a glimpse of the lad whose fancy had taken fire and his heart burned within him, as the troubadours and jongleurs came round, chanting their lofty lays. Perhaps too, we can feel the intense passion still warm in these words which made him love France and the language of the French. That language, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, was not only, as it is now, an accomplishment greatly desired in countries distant from Paris: it was the dialect of poetry no less than of the court and the camp; and Bernardone, a traveller to many markets, knew it well, and, we may conjecture, spoke it with his family at home. Whenever Francis was rapt out of himself, Frà Leone tells us, he would break into French. The passage is characteristic. We may be sure that the Saint was in this feature not unlike the young man whom his companions thought so prodigal of joy and amusement.

'Drunk with love and compassion for Christ,' says Leone, 'blessed Francis would sometimes do such things as these. For the sweet melody within boiling up would give itself forth in French, and the vein of the divine whispering which his ear received in secret would, in French, break forth into jubilation. Sometimes he would take a piece of wood off the ground, and putting it on his left arm fit another piece to it, as 'twere a fiddle-bow, and with his right hand drawing one across the other, like a vielle or other instrument, and making the appropriate action, he would sing in French of our Lord Jesus Christ. At length all this festive action [*tripudiatio*] would end in tears, and in pity for the sufferings of Christ this jubilee would be melted. Therein he sighed continually, and in his frequent sobbings, forgetful of what his hands held in them, he seemed to be clinging to Heaven.'

M. Sabatier remarks, with great justice, that in this description, clearly that of an eye-witness, we behold the rising ecstasy and the very conditions under which it was produced. The similar narrative of Elisha and the minstrel, in the Second Book of Kings, will not be forgotten. At present, however, we quote this graphic story as letting us into the secret of a temperament which was essentially poetical, or, as we say, inspired.

Francis

Francis had neither law, nor logic, nor theology, nor any sort of erudition, among his gifts. He could not have been a student, a critic, a canonist, a professor; the lines on which this work-a-day world is carried forward were strange to him and unintelligible, not because he fell below them, but by reason of these mighty wings, lifting him into the air of the spirit. He possessed, in a degree which only the greatest poets have equalled, the divine *æstrus*, the flame that mounts from within and bears up its votary singing. 'Multa Dircæum levat auræ cycinum' is a true saying, and admirable science. When Francis was a lad, daintily dressed, in love with music, dancing, and all manner of revelry, he had yet to learn what this enthusiasm signified, and how he could become worthy of the Paladins and robust men that were his heroes. 'Hic vir in vanitatibus nutritus insolenter,' was chanted once in his memory, until pious veneration, shocked at so plain a statement, cancelled it. Not insolent was he at any time. His exquisite good nature and sense of refinement forbade grossness. But he might have followed the troubadours that came about Italian cities then; or become a disciple of Pierre Vidal, the 'Prince of courtesy and song,' consecrating to verse the passion that was in him. At twenty-two, after long months in captivity at Perugia, when he returned, he was more joyous and extravagant than ever. But he fell sick. The mysterious change that we describe as conversion set in. His gaiety passed under a cloud; and like Bellerophon he would wander about the lonely fields, shunning that illusion which yesterday had played its thousand devices in his sight, and now could please him no longer. Some vision had been haunting him, the like of which we may read in *Morte d'Arthur* or the *Mabinogion*, of a palace hung with glittering arms, and a fair lady whom he was to win, after many adventures; all the day dreams floated round that are the very stuff of the fantasy. 'Why so blithe and smiling?' his comrades had asked. And he answered: 'I know it is my fate to be a great prince.' We are reminded of Loyola and his boyish ambitions, which also had their fulfilment in a way far beyond their seeming.

The sequel is a chapter in the world's history too familiar that we should dwell upon it. Frà Leone does not tell his readers what they would have talked over a thousand times, the scene before the Bishop, the angry father, Francis stripping off his garments, and crying, 'Now can I say with truth "Pater noster qui es in cœlis"'; and the good prelate sheltering his naked body under his cloak. We require of Brother Leo not the outward show of these things but the spirit which prompted them. He knows it better than any one save Francis himself. There had



been a fine rapture in that abandonment which left itself bare and naked in the world's eyes—but most difficult to express, to reproduce; amazing in its time, not less wonderful now. The word 'detachment' has lost its place among words that burn and shine and awaken emotion as soon as they are heard. What shall be said of the yet more mystic term 'poverty'? Francis, when he quitted the Bishop's presence, fled up into the wild ways of Monte Subasio, where the snows were still lying; and as he went his heart burst out into singing. It was his Epithalamium, and the keen March day his wedding feast. For he had espoused his 'gracious dame Poverty,' of whom the Franciscan Dante was to say glorious things:—

‘Che per tal donna giovinetto in guerra  
Del padre corse, a cui come alla morte  
La porta del piacer nessun dissera.’

Francis, in his wanderings, was learning to be a prophet. The seer, indeed, though hardly approved by Churchmen who desired to let well or ill alone, had emerged into prominence during these troubled and feverish times. In Calabria, Joachim of Flora, the Cistercian abbot, won for himself, by writing on Ezekiel and the Apocalypse, a reputation which was mixed of light and dark, as though he were a man caught up to the third heaven and shown those unspeakable things which St. Paul might not utter, yet had come to this exaltation by means not altogether lawful. The new prophet was dead before Francis underwent conversion, if we may believe Papebroche, who assigns March 30th, 1202, as the date of his decease. But his bold and taking scheme of the Church's history did not die with him. The three stages, with their respective Saints, Peter, Paul, and John; with their virtues, passing up into charity or love which was to make an end of servile fear and Jewish legalism; with their revolutions of power, and the high clergy yielding place to the prophets who should be clothed in sackcloth and take up their parable, during two and forty months, against Babylon the Great—all this wide view, which, though wrapt in allegory, seemed to bear an instant meaning, to be applicable at once in Church and State, a satire upon acknowledged corruptions, and a promise that they should not long continue, ushers in the thirteenth century with violence. From afar it tells of the sixteenth, and beholds the Middle Ages already passing away.

How much Francis knew of Joachim's prophesyings we cannot measure. As the Poverello did not himself write anything but a few letters, his Rule, and his last will and testament, we  
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are thrown upon conjectures and probabilities in estimating the degree which bound him to earlier teachers. We are aware, indeed, that Joachim was held by the Spiritual Franciscans in honour almost equal to their Master's, whose coming he was thought to have foretold, in commenting on the words, '*Vidi alterum angelum ascendentem ab ortu solis habentem signum Dei vivi*,' an interpretation which even the cautious Bonaventure seems to welcome, in his Prologue. It is certain that in the later period of reform or rebellion, which led on to Michael da Cesena and William of Occam, when the fanatics of the Order rose against John XXII. and the Roman Court, these prophecies furnished them with weapons which they seized upon eagerly and hanelled without compunction. But Francis, though abounding in what some would call a heart-knowledge of the Bible, was no more a commentator than a School theologian. We may grant in him the deep conviction that men were in need of a renewal from on high, and that, in some sense, these were the last times—'*Hora novissima; tempora pessima sunt; vigilemus*.' The wind of prophecy was blowing over the world; it smote him on the forehead, and he spoke as under its tempestuous power. Nevertheless, we have his word, in the '*Last Will and Testament*,' which proves him free from debt to any man: '*After the Lord gave me brethren*,' he writes, '*no one showed me what it behoved me to do; but He, the Most High, revealed to me that I ought to live after the fashion of the Holy Gospel*.' He had passed beyond commentaries to the text; a prophet he surely was, yet not as opening the future, but as laying down, by the force of a most subduing example, the duty here and now of a perfect Christian.

But the Abbot of Flora had his part in Francis, and not the least noble. He had magnified the riches of poverty, making it glorious in the coming '*period of the lilies*'; and with genuine inspiration he had written: '*One that is truly a monk thinketh naught his own save a harp*,'—'*nihil nisi citharam*'—words which did seem to foretell the advent of those '*Joculatores Domini*' that the new preacher would have sent, with songs and music, to the four winds of heaven, as messengers of peace and joy. Francis never could forget the harp. While the modern Manichæans would, assuredly, have banished from the ranks of their Perfect every one who delighted in the beauty of things visible, and the Waldensians had already put on those sour and downcast looks which we associate with Geneva, with Calvinism in its palmy yet not cheerful days, the Umbrian was a lover of Art and Nature. He rejoiced with the streams and the waterfalls; he felt at home in the fair solitary places. He would



ascend to mountain heights whence he could see spread out the enchanting landscapes of his native country; and he was ever blessing God for the sunshine, the day and the night, the stars and the fire. He would not have rudeness shown to the least of God's creatures; the flame itself must be regarded as a beautiful divine thing, to be quenched with a sort of devout ritual; and with every bird of the air and beast in the thicket he was at peace. We cannot take this still life out of his chronicle without doing it violence. There have been Saints for whom the world of Nature did not exist; but Francis was at one with it, and the contrary of a Manichæan; if his Italian countrymen would follow him, they must not dream of any creed that separated the good God from the world. He became to his century, therefore, the herald who should announce a fresh period in literature, in landscape studies, in the apprehension of form and sunlight, almost, we had said, in science, whenever it gave up idle guessing and unverified tradition, in order that it might see things as they are. The *Risorgimento*, of which Dante is so far-shining an apparition, had likewise its Giotto and the Primitives in painting; but had it not in science Roger Bacon? These were Franciscans, or allied to that school, much more certainly than ever were the masters in logical fence, who tithed mint and cummin, and sat in their lofty chairs reading lectures, not on the Breviary, but on Aristotle, the great misunderstood philosopher, into whose pages they conveyed their too Gothic and uncritical dreams.

The lover of beauty is fastidious, reserved, distant. But in Francis we note the elements of an inward struggle, which gives us the whole man. He adored beauty; he was wedded to poverty. The prophet would not be a monk after accepted fashion, behind the walls of a cloister. His Rule was more simple. 'I will not have you mention to me,' he cried, on a celebrated occasion, at the 'Chapter of the Mats,' when his brethren sought a relaxation from their first austerities, 'any Rule, neither St. Benedict's, nor St. Augustine's, nor St. Bernard's; nor any way or form except that which hath been shown me of the Lord in His mercy and bestowed by Him.' It was, in simple undoubted fact, the hearing of a certain Gospel read in the little Church—the 'Portiuncula'—which had determined Francis on travelling the world, and preaching the good news, in absolute poverty. At Mass, on February 24th, 1209, the Feast of St. Matthias, he had received his commission. It was an apostolate. He must be a vagrant, without gold or silver in his purse, without scrip or staff, without shoes on his feet, or provision in his satchel. And in science

*Immaculate*

science he was to be as poor as in money. 'The Lord,' whom in vision he had heard speaking already at St. Damian, 'said to me that He would have me to be a great fool in this world; and He would guide us by none other way.' And in his 'Testament' he repeats the lesson:—

'We were idiots,' he says, using the quaint mediæval word, 'men of no account, subject to all. And I used to work with my hands, and am willing to work; and all the other brethren, it is my firm intention that they should work in the labour that pertaineth to honesty. They that know not how, let them learn, not for the lust of receiving a reward of their labour, but for example's sake, and to drive away sloth. And when there should not be given us the reward of our labour, let us run to the Lord's table, begging alms from door to door.'

His preaching was not to be in word but in deed, by example and in charity. Thus had he made a beginning of penitence:—

'For when I was in my sins,' he opens his 'Last Will' by telling us pathetically, 'it appeared to me exceedingly bitter even to look at the lepers. And the Lord Himself led me among them, and I showed kindness to them; and when I went away, that which had seemed to me so bitter was changed for me to sweetness of soul and body. And afterwards I stood still awhile, and I came forth out of the world.'

He would have no home but the lazaretto—that most melancholy prison, a hospital vilely kept, where the air, the food, everything, was tainted. And yet, in the leper house at Rivo Torto, with his first companions about him, days of heavenly peace were spent. When these new apostles were not tending on the stricken, they abode in churches; and, as their numbers grew, they took service in private families, receiving their food and no more. Francis, had he pursued the common way of religious reformers, would now have been ordained; his Rule would have distinguished carefully between clerics and lay brothers; the novitiate of a year, or more, would have found its place among his regulations; money flowing in, lands would have been purchased and buildings arise; and a wall round about them would have shut the people out. He was another kind of man, with one simple, primitive, bold idea; he understood literally what was said in the Gospel, 'Go and preach,' therefore he must not sit still. The question has been often asked: When did Francis set up his Third Order, when his First? M. Sabatier replies that there was no First or Third until, by a development which at all times perhaps would be inevitable, the plain Rule 'of lowliness and simplicity' came  
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to be glossed, applied, interpreted; and, he might have gone on to say, until the practice of ordaining all who were eligible had assimilated the Franciscans to the clergy, and given them a place, like others, in the Roman Hierarchy. That this change amounted to a revolution will be clear enough on considering all it involved. Francis himself would never be ordained priest. He stayed in deacon's orders—from a sense of humility, say his biographers, which of course is true; but likewise in the conviction that his task lay elsewhere than in the sanctuary.

Did he, then, lapse into the Waldensian creed, '*Quod propter malitiam sacerdotum Ecclesiæ sacramenta sunt vitanda*'? On this rock many were doomed to make shipwreck. Not so the mystic whose faith in the sacrament and in the priesthood, as ordained to its keeping and consecration, was, according to M. Sabatier, the very heart of his religion. This view is abundantly borne out by Frà Leone. He shows us the Saint sweeping the floor of the church, giving frequent exhortations that the altar should be tended, longing to bestow rich vessels for its service, and pleading in secret with the clergy when they forgot their charge. And again in the 'Testament' we read most humble professions of reverence and obedience to them: 'This I do,' adds Francis, 'inasmuch as I see nothing bodily in this world of Him, the Most High Son of God, except His sacred body and blood, which they receive, and which they alone minister to others.' They were his lords; he would not consider any sin in them, but only the Son of God. Neither Waldensian nor Paulician had so judged of the Hierarchy; it was evident that the work of the Franciscans would be carried on within its borders and according to its direction.

If we would see the new apostle as he saw himself, we must accept his principles. He was for realizing the life which he had learned from the Gospel in a Church that has never yet suffered private persons to establish a society the ways of which she does not claim to guide, to alter, and in every detail to judge. This implicit but absolute condition, always present, Francis allowed without murmur as without protest. He believed in the communications which had been granted him from on high; equally did he believe in the authority at Rome apart from whose leave and licence he could not stir one single step. Of Canon Law he was ignorant; his unique and fascinating spirit could never have taken delight in *apicibus juris*; what he wanted he knew; how it must be framed to please the law-givers he did not know; their language was to him a sealed volume. But the glad tidings flew from lip to lip; the fool of Christ, wandering barefoot, singing as he went of the Lord's

Lord's Passion, carrying his broom over his shoulder to sweep the dusty sanctuaries, mending his ragged garment with pieces of sack—a true Patarin, if that Milanese derivation from 'old clothes' be genuine—washing the sores of lepers and eating out of the same dish with them, constantly rapt in prayer, losing his eyesight from the plenteous tears of love and sorrow that he was shedding, and everywhere speaking of peace, humbly and most persuasively, became a proverb, a wonder, and very soon a miracle, between Arno and Tiber, and on to Siena and the North. Among the country-folk his Friars were welcome; in towns the citizens looked on them askance, but by degrees flocked to their unstudied preaching; the clergy, who, it must be remembered, did not preach at all, and the monks, now in various parts fallen from their first fervour to disedifying ways and consuming indolence, had every temptation to be hostile. It might seem the simplest thing in the world to preach the Gospel among Christians. But privileges are not easily overthrown. And though Francis would not have his disciples invade any man's parish; though they took no fees; though they were never meant as rivals to the more ancient Orders, at every turn they must pay the price of their founder's originality. There was a vast and intricate system, legal and almost commercial, secular in its interests, though daubed with religion on the outside, which this unfettered preaching would have swept away, root and branch, had it not, in some score of years, thanks to Brother Elias and the moderates, been itself embodied in the system, and so rendered comparatively harmless.

With dogma and the transcendental, as such, the historian is not called upon to deal. He is concerned with facts as they enter into the human sphere, and with circumstances rather than the principles on which philosophers would account for them. It is undeniable that, in the later Middle Ages, temporal interests were mixed up with every religious transaction; not only was the Pope a prince of this world, but bishops in all European countries were princes; the religious Orders were wealthy corporations on an ever-growing scale; and devotion was accompanied with gifts which came to be regarded as rights or resented as exactions. Into disputes arising from such a condition of things Francis would have been the last to enter. His desire was to live up to the Gospel, to spread the knowledge of Christ, to make men understand that they were brethren; and while so doing, to support himself by the labour of his hands. If anyone else would join him, giving up all things, he was welcome. But for the mediæval canonist, a prey to subtleties and legal fictions, this was a hard saying.

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The age ran altogether into casuistry, hair-splitting, a logic of endless distinctions and contra-distinctions; it was lost in them; and, despite the great gifts of intellect which many of its teachers possessed, as they were wanting in judgment of realities, so in the event they failed to guide the next age. The thirteenth century had its problems in the social order, in politics, and in religion, which clamoured for a just solution. It led on to the fourteenth, which was a weltering chaos. How then shall we attribute to it success? The original idea of St. Francis of Assisi consisted in his looking beyond the machinery of his day, while denying no article of faith and resisting none of the powers that be, but asking men whether the Gospel, if it were carried out in their daily lives, would not bring them peace. He went to them as some prophet of Israel might have done, as a living symbol, with his torn gaberdine, and unshod feet, and wasted yet gentle countenance. He did not anathematize property, or forbid marriage, or pull down the prelates, or interfere with any man's business. The charm of his coming was so irresistible that a new and better world threw its beams across the horizon. But the old ingrained prejudice even of his followers was more than he could convert. The Friars must be a religious Order, on a par with Cistercians, Cluniacs, and other venerable institutions. They would glory in Francis; but would they do as he did?

The controversy began at an early date. Guido, Bishop of Assisi, could not imagine why Francis had chosen a way of life so hard and painful; he urged the Saint to become a priest—in which case he would be furnished, we may suppose, with a benefice—or to join an established Order. Francis replied that he wanted no property, neither any of the litigation attaching to it. In 1210, he sought the approbation of Innocent III. for the brief Rule, composed pretty nearly in the words of the Gospel, it is thought, which he took with him to Rome. Innocent, repelling him at first, yielded so far afterwards as to suffer the document to be examined by his advisers, among them the Cardinal John of St. Paul. But, as Angelo Clareno tells the story—and it is by no means improbable—the Pope repeated Guido's counsel, judging that the things which Francis proposed were 'exceeding arduous, and, so to speak, impossible to the men of that day.' Nor did he ever approve of the Franciscan Rule in writing; although it is certain, as Dante and St. Bonaventure agree, that he set his seal to it by word of mouth. So all was conditional, and the authorities free to watch how so novel an experiment would turn out. If we give further credit to Angelo, the Cardinal of Ostia,

Ostia, Ugolino, Innocent's nephew, being at this epoch in Rome, helped to load the scale in favour of the unknown and humble postulant. At any rate, the Cardinal, when he became Pope Gregory IX., took to himself the honour of having assisted the Saint while drawing up his Second Rule, and of getting it confirmed by Honorius III. And he believed that he had always stood by Francis, and acted towards him like a friend and protector. Nevertheless, that famous Bull, '*Quo elongati*,' which was put forth by him on September 28th, 1230, repeals the dying injunctions of the founder; dispenses the brethren from observing them; glosses the Rule in most approved canonical style, with abundance of legal contrivances; and brings the first period of the Order to an abrupt and decided close.

Frà Leone is not the sole witness, though by far the most authentic, regarding those points on which his Master had been always in the same mind. Let us state them as briefly as possible. The doctrine of evangelical detachment governs and includes them all. Poverty, said Francis, meant for him and his brethren that they were to possess nothing, either severally or in common. The Friars should own neither houses, lands, nor churches; they were not even to have books except those lent them; and under no circumstances must they touch money with their hands. If houses were built to shelter them, they ought to be of wood, osiers, and suchlike perishable materials; not large, and as plain within as without. The Friars must be satisfied with a single garment falling to the feet, and girt round the waist; only in case of necessity was anyone to wear shoes, or to ride on horseback; and while it was their duty to work, the recompense should be left to those who employed them. If they could not find work, they might beg for the love of God as much as would support them that day. With the pursuit of knowledge they had no concern. Those who were unable to read did not require to be taught; their way, he insisted from first to last, was the path of humility and simplicity, not of science. For their preaching, they should always ask leave of the local authorities. They must not seek exemptions or privileges, under any pretext whatsoever, from the Holy See. Their Rule being the Gospel, it required no glosses or commentaries; and as it was given simply and purely, so must they simply and purely understand it.

The Rule which is here mentioned belongs to the year 1223. There was an intermediate one, lost by Brother Elias, dating from two years previously, but never submitted to Rome or approved



approved by the authorities. In 1220, Pope Honorius III.—a wise and pacific man, whose reign in the stormy chronicles of the time shines by contrast, and is a refreshment to the reader—had issued the Bull which begins, ‘Cum secundum,’ at Orvieto. It was brief and peremptory, showing the hand of Cardinal Ugolino, and not such as one would reckon among the privileges granted to the Order. It prescribed a novitiate of a year; forbade dismissal from the habit except in canonical form; placed the brethren under obedience; and menaced with censures those who ‘should corrupt their apostolic poverty.’ The free association must submit to Canon Law. Francis was for an order of things more difficult to realize, though testifying to the largeness of his own conceptions; ‘Et quicumque venerit, amicus vel adversarius, fur vel latro, benigne recipiatur,’ he wrote, even in 1221. He was the same now as when he despatched his Friars into the woods beneath the Sasso Spicco, to the band of robbers hiding there, whom they were to call with this invitation: ‘Fratres latrones, venite ad nos, quia fratres sumus, et portamus vobis bonum panem et bonum vinum.’ What a changed scene was he now to behold!

Cardinal Ugolino was worthy to be the nephew of Pope Innocent, the enemy of Frederick II., and the protector of St. Francis. He is the Justinian who bestowed on the Roman Church her volume of Decretals. Appointed to the Sacred College in middle life, always in affairs, a gracious and comely person, devout yet vehement, moved to tears and anger with equal facility, there is much in him to attract, more to wonder at, and not a little to dislike or suspect. He revered Francis, wrote letters of singular benevolence to St. Clare, and leaves an impression which, on the whole, so far as regards the Saints of Assisi, and likewise St. Dominic, does him honour. Yet we feel that he is always the too shrewd man of the world, Ulysses, acquainted with kings and courts, to whom the pure ideal is unknown. It may be that he comprehended his century better than Francis did—or he had in view men and women to whom the seraphic pilgrim brought no message, because of their unbelief. But when he is on the right hand, while Brother Elias stands on the left, we cannot help seeing that a great and subtle tragedy is enacted; and that between these two—not bad men, much erected above the common, yet never in the assembly of the gods—a divine idea will lose its brightness and strike its wings downward, failing, since they cannot rise with it, to keep its own height.

The Rule of 1223, finally approved, was a compromise. ‘Many things were withdrawn from it by the ministers, against the

the will of blessed Francis,' observes Frà Leone. And he says elsewhere :—

'We that were with him when he wrote the Rule, and almost all his other writings, bear witness that he had many things written in which many of the brethren opposed him—especially superiors and our learned men—which things would be very useful and necessary this day to our Religion. But because he much feared offences, he gave way not willingly to the will of the brethren. . . . Whence he often said to us, his companions, "In this are my sorrow and affliction, because those things which with great labour of prayer and meditation I win from God's mercy, for the good of the whole Religion, now and in time to come, and I know from Him for certain that they be according to His will, some of the brethren, relying on their science and their seeming providence, make null and void, saying, 'These things are to be observed, and those not.'"

Unless Frà Leone be discarded as a false witness—and there is the 'Testament' of Francis to bear him out—it is now certain that the Saint's last years, from 1220 onwards, were clouded by fierce and ever-renewed dissensions on the subject of the Rule.\* What was at stake we ought clearly to understand. It was not the length of a hood, or the number of rags to be stitched upon an old garment, or how many books a brother might be using at one time, or any particulars, grotesque or trivial, such as these. The question which lay beneath all other controversies was whether a society, founding itself as much as possible on the pattern of Christ, not merely free from the right of ownership but without the care of great buildings, not ambitious of learning and teaching in universities, but left to make its way as it could, without briefs of exemption or Papal Bulls or the assumption of its members to high ecclesiastical place, might be allowed in a world overrun with privileges, exclusive guilds, and corporations incessantly struggling to outdo one another in wealth, splendour, and authority. The most enthusiastic disciple of St. Francis will perhaps grant that his zeal carried him sometimes into a tender or a provoking extravagance, not unworthy of so brave an enemy to this world's foolishness. But the task of men like Cardinal Ugolino, had they understood it, was to seize and sift the ideal amid this brilliant shower of fancies and symbolism. The self-denial required of originality is not that it shall give up its new creative thoughts, but that, in the effort to realize them, it shall pay regard to circumstances. What happened was something very unlike the issue that

\* Hence we must correct Professor Tocco in this point, now that the '*Legenda Antiqua*' is re-instated. But there is no work of equal compass which will have shed light on so many obscure problems as his '*L'Eresia nel Medio Evo*,' published 1884.



Francis, in his younger days, must have intended. The virtue which he asked in authority was of so rare a kind that even to imagine it then was a stroke of genius. All he wanted was that they would let his poor company of Friars alone, under his direction, as an experiment in holy living. The stream of tradition was too strong. If it would not let itself be absorbed, the Order should at least be assimilated to its predecessors. And hereupon the quarrel between those who had known Francis from the beginning and those who came at the ninth or the eleventh hour passed into an acute stage. The Saint laid down his authority; knelt at the feet of Peter of Catana, the new General, and became no more than a private brother in the society which he had founded. 'From henceforth I am dead to you,' were his significant words on this memorable occasion. 'Then,' says Frà Leone, 'he remained a subject until the day of his death, humbling himself in all things, like any one of them.' It was the autumn of 1220.

But in a few months Peter of Catana departed this life, and the evil genius of the Franciscans, Elias, reigned in his stead. Their numbers had grown with astonishing rapidity. The Bollandists could scarcely believe that in the 'Chapter of the Mats'—that picturesque out-door gathering at Assisi in 1216—five thousand brethren had been present. Jacques de Vitry, an eye-witness of the progress which the Order was making, confirms and adds to this account. Multitudes flocked round the Saint, whose every footstep called out legends, whose days were a romance, and whose preaching in Syria before the proud but courteous Soldan of Babylon must have endeared him to all who had taken the cross, or cherished a devotion to the Holy Sepulchre. When, after trials and miracles, as it was bruited abroad, he came back by way of Venice to Italy, the whole land was stirred at his coming. To depose such a man from the Generalship would have been a stroke of impolicy. Yet we cannot allow that Francis retired without some persuasion adroitly brought to bear upon him. Elias was called minister and vicar; nothing but a lieutenant did he seem in outward show. But in truth he controlled the brethren, Cardinal Ugolino taking his advice and leaving the Saint to spend his days where he listed.

The idyl of St. Mary of the Angels and of Rivo Torto would never now return. It was over, like that Galilean story which at an ineffable distance but yet in tone and colouring it resembled. The younger generation, recruits from many ranks, and sometimes learned or at least intellectual—men of the North, English, German, and French of Paris or Picardy—had

not tasted the sweetness which overflowed in those lone hermitages and bosky bournes of Umbria. They were sighing to emulate the Dominican Friars, who, themselves having borrowed the rule of poverty from Francis, were rendering it back with usury, and inoculating the mystics with a passion for knowledge, as though in the scholastic cut and thrust of the syllogism, and nowhere else, could salvation be found. Against this delusive superstition, the Poverello of Assisi had lifted up his hands in protest before Ugolino; he spoke and even wrote with almost unparalleled fierceness in condemnation of the Friar who desired to set up at Bologna some sort of college; in all this he could recognize only 'the works of darkness.' But he strove in vain to keep down the rising tide. His successors, with hardly an exception, were students of Bologna. Peter of Catana and John Parenti were Doctors of Law. Elias had been scriptor there; Albert of Pisa, minister; Aymon the Englishman, lector; Crescentius even composed tomes of jurisprudence. The intellectual aristocracy of the thirteenth century had conquered. If we may not echo the too sharp word of M. Sabatier, that 'theology had murdered religion,' yet it is true that Friars Minors, who should have been humbly preaching the Gospel in the market-place and at the head of the streets, gave in to the rage for disputation, and were jurists, canonists, decretalists, lawyers in grey frocks, not simple but subtle, victims of a science which to no small extent was imaginary, and of a legal system which was far from humane. They had been raised up that an end might be put to the cruel chicanery and insane violence of the half-converted nations. With their privileges and properties, their chairs of logic, and delegations from authority, and bishops' sees, and cardinals' hats, and Papal tiaras—for as early as 1288 a Franciscan sat in St. Peter's chair, and others followed him—it did not seem easy to mark in these disciples the features of a strolling mendicant, ready to yield up his single coat when any one asked for it, dipping his hand in the same dish with lepers, and giving away in charity the New Testament itself rather than leave a poor old woman without a meal.

The Saint could but cling to his first dreams, refuse every dispensation, and pour out his complaints, with dovelike tenderness, in the hearing of those companions who shared his heart among them. Frà Leone had joined the Order about 1211. He, and Bernard of Quintavalle, and Rufinus, and Angelus, with others whom it would be long to mention, held to the ancient ways. They formed the connecting link between Francis and the Convent of St. Clare—an association which never was broken.

St. Clare,



St. Clare, not by any means the pallid rose of the cloister that a certain sickly devotion would imagine, had learned her lesson from Francis: she put back with a touch of scorn the wealth which Ugolino pressed on her acceptance; and to her the Saint looked for encouragement in his darkest hours. A more admirable figure of the heroine who will obey her conscience at all cost was never seen. Thirty years she survived her friend and Master; but the Franciscan ideal did not wax dim in that little sanctuary, though outside it was taking on confused splendours which altered its light. Frà Leone stood by her deathbed. He was still of the strict observance, and did not swerve, till he too died in 1273. He could do no less; for during the last years of the Patriarch, now looked up to universally as a Saint and followed by eager and impassioned crowds, he had never left his side.

The two years from September 1224 to the death of St. Francis have passed into a shining cloud, with its wonders of the wounds of Christ, sealed on His servant's body. Frà Leone, who was his constant companion, not only at Assisi, but in the mountain grottoes and the retreats, as they were called, to which more and more, since the Order was slipping from his hands, he resorted, was also with him on the Verna, that solitary hill in Casentino, where this portent is said to have been accomplished. He mentions the miracle, as in passing, in his ninth chapter: 'In like manner, on the holy mount of Alverna, that time when he received the marks of the Lord in his body, he underwent temptations and tribulations from the demons, wherefore he was unable to show himself rejoicing as had been his wont.' This merely incidental note, we may observe, would never have contented a forger, and says much for the authenticity of the '*Legenda Antiqua*.' But in the convent at Spoleto may still be seen a precious autograph, which completes the testimony. It displays on one side a few words of blessing written by the Saint at his brother's request; and, on the margin above, Frà Leone has added:

'Blessed Francis, two years before his death, passed a Lent in the place of Alverna, . . . from the feast of the Assumption of St. Mary the Virgin to the feast of St. Michael in September; and the hand of the Lord came upon him, by the vision and speech of seraphim, and the imprinting of the marks of Christ in his body. He made these lauds written on the other side of the paper, and with his own hand he wrote thanks to God for the benefit bestowed on him.'

The Poverello had never been strong. Slightly built, under the middle height, and of a delicate constitution, he was worn by his long austerities to a shadow. He suffered from the sharp cold

cold of winter in Central Italy ; was rheumatic, and, as we have said, nearly blind through continual weeping. The surgery of that day, with its steel and fire, did him all the harm it could. From Alverna he came down, being always in a kind of rapture, to Assisi, his fellow-citizens watching, like the 'two corbies' in the Scottish ballad, for those relics which they boasted would speedily be their own. We hate them as we read, but it was all very natural in the thirteenth century. His illness lasted many months. Now it was that Francis composed the 'Canticle of the Sun,' and had it chanted over and over again in the Bishop's house, where he lay sick, till Brother Elias whispered in his ear that such '*allegrezza*' on a deathbed was hardly edifying. But the troubadour of the Lord could not die by rule and custom. He would still have his singing about him. And they bore him half-dead along the steep ways of the town, until they came to Portiuncula ; there he was to breathe his last. Stripped of his poor garment he was laid on the bare ground ; he asked them once more to recite his canticle. We think of the Abbot Joachim and that saying, 'A good monk should have nothing but his harp.' By and by, he brake bread and divided it among the brethren, while one read aloud the Gospel of Maundy Thursday, '*Ante diem festum Paschæ.*' From moment to moment he joined in the Psalms, especially that one which begins, 'I cried unto the Lord with my voice ; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.' At sundown on October 3rd he passed without pain or agony into the unseen.

Two years more, and Elias had raised over his tomb the great and beautiful church of Assisi, in which the Middle Age has left us a monument of its noblest architecture, its most inspired painting, and the piety of numberless pilgrims from the ends of the earth. Cardinal Ugolino, chosen at eighty to rule Christendom, mounted the Papal Chair, and thence proclaimed that Francis was a Saint, worthy to be seated among the heavenly powers. But the Franciscan ideal—where was it ? It had become a legend, a war-cry, an Apocalypse ; and from the mighty Basilica men who loved their Saint went down to the 'little portion' of St. Mary ; or wandered to Greccio and the Casentine, seeking him as at the first, among the lepers, or in the fastnesses of the hills, where the hooded larks rose to heaven, the swallows twittered, the wild flowers sprang. A fair vision had passed over the world ; but they that saw it in its beauty were not the many ; and once more the path of the ideal had become for the Just One a *Via Dolorosa*.



- ART. II.—1. *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*  
 Edited by Frederic G. Kenyon. Two Vols. London, 1897.  
 2. *Christina Rossetti, a Critical and Biographical Study.* By  
 Mackenzie Bell. 1898.

**H**UMAN nature hungers after the concrete. It is this hunger which reduces religions to creeds, which credits the more tangible things of life with the more positive existence, which confines truth to facts, which demands the biographies of well known men and women. It is not suggested that the desire after concrete presentment implies indifference to the reality which lies behind appearance; on the contrary, it is in the effort to touch that reality that men demand some manifestation of it which they may grasp with their senses, or understand with their reason. Consciously or unconsciously, they seek, in the shadows, substance; in the creeds, religion; in the illustrations of truth, the truth itself; and, in the actions, the likes and dislikes, the idiosyncrasies of their fellows, the personality which is the most definite, yet the most indefinable, the most elusive and the most essential, part of each one of us. There is a faculty which can best be described, perhaps, as intuitive insight: it helps to form what is called tact, it is an integral part of sympathy, by means of it much unspoken interchange of thought and emotion is carried on. This is the faculty which, common to the majority of people, keen only in the minority, enables us to apprehend most distinctly that subtle essence of another's being which we term personality; but just because that essence is a subtle thing, and just because the surest means of touching it is an impalpable means, we desire of the one an obvious manifestation, we substitute for the other a collection of facts and acts, of circumstances and surroundings, of habits and the details of personal appearance. The desire is legitimate, the method of its pursuit serviceable; that the one should be unattainable, the other inadequate, is due to the limitations of translation; limitations inevitable, whether we mean by translation the rendering of one language into another, of thought into speech, or of invisible realities into visible form. But there are degrees of limitation, as there are diversities of method; and the first step towards understanding the personality of another being is to find out in what way that personality manifests itself most clearly and most accurately; in other words, to choose the method which, considered in its relation to a particular person, is subject to the fewest limitations.

Biography is the most widely accepted means of revealing personality,



personality, and in a large number of cases it is the only one; for that intuitive faculty spoken of above is robbed of its value, owing to the fact that it is limited in its operation to the comparatively few who come into contact with those men and women whom the multitude elects to know, to criticize, or to imitate. Biography, then, the record of a man's daily life and work, the results of what he does or writes or paints—these are the only means of learning what he is, or has been, open to the world at large; and of these, biography is the one almost universally chosen. In the case of men and women of action, the choice is a just one, for their work lies in what they do; they express themselves in deeds; their influence over their fellows, the good or evil they bring about, the fame they achieve, are the results of acts; their lives are lives of incident, of movement, form part of history, march with and by events. Biography, therefore, records what is most interesting in such lives; autobiography, set forth in reminiscences or letters, throws light on the motives which prompt action, and on the habitual tone of mind and bent of character of the man who leads or controls his fellows; and the two together form a fairly adequate means of reaching a conception of personalities which reveal themselves in acts.

But there are other lives, lived often in obscurity, lacking in outward incident, interest, or variety. Such lives have been lived by people who influence the whole world; people who make, not history, but the spirit which directs the course of it, who create, if not heroes, a standard of heroism, who live, not in deeds, but in ideas; the pioneers, if not the leaders of men; the thinkers, philosophers, painters, musicians, poets. They live in ideas, not deeds; they are thinkers; the very statement implies that the way to understand them is not the way of biography, the record of daily life, of acts, of outward appearance: for in their work, the achievements which survive them, is to be found their only adequate expression; in their writings, pictures, songs, is their truest life, their most vivid experience. Not that one would deny to biography its obvious merits, uses, and advantages; an account of the surroundings and circumstances of a life may, and undoubtedly often does, help towards a right understanding of an artist's work, a just appreciation of its intention: but, whereas the men and women of action live most truly and forcibly in their acts, the artist and the thinker find their truest existence in that inward mental life, which, in each one of us, runs side by side with the outer life, dominating or subordinate to it, according to the temperament, the inherent mood of each individual. Biography is far from useless, is

in no case to be despised, as a means of becoming acquainted with the personality of a singer or a seer; but it is inadequate; taken by itself, it may be misleading; for it is to the works of the seer or the singer that we must go for the gist and meaning of lives which come to their own most completely in and through the world of inner consciousness. Autobiography is a means of knowing and estimating personality midway in importance between biography on the one side, and the expression of itself by its works, by what it does, creates, or formulates, on the other; midway in this, that it is more direct than the first, and less spontaneous, because more conscious, than the second. The most spontaneous form of autobiography is the form of letters; but letters, again, may be either a mirror or a curtain; they may illuminate biography and explain achievement, or they may be at variance with the significance of both.

'The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning' and the 'Life of Christina Rossetti' illustrate these theories. Mrs. Browning's correspondence is a faithful record of her life; a life rich, not so much in incidents as in impressions and emotions: for though she lived at the time and on the scene of a great political drama, her part was the part of an onlooker; she was not amongst the actors, but in the audience; her enthusiasm, her passionate interest, were born, not of personal issues at stake, but of intense sympathy with the aims of a people she loved, and of hero-worship of a man to whose character she yielded unquestioning admiration, and in whose policy she put unswerving faith. If the mere events of her life were chronicled, the chronicle would be but a scanty one. The earlier part of that life was passed in a restricted atmosphere; bodily weakness made her for many years almost a prisoner, limiting her intercourse with her fellows, save by means of correspondence, to the narrow circle of her own family and a very few friends; and later on, when the romance of her courtship and marriage was past, and her husband led her out into a wider world, her lot was cast, for the most part, in the pleasant plains of happiness, untouched by adventures, picturesque or terrible, unbroken by dramatic incident or unusual experiences. Such a life as hers, lived by an ordinary woman, would be indistinguishable from the multitude of ordinary lives; but Mrs. Browning was not an ordinary woman; and it is her self, her qualities of heart and brain, which lift her existence above the monotony of the commonplace, and give it interest, variety, and individuality. It is true that she had opportunities of intercourse with many of the most remarkable characters and  
intellects



intellects of her day ; but, allowing that some of those opportunities were due to her husband's position, some were also, and some altogether, due to her own achievements ; and the results she won from them, the friendships she formed, the interests she accumulated, were owing to her own talents, her own charm, her own personality. That personality was essentially feminine ; womanly too ; and the terms are not synonymous, nor are the qualities indicated by them always found in combination : for womanliness implies a certain strength, whereas femininity may exist with or without strength ; the latter is foreign to virility, while the former may be virile, and yet distinctively characteristic of a woman's nature and point of view. Mrs. Browning's poetry is, in a very marked degree, the expression of herself, the outcome of her individual opinions, emotions, tastes, beliefs, and hopes. Her personality as represented in her letters is identical with that revealed in her poems ; her mental development records itself in both ; her weakness and her strength proclaim themselves alike in the easy conversational prose and in the sometimes faulty, always sincere, generally impulsive verse. But the letters reflect the outer daily life, its trivial incidents, its joys and sorrows, humour and pathos ; while in the poems is contained her view of life as a whole, the end and aims of it, her conception of its meaning, its bearing upon her inmost intellectual self, the significance which her spirit read in or into it. The two records are in harmony, the letters supplementing the poems and showing the woman chiefly in her womanhood, while the works reveal the poet ; for in Mrs. Browning the woman and the poet were rarely far away the one from the other, and were never wholly parted.

Not so with Christina Rossetti. The woman breathes low in her writings ; if she raises her voice, it is in the character of a saint or a mystic. There is a certain aloofness in her poetry ; the emotion in it is of a more abstract character than that which utters itself—sometimes, indeed, with too shrill a note—in the poems of Mrs. Browning. It is as though, when in the mood to sing, she betook herself to some far-off domain, in the world, perhaps, yet not quite of it, where the passions of the world, though strong, are not stormy, where emotion, though it possess the singer, may not master her. In her life, as recorded by Mr. Mackenzie Bell, we look in vain for traces of the poet soul which dominates her published works. The biographical part of the book is an account of trivial doings and sayings, interspersed with scant quotations from unremarkable letters, the whole conveying the impression of a woman who might be somewhat of a prig, very much of a devotee, not



noticeably individual in character or gifted in mind; conscientious, loving and sincere, to the same extent as many other good women, but not in any unusual degree original, thoughtful, or imaginative. One turns from this unsatisfying narration of her surface life, from the scraps of correspondence, behind which her personality lurks blurred and indefinite, to the poetry wherein her spirit, free and unconstrained, declares itself with no uncertain sound, but with a note individual, distinct, and sublimely simple. Such a personality, marked and impressive to those who came into direct contact with it, expressed itself but faintly in acts which can be recorded; and letters were obviously not to Christina Rossetti, as to Mrs. Browning, a vehicle of spontaneous expression. One feels, in reading them, as though they must have been more of a task than a pleasure to her; they contain here and there a few opinions, but they have no distinctive atmosphere; they breathe of letter-writing, not of a particular writer of letters.

But the poems show her very self, restrained, direct and sincere. The outer life, as pictured in the biography, gives an impression of monotony, of being bound down to the level of the commonplace; but there is nothing commonplace or monotonous in the poems. Quaint, often, in diction, approaching occasionally to colloquialism in phrase, the touch is always sure and distinctive, the language, though child-like sometimes, is never trivial. Take, for example, these two stanzas from 'Bird or Beast':—

'Did any beast come pushing  
Through the thorny hedge  
Into the thorny thistly world  
Out from Eden's edge?

'I think not a lion,  
Though his strength is such;  
But an innocent loving lamb  
May have done as much.'

The last stanza especially is well-nigh prosaic, both in rhythm and in the choice of words, and just misses, in fact, being ridiculous; yet it is poetry, not prose, and, though almost fantastic in its extreme simplicity, is not absurd. Few writers could have rendered so quaint a fancy so quaintly, but Christina Rossetti's poems contain many instances of the kind; and so strongly characteristic are they of her individuality that one is tempted to advance the seeming paradox that it is in her least personal poems, those in which symbolism and allegory predominate, that we get the truest presentment of her personality.

For

For the purely devotional writings, outcome as they are of an elementary part of her nature, are, to a great extent, the expression of that one part only, and lack the peculiar quality which is the hall-mark of her veritable self. They are poetical, but the poetry is less inevitable in them than the religious feeling: the soul of the poet is dominated by the heart of the saint. The statement again sounds paradoxical, inasmuch as the soul is generally credited with qualities more spiritual than those assigned to the heart; but the spirit of Christina Rossetti had a wider vision, understanding, and sympathy than could be contained within the limits of definite religious feeling or a conscious creed; and the poet's perception, apprehending intuitively the spiritual element and import in much not commonly associated with religion, was more inherently part of herself than the devotional consciousness which both animated and controlled her heart. Nevertheless some of her religious poems rank amongst the finest in the language; but their merit seems almost in inverse proportion to their purely devotional feeling; that is to say, that those in which the poet's fancy proclaims itself in quaint conceits and imagery—bringing to the reader's mind that foremost master of sacred verse, George Herbert—have greater strength and greater distinction than those in which the saintly impulse gives utterance to the emotions of the sinner. Yet there are exceptions; for instance, the fine appeal by Christ to a human soul, entitled 'The Love of Christ which passeth Knowledge'—verses which, devoid of imagery and direct in phrase, are instinct with a dignity, restraint, and pathos which stamp them as a masterpiece. The metre is in singular accord with the spirit of the poem. Listen to the first few lines of it:—

'I bore with thee long weary days and nights,  
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears;  
I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,  
For three-and-thirty years.'

Reproach lies in the cadences, but reproach waited on by tenderness: form and substance are mated here with complete felicity. Then there are the poems which, though not classed by their writer amongst the devotional pieces, are still religious in sentiment. Such are 'Amor Mundi' and 'Up-Hill,' and such, though in a lesser degree, is 'Twice.' 'Up-Hill' is a fine example of that extreme directness of utterance peculiarly characteristic of its author, and by means of which she produces some of her finest effects; a directness entirely unaffected and unstudied, the natural expression of a nature child-like in  
its



its simplicity. It would be interesting to know how far her Italian origin bore upon her mental constitution; but it would seem certain that, while her brother Dante Gabriel drew from the land of his ancestry a lavishness of warmth and colour, a wealth of diction and idiom, typical of the South, Christina's heritage lay chiefly in the direction of that unfaltering completeness of imagination which made the unseen worlds of Dante into realities, not only for himself, but for his readers. An unhesitating capacity for make-believe is a necessary quality in such an imagination, a capacity common to children and to poets; for to the poet or the child the thing which he imagines is, whether his conception be founded on tangible objects which he transforms at will, or grow out of 'airy nothings.' This quality was strong in Christina Rossetti: her conceptions were never blurred, nor her thoughts indeterminate; the mental images in which they clothed themselves were vivid to her vision, and their embodiment in words was the congruous outward presentment of the inward ideas.

Besides this simplicity of conception and expression, one is conscious of a certain austerity in the writer, which opposes exaggeration of emotion or language, and which, though her fancy may exercise itself in symbolism or imagery, forbids floweriness of speech. To this austerity, touched here and there by asceticism, is due, perhaps, the absence of sentimentality from her poetical utterances: she may be slightly morbid now and again, she is constantly romantic, but she is never sentimental. And the more human, the more what is called secular, the character of her verses, the more pronounced is the austerity. She wrote many love poems, many poems of sorrow and of parting; but in none is the joy delirious, the passion vehement, or the sorrow desperate: yet the controlled atmosphere of them is due, not to paucity of feeling, but to plenitude of restraint; somewhat, too, to that aloofness of attitude spoken of above, which seems, in a sense, to lift her out of the tumult of the world and set her on a remoter plane; the plane, it may be, of veritable art. The inference would be logical, for Christina Rossetti was as eminently an artist as she was emphatically a poet; instinctively and unconsciously an artist, as is shown by the fact that her style, though peculiarly her own, is free from mannerisms. And, being a poet, she revealed herself most surely in those poems which are the direct outcome of the poet's involuntary attitude, not in the writings coloured by personal feeling. It is commonly taken for granted that it is to the autobiographical touches in the works of a writer that we must look for indications of himself. Limited  
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to the term *indications*, the theory may hold good; by such means tendencies and tastes may declare themselves; circumstances and conditions may be hinted at or described; all the details, in fact, which a friend might relate about a man may be set down, more or less accurately, more or less openly, in what are called personal references: but it is in the more poetical part of a poet's work that his essential self more positively reveals itself; it is his most impersonal, his most abstract utterances which bear the true stamp of his innermost personality: and the greater the poet the more emphatically is this the case. In dealing with women poets this consideration is doubly important; for women, as a rule, have a tendency to put more of what is called personal feeling into their writings than men; their creative mental life is less distinct from the outer practical one than is the case with men, as is evidenced from the fact that it is rare to find the spirit of a woman's work and her conduct in complete antagonism, while with men poets, painters, and artists of all kinds, the phenomenon is a frequent one. The reason is that a woman's personality dominates and permeates her character to a greater degree than does a man's; and, if we separate character from personality, of which it is but a part, and not the whole—is, indeed, in a sense, but one of the mediums for the expression of personality—we shall understand why characteristic tendencies and feelings appear more frequently and more pronouncedly in women's writings than in men's: that is to say that, to the extent to which personality pervades character, will a writer's characteristic opinions and attitude appear in his writings; whereas the more distinct is the inner from the outer life the less does the autobiographical element enter into his work. Yet, in the latter case, the more distinctive will that work be, the more positive will be the impress upon it of the inward spirit of the man, his ultimate personality. With the greatest poets this is demonstrably so. Who could tell from his writings whether Shakespeare, in his daily life, was a sad man or a sorry one; what his circumstances were, or his opinions; whether the world went well or ill with him? And this is the case apart from his dramatic writing; his poems throw as little light upon his surface character and existence as his plays do, while both bear the impress of a spirit unique and consistent; his personality is manifest, though what would be called his personal characteristics remain in obscurity.

Christina Rossetti is a woman poet whose finest work is uncoloured by her individual experiences or opinions; and in this, that her poems express her abstract spiritual self, lies her  
greatest

greatest distinction. This it is which gives her a higher place in the poets' kingdom than can be accorded to Mrs. Browning, whose work, larger in volume, greater in scope, more intellectually thoughtful than that of her sister poet, has yet less originality of imagination, and is lacking also in beauty of form, the sense of which was a never-failing element in all that Miss Rossetti put forth. For in Mrs. Browning, as the woman is never quite submerged in the artist, so the imaginative idea is constantly coloured by the emotional impulse. In her longest poem, 'Aurora Leigh,' we are conscious throughout of the author's point of view. Elizabeth Barrett Browning speaks in the person of her heroine, acts as she would have acted had she been a man in the position of Romney Leigh, feels as she would have felt had she suffered the wrong suffered by Marian Earle. And her attitude towards the problems with which she deals is not dramatically negative, but clearly manifest: it is emphatically the attitude of the generous woman who, beginning to reflect upon certain facts and inequalities of social life, is stirred to emotion, keen, indignant, and somewhat sentimental, and who is deliberately defiant of the conventional standard of propriety of her day. Mrs. Browning felt passionately, and the passionate emotion characteristic of herself and evident in her letters is characteristic also of her best work, forming at once its greatest strength and the chief element of its weakness. For intensity of emotion may find full expression only when the treatment of it is dramatic: when it is lyrical—and Mrs. Browning's poetry is generally lyrical in spirit, though it is various in form—emotion, if it be not bound fast to dignity by the strong bands of artistic restraint, tends to become exaggerated. This exaggeration of sentiment into sentimentalism mars with its weakness much of what the poet made; but in the 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' the woman and the poet would seem to be fused in a combination which, in the result, has the effect of an abstract personality. The woman's emotion is present, indeed, and strongly; but it is, on the whole, so controlled by reverence of that which inspires it, that its flow, though full and free, is measured, its expression, though impulsive, is dignified by that purity of utterance, exempt from mannerisms, which results from nobility of feeling made shapely by definiteness of thought. Emotion here is subject to law, the law of restraint, and, rising above sensation, becomes exalted, ordered, and serene.

'What I do

And what I dream include thee, as the wine  
Must taste of its own grapes.'

This



This is a fine idea, made finely palpable; and the whole series of sonnets is rich in quotable lines, in striking thoughts and apt expressions. Written out of the heart of a woman to the man she loved, the poet's soul informs them, raising love from 'an emotion to a motive,' changing it from a fire that burns to a light that illumines, subduing the wail of desire to the chant of endurance. We seem to hear in these sonnets something of the same note which distinguishes the love poems of Christina Rossetti, a note which forbids tumult and defeats despair, a joy in love which is concerned, not with the fulfilment of its cravings, but with the realization of its finest capacities. Yet, in these two lovers of Italy, the one with the Italian blood in her veins preserves the greater austerity; the South maintains more constant restraint than the North. Christina Rossetti's work, indeed, is instinct with the quality, not critical so much as clear-sighted, which intuitively discerns and inevitably complies with the requirements of the three graces of creative achievement: proportion, treatment, and form. It is rare, this gift of discernment, especially rare amongst women, whose creative work, as a rule, is the outcome of something which they have strongly felt or thought or realized, and as strongly desire to express, the desire for expression being constantly in excess of the sense of form.

The impulse to give voice to the workings of heart and brain is particularly noteworthy and interesting, taken together with the consideration that this century is the first in which women have become articulate. We do not mean to assert, it need hardly be said, that never till within the last hundred years have women expressed themselves in any form of art or literature: instances would at once arise in one's thought and confute the assertion. But never till now have women as a body made themselves audible to the world at large. The fact gives rise to three considerations. The first has been already suggested: it deals with the note of sincerity in women's work, rooted in this, that they write because they have something to say; the second is that women, writing about themselves, give a different impression of womanhood from that which has been created in the presentment of it by men; the third is that women have begun to speak in a day of subtle reasoning and complex emotions.

Taking the first reflection, that women poets have, as a rule, something to say, one may venture to assert that sincerity, as it is the prevailing characteristic of their writings, is also its chief merit. More egotistical in their subject-matter than men, more concrete in the manner and substance of their thought, more  
impulsively



impulsively emotional, it is rare to find a woman poet who has not some message to declare, some conviction to lay down or emotion to vent; some distinct thing to say, if not about the world she lives in, then about herself. The men minor poets of the day would seem to spend themselves chiefly in the effort to attain perfection of form. Volume after volume comes forth, graceful and more than graceful; verse delicate and melodious, various in theme, modern in touch; and the reader, carried onward by the melody and the merit of it, does not realize, till the book is closed and the music is still, that the substance is thin, the thought conventional, and that there is little suggestive, stirring, alive, behind the dainty utterance, the carefully modelled form. Not that the writers of the kind referred to are limited in their range of subjects. Nay, very far afield do they often go for the substance of their song; so that much that in former days was accounted common or unclean is now gathered, as it were, into a sheet of art, let down by the four corners into our intellectual midst, and presented to us as fitting food for our mental, artistic, and spiritual cravings. Far be it from us to quarrel with what might be termed the democratic tendency in artistic intention; nothing in human nature, and no manifestation of it, can or should lie without the pale of the artist's kingdom; subject, be it said, to the artistic sense which determines selection and treatment. Whether that artistic sense is always evident in the works of the modern minor poet is not our present consideration: we are concerned only to note whether there be any differences in the poetry put forth by men and women, and, if so, to note those differences, and to trace the sources from which they spring.

A perfectly definite conclusion on the subject is perhaps hardly possible; but, without laying down too dogmatic a statement, it would seem on the whole as if women were chiefly concerned with what they have to say, whereas the growing tendency amongst their brothers is to say something particularly well. One might imagine a man poet looking round upon his world and thinking: Where shall I find a subject whereon to expend my poet's art? Surely such and such an aspect of life, such and such a trait in human nature, such and such a train of thought, would work out into a fine poem. A woman, on the other hand, would appear first to have been swayed by some emotion or conviction, and then to have set herself to give it forth in words, the rendering of it into concrete form being the primary consideration, the form itself but of secondary importance. In the finest works of the finest poets, this kind of analysis is necessarily impossible; form and substance go hand

in hand ; the seer sees and the poet speaks ; and the world sooner or later accepts the truth of his conception, feels the beauty of its presentiment. But, leaving aside the masters, the tendencies in the various schools of their followers are a real source of interest ; and the fact that sincerity is a prominent characteristic of women's poetry is noteworthy when taken in conjunction with the additional fact that it is but comparatively recently that women have spoken at all. Without committing the obvious absurdity of confining sincerity to the writings of women, it may nevertheless be contended that the lack of it is frequently apparent in the poetry recently produced by men ; but the contention does not necessarily imply inherent differences in the mental constitution or artistic consciousness of men and women, but merely suggests that while the lack of sincerity is a sure sign of decadence, its presence may be an inevitable feature in the first period of artistic development.

We come now to the subject matter of women poets, to what it is they want to say, whether it is worth saying, and to what extent it is effective. Mainly they express themselves, the woman's point of view, and what women appear to themselves to be. There are, broadly speaking, two standpoints from which one may look at the world : the abstract point, from which self, in so far as it is possible to eliminate self, is eliminated ; and the individual standpoint, from which life as it affects one's own being is the principal consideration. It would be inaccurate to say that the woman's outlook upon life is, as a general rule, more egotistical than the man's ; but one might hazard the more negative proposition that women, in their writings, attain less frequently to an abstract consideration of life than do men : and it is possible that this fact, assuming it to be a fact, may be accounted for on the same ground as that taken up with regard to the note of sincerity in women poets, namely, that the poetry of women is of recent growth. For literature begins with the epic, in which man, naively egotistical, though contentedly un-selfconscious, takes the world simply as a background to the record of battles, triumphs, and adventures which to him represent the purpose and the sum of life ; and it may be that modern woman, though actively self-conscious, may nevertheless, in her first expression of herself, have this much in common with the earliest poets, that the self appears the centre of the universe. Life, in its conditions and its aims, has changed since Homeric days ; changed so that the bulk of poetic expression is no longer epic in form : the habit of analysis sets the seal of inward impression upon the record of outward events ; and the natural expression of a self-conscious



self-conscious view of life is lyrical. Joanna Baillie, indeed, the pioneer poet of her sex, wrote plays, and she is by no means the only woman who has produced dramatic work (though, be it observed in passing, the dialogue form does not ensure drama, any more than the narrative form makes the epic): but the mass of women poets speak lyrically, or, if not in strictly lyrical form, reflectively; for when a woman has the dramatic instinct, she as a rule, sets down her conceptions in narrative prose, writes, in fact, a novel; and the novel, indeed, when it is dramatic in treatment, is perhaps the nearest approach to an epic that the times permit of. Take, as instances, the Brontës. Poets in soul, their creative faculty declared itself in imaginary characters, so forcibly depicted that they are alive with a life of their own, moving through narratives so frequently dramatic, so full of passion and of human interest, that the world surely will never let them die. But the narratives are in prose: when the Brontës spoke in verse they spoke lyrically; and it is notable that, while Charlotte was the greater dramatist, inasmuch as her range of character drawing was wider than Emily's, her atmosphere more varied, Emily's lyrics are the finer.

But, apart from the question of what form predominates in women's verse, it is undoubtedly the lyrical element in it which is the most forcible, and has produced the greatest effect upon literature and thought. No doubt, in dealing with the question of women's contributions to literature, it is difficult to separate cause and effect, difficult even to determine precisely which is which; for who is to say whether expression is the outcome of a certain stage of social development, or whether certain tendencies of the times are due to the fact that women have become articulate? But whichever way it be, it is certain that the utterances of women have influenced both the thought and the writings of men. If we look back to the period before which women's voices were audible, and compare it with our own, we shall find that there is a far greater difference between the heroines of romance of the past and present than there is between the heroes. The heroes of the past, though other than those of the present, were yet various in type and individual in character; whereas the women were of only two kinds, the wholly good woman and the wholly bad; the men were compounded of flesh, but the women were made of wood. They belong to a time when Byron's statement that love is woman's whole existence might have been supplemented by the further statement that it was her only claim to any existence at all in the lives of men. She was a being to be loved and protected, and in return she was to love with unselfish and unflinching devotion.



devotion: that was the good type, and it endures in the works of Thackeray and Dickens; or she was faithless, the embodiment of temptation, possibly a shrew—and in any case she was unreasoning—submissive or cunning as she was angelic or the reverse. That was the man's conception of woman in her silence; and it is only since she has found in art the means of declaring her nature, its complexities and inconsistencies, its contending forces of good and evil, that she has, in the works of men, ceased to be a lay figure and become alive. Here and there a genius like Shakespeare, glancing 'from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,' and perceiving the inherent elements in things created, has fashioned a human woman, a woman who has eaten the apple and is yet within the garden; but in the female characters of most of the literature of the past will be found Eve before her temptation, or after she has been driven forth from Eden and is held responsible for the fall of man.

But women, taking up the poet's lyre, and finding that they can draw melody from the strings, have sung divers songs, telling of the world as it appears to them, of that in it which they deem pitiful or joyful, unjust, desirable, worthy of love or of scorn; and, singing thus of the world and what it means to them, have shown themselves as they are.

And this brings us to the third consideration arising from the fact that the poetry of women is of recent development, the consideration, namely, that women have awakened to artistic existence in an age not primitive, as when the earliest poets began to sing, but in a stage of advanced civilization, in a day of subtle emotions, of conflicting tendencies, of highly-strung nerves, of intellectual unrest. Life is not simple now, as in the days of prompt warfare, of quick passions and swift revenge; the line between right and wrong is less sharply defined, duties are less obvious though more insistent, self-consciousness opens the door to morbid imaginations, and wider views take from the unhesitating certainty ensured by a single point of vision. In these days women have, for the first time in any number, added their voices to the voices of men, and the treble note, quivering with the desire of utterance, has made itself felt in the chorus. It was tentative at first, strung to the conventional pitch laid down by tradition; for women, beginning to write, unconsciously painted themselves from the models they found ready made in existing literature; and when they spoke not of the beauties of Nature, the main burden of their song was limited to the sorrows of the maiden, faithful and forgiving, dying from the desertion of the lover, of the mother mourning the child, or the child the mother; to the theme of the woman  
virtuous,

virtuous, or, if not virtuous, deserving of all suffering and contempt. It was later on, when expression, by dint of usage, had become a more familiar tool, that the desire after it became fraught with self-consciousness, and women, looking inwards upon their own hearts and temperaments, as well as outwards on the traditional examples of poetry and themselves, began to realize what it was they really wanted to say. Then came the positively womanly note, as distinct from the acceptedly feminine, and variety of temperament declared itself amidst the distinguishing characteristics of sex. We do not wish, be it noted here, to insist too strongly upon these characteristics, or to institute comparisons between the mental attitude and achievements of men and women; on the contrary, it is because women in their writings have shown themselves to be compounded so much more nearly of the same materials as men than would seem to be the case from men's presentment of them in the literature of bygone days, that their portraiture of themselves is peculiarly interesting. It must be remembered, of course, that in those other days, women were doubtless simpler than they are now; the narrow interests, the limited sphere, the few opportunities of development, which were theirs in former times, had much to do, not only with what they seemed to their painters to be, but with what they actually were; and had they become articulate a century sooner than they did, no doubt the poems they wrote would have been very different in feeling, aspiration, and intention from those which are the outcome of a later period. Complex, ardent, hungering after knowledge and experience, the modern woman is very far away from the grandmothers who seemed to be content with a limited education, domestic interests, wifehood at twenty and caps at thirty. One wonders if they were better, those women, or only less frank, than the daughters who, speaking out of themselves in a restless age, have declared themselves to be not wholly saints or sinners, or goddesses or housekeepers, but creatures made somewhat after the fashion of men, with good and bad mingled in the same nature, the battleground of opposing impulses, combining high aims with small ambitions, desiring good, yet allured by evil. Such is the heroine of latter-day literature, depicted by the writers of both sexes; but while, in the case of men writers, it was after a long course of poetic achievement, begun in simpler days, that there was added to their conception of woman woman's conception of herself, women, entering into their corner of the poets' kingdom, were surrounded at the very outset of their artistic existence by the complex tendencies of an advanced age. To  
both,



both, in one sense, belongs, besides the poet's imagination and perception, which are of no time, but of all time, that heritage of accumulated thought and experience which increases with the ages; for it must never be forgotten that every woman has had a father, as every man has had a mother: but yet it would seem as if the women poets of the day, attempting to attain, and attaining, on the whole, to a lower standard of beauty of form than that reached by their brother singers, have nevertheless in a greater measure some of the attributes of youth than these, that they are more in earnest, more vigorous in substance, stronger in impulse. There may be faults of immaturity in women's poetry, but there are few traces of decadence; the woman poet, born into an old world, is still young; and though, giving voice to the cravings, the restlessness, the complicated ideas and aims arising out of her own rapidly developing nature, and the times in which that development takes place, she may be sometimes unduly emotional and exaggerated in sentiment, the fact that her utterances are the outcome of a genuine impulse makes her worth listening to, makes her, too, certain of a hearing.

It is interesting to note the growth of self-consciousness in the writings of women. In the beginning, as has been already remarked, they wrote from what might be termed the conventional point of view, representing the world as they had been taught to consider it, looking at life objectively, choosing as subjects its more prominent aspects. Later on, the highways of outlined delineation and simple reflection are forsaken for the more intricate paths of a subtler analysis, and the distinctively womanly note becomes increasingly audible: for, while there is no sex, as there is no impress of individual experience and opinion, in the highest flights of poetry, there are always sex, opinion, and experience in a point of view, and in lyric expression a point of view is almost inevitable.

Let us begin with Joanna Baillie, well to the fore in the ranks of women poets; prominent in this, that she was amongst the first women who wrote, was the first who produced poetry considerable in amount, and that what she produced was also considerable in merit. Born nearly a hundred and forty years ago, the language she uses is the language of another day than ours; more stately, of a stricter rule, more temperate in term, more measured in expression. She uses this language well: a wide vocabulary, discreetly chosen and aptly applied, marches, metrically correct, in blank verse which has both dignity and force, or in rhymed stanzas in which the rhymes are almost invariably tuneful and the rhythm is always smooth. The  
largest

largest part of her writings consists of plays, but only the tragedies and dramas are in verse; the comedies are in prose. Whether they are good acting plays, excellent in stagecraft, it is not our province to determine, but that they contain dramatic situations, dramatically treated, is undoubted. Take the scene in 'The Family Legend,' in which Maclean comes, falsely mourning the wife whom he supposes to have been murdered, to the castle of her father, Argyll. It is dramatically conceived and dramatically treated; short and sharp, the climax treads close upon the heels of expectation; and the reality of eager impatience in the host and his retinue is shown by the author in allowing but little time to the actors to play with the situation. The treatment, in a word, is not theatrical, but dramatic. The women in these plays conform generally to the type accepted of the times; they serve men with unflinching devotion or are stumbling-blocks in their career; though now and again, as in the character of Victoria in 'Basil,' the creative instinct of the author, ignoring the dictates of tradition, vivifies the dry bones of type with some of the inconsistencies of the flesh. Yet, speaking generally, though the first woman poet held a recognized position amongst the writers of her generation, her poetry exercised little influence on the thought or tendencies of that generation. Dowered with the gift of dramatic consciousness, the consciousness of self was in abeyance; the questioning note, the introspective and analytical impulses which led to a new revelation of the needs and nature of women, had no part in her writings; and, accepted by her contemporaries as worthy of a poet's place, she gained and held that place as an exponent of current ideas, not as an innovator.

Born three decades later than Joanna Baillie, Felicia Hemans passed out of the world fifteen years before the elder poet, and as the life of the one was thus covered by that of the other, they may be called contemporaries. But the thirty years of difference in their ages are not without their effect upon the mental attitude of the younger; for while Joanna Baillie is altogether of the last century, Mrs. Hemans belongs, in some ways, to the new. The touch of pedantry is still apparent in her writings, and she is correctly feminine; indeed, that she was feminine in her point of view, handling of subjects, and methods of expression, seems to have been the merit for which, according to the reviews of the times, she was chiefly esteemed: but her vocabulary and phraseology are more modern in character than are those of her forerunner, her range of subjects is wider, inasmuch as it includes the simpler facts and aspects of every-day life, her method of treatment is less artificial.

She



She too wrote plays, but they are not essentially dramatic: her true sphere was that of sentiment, refined, thoughtful, and a trifle obvious. She had more learning than imagination, was more cultured than original; but many of the poems which found a place in the affections of her contemporaries have survived till the present day, and existence is a test of vitality.

Mrs. Browning followed close upon Mrs. Hemans, but in style, in thought, in her outlook upon life, she would seem to belong to another era. Beginning with the century, she began, it is true, in somewhat stilted fashion. Her first poems are artificial rather than artistic, cast in the mould of recognized poetical thought and language; and it was only later on, when her heart was touched, that her poetical being quickened into veritable potency. The Brontës, contemporaries of Mrs. Browning, though in no way her rivals, as they won their fame in another field, wrote, however, besides their novels, a certain number of poems. Curiously unsophisticated are these poems; trite often in sentiment and commonplace in diction, they are, for the most part, neither strikingly original nor essentially poetic. There is thought in them, and fancy, but the imagination of their authors found a full outlet only in prose romance; and we must endorse Charlotte's verdict in her preface to '*Wuthering Heights*,' that the poems of Ellis Bell contain all that is worth preserving of the poetry of the sisters. But Emily has written some verses which deserve to live; and there is a lilt in her lines and a quaintness in her fancy which seem to say that poetry, had she lived to write more of it, might have become with her the fitting instrument of a genuine inspiration. She possesses that distinction which is the inevitable outcome of original conception; original in the sense that it is born in the brain of the writer, and is, therefore, in its freshness and spontaneity, unaffected by the fact that it may have been thought and expressed already a dozen times by a dozen different people.

We come now to the noon-day of modern poetical tendencies. The poets of the Victorian age, brushing aside tradition, made new schemes of verse, a new use of language, a new vocabulary; and by the time that women poets were no longer few but many, the English of Joanna Baillie had passed away and another mode of expression reigned in its stead. To Christina Rossetti, greatest of women poets, it is hardly necessary, in this connexion, to refer; partly because her style and the merits of it have already been commented upon; and partly because, using English in a way of her own, making of it an instrument strong, beautiful, and adequate, but simple, eminently the

reverse of ponderous, admirable in its union of delicacy and force, she gives to it a character which bears the impress of herself rather than of any particular period. Augusta Webster, ten years her junior, and writing in the days when the newer tongue was firmly established, uses this tongue with facility, but without any great distinction. Her lyrics hardly rise above the commonplace, and—to pierce through the shell of language to the kernel of its being, thought—when she reflects, she is apt to moralize. The best of the lyrics is ‘*To One of Many*,’ more spontaneous in feeling, stronger in utterance, than the rest; but the gist of what she has to say is interspersed in her longer poems, which, though hardly great as a whole, contain many fine ideas, and some that mark an onward step in the growth of that self-consciousness which, according to our theory, is partly the origin and partly the result of the poetical expression of women. In her the woman speaks, the woman who is beginning to recognize her own complexities.

‘Tis only loveless wives who must not fret,  
For fear of being understood—indeed  
For fear of understanding their own selves.’

This is far away from Joanna Baillie and the heroines of her day. Then, loveless wives hid their lovelessness, suffered in shame and silence what fate or folly had brought them, died dumb and uncomplaining; but here there is a note of rebellion, of bitterness, an implied protest against the assumption that a woman’s happiness is ensured by the fulfilment of her duty. And the note sounds on: amidst much written by women in the last fifty years of a kind purely poetical, dramatically or intellectually impersonal, one catches every now and again the strain of self-consciousness, hears, more or less distinctly, the flutter of wings against the cage-bars of custom or circumstance. That the note is a questioning one does not make it any the less positive, since enquiry comes often nearer the truth than does assertion: and when this, the analytical and the more forcible element, is absent, there is still much in the poetry of women which reveals by implication their general attitude towards life, their intellectual and moral conception of its meaning. Harriet Hamilton King belongs to this latter class. Her chief poem, ‘*The Disciples*,’ is narrative in form, and the gem of it, ‘*The Sermon in the Hospital*,’ is calm in atmosphere, and, though reflective in character, is untouched by lyrical self-consciousness. It is, indeed, the wrongs of nations, of humanity in the mass, and not her individual needs and emotions, which inspire the author’s strongest utterances; but



but while she paints her heroes brave, devoted, and inflexible, one is sensible, behind the daring deeds of men, of the woman's ideal of fortitude. Resignation plays a part in this ideal; not in its false form of apathy induced by indifference or forgetfulness, but in the rarer nobility of dignified submission to the inevitable; and endurance is a part of valour.

There is but little calm in the poetry of Constance Naden. The spirit of the metaphysician breathes throughout her works, questioning and restless. If we except those verses, which, aiming at comedy, attain but to a poor semblance of mirth, the burden of her utterance is *Whence, Whither, Why?*—and though she seems sometimes to answer the questions, one feels that she never answers herself. Here is the poetry of thought rather than of feeling; viewing the world subjectively, the self that speaks is less the self of the woman than of the philosopher; and though philosopher and poet are not, in their essence, conflicting, but one, the problem in her poems sometimes, yet by no means always, mars the poetry.

If Constance Naden is the poet of intellectual enquiry, Adelaide Procter is emphatically the singer of sentiment. There is in her verse little of the restlessness, of the subtler emotions and desires which characterize in an increasing degree the poetry of more recent days. Her writings are not of the kind to alter or disturb ruling ideas; she is the mouthpiece of current feeling, not a prophet giving voice to the dawning desires of the future. Very gentle is her muse; resignation waits always upon sorrow; forgiveness treads close on injury; and love is tenderness, not passion. Her style is straightforward and clear, but hardly distinguished; language is to her simply a vehicle of expression, and she is not particular in her choice of words or the sound and run of her phrases. Writing for the mass of her sisters, her attitude towards life is that of the majority of women, touched by the light of the ideal; and the form in which she embodies her conceptions and her thoughts is of less importance to her than that what she writes out of the fulness of her heart should reach the hearts of her audience.

Mathilde Blind strikes a more individual note, with more of fervour in it and more of romance. She is not content with things as they are; to her sorrow is less a teacher than a foe to be fought with; and love is the light of life, its absence dearth and darkness. She feels the vanity of things created, and longs after something which shall still the hunger of her nature; but, unlike Constance Naden, it is the heart rather than the mind in her which craves satisfaction; and in her best verses the poet finds her material in the emotions of a woman. Unequal

in power of expression, halting sometimes in metre, there is much of her work which bears the poet's mark, and at times her form is adequate to her intention. 'Love's Completeness' is one of her short poems which shows her at her best; and her best entitles her to an honourable place in her sisterhood.

Jean Ingelow has one of the highest attributes of artistic excellence, an atmosphere of her own. Her readers are conscious of it, and breathe it with her; and she shows creative power, not by merely having her own world, but by the fact that she can make others see and feel and enter into it for a while. Much acute observation goes to the fashioning of this world, observation of the moods and aspects as well as the facts and objects of nature, together with a strong conviction of the reality of existence and a persuasion that its aims are worth pursuing, its ideals worth striving after. She takes no mystic view of life; hills and trees, the murmur of streams, the daintiness of flowers, the glory of the sunset and the dawn, are to her not symbols, but exist in and for themselves: she speaks of them cheerily and tenderly, with an aptness of epithet due to knowledge and a wealth of delight in them born of love:—

'What change has made the pastures sweet  
And reached the daisies at my feet,  
And cloud that wears a golden hem?  
This lovely world, the hills, the sward—  
They all look fresh, as if our Lord  
But yesterday had finished them.'

These lines indicate her attitude towards nature; and her outlook on humanity is the same in kind, healthful and hopeful, free from morbidity, touched with the freshness of a spirit which seems to have drunk of the elixir of youth. Not that she is blind to the sad side of life; and she too strikes now and again the self-conscious note, the realization by women of the restrictions imposed upon them by custom and their own nature, as witness the lines:—

'Our life is checked with sorrows manifold:  
But woman has this more—she may not call  
Her sorrow by its name.'

But there is never despair in her grieving; and the evil in the outer world finds no place in that which she has made for herself.

A considerable portion of E. Nesbit's poetry is in narrative form. Legend is dear to her, and the romance that clings to the ashes of dead days calls to her with a voice she cannot resist



resist to kindle the dull embers into flame again. A certain dramatic sense enables her to carry out the behest successfully, but rather as regards the spirit than the letter; for while her legendary poems call up the pictures she desires to paint, she rarely adopts, in the form of her verses, the wording, phrasing, and metre of them, the special characteristics of the ballad: they are legends rendered in modern verse, rather than ballads in their essence. But the chief value of her work is not to be found in her narrative poems; it is the lyrics which bear the burden of what she has to say. In the lyrics she sounds repeatedly the modern note of independence, the woman's desire for freedom; and she gives this desire as the subtle thing it is; not a wish for independence in itself, but the intermittent longing of the self-conscious woman of later days for the capacity of living her life alone; an impatience, not only of the control of the man, but of that in her which urges submission to his domination:—

‘To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.

‘Could I only stand  
Between gray moor and gray sky  
Where the wind and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand.  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain-wet face, and know  
I am free—not yours—but my own.  
Free—and alone!’

There sounds the characteristic note, of longing after freedom, of escape, not necessarily from unhappy wifehood or from the limitations of convention or custom, but from the voluntary bondage of the woman's nature; for look at the ending of this poem, ‘The Woman's World’:—

‘I cannot breathe, cannot see;  
There is “us,” but there is not “me”—  
And worst, at your kiss, I grow  
Contented so.’

The note is rarely so clear as in the above poem, and there are many of the lyrics in which it does not sound at all; yet one is conscious in most of the author's lyrical work of an element of dissatisfaction, a sense, too undefined, perhaps, for conviction, that love, marriage, and maternity are insufficient in themselves to fill a woman's life, that her nature craves a wider scope for its development than is afforded by these, that she is, indeed, hardly justified in being contented with the happiness which  
concerns

concerns and satisfies her womanhood alone, and ignoring or neglecting a larger world of suffering, endeavour, perplexities, and sin.

This consciousness of pain in the outer world is evident also in the poems of Mary Robinson; distinctly formulated in some, notably in her 'Prelude,' latent in many; and in combination with a great tenderness towards human wrongs and suffering, Madame Darmesteter possesses a strong love of nature and a true sympathy with its manifestations. She has a musical ear, and is happy too, in her selection of words and metres; and this, the charm of sound, leads us to speak of the writer who, perhaps, of all women poets, bears the palm for beauty of utterance.

Mrs. Meynell has the sense of metre, and not only of metre but of rhythm, and not only of rhythm but of cadence; and added to all this she is singularly happy in phrase, discreet in vocabulary, apt as well as picturesque in simile. The restraint of strength is hers, and her emotion is so well controlled, her thought so definite, that the expression of the one is never exaggerated, of the other is never obscure. The slur of sentimentality is absent from her pages; dainty or forcible, sad or impassioned, the song she sings is never hysterical or sickly; and the judgment of the artist directs the eloquence of the poet. Her sonnet, 'Renouncement,' is too well known to call for quotation; but there is a line in it which must be cited as containing a word used with rare felicity:—

'But when sleep comes to close each difficult day.'

*Difficult* is a word which both in sound and sense has little kinship with poetical usage, but one feels that in this instance it is the one word which is exactly appropriate. It carries so much meaning; that it should be at the same time apt and unusual lends it distinction; and even the superfluous syllable adds merit to the metre. Mrs. Meynell uses the superfluous syllable fairly frequently, and always with just effect; the cadences in the poem, 'To the Beloved Dead,' prove, indeed, that she has full understanding of the measure and melody of words:—

'Beloved, thou art like a tune that idle fingers  
 Play on a window-pane.  
 The time is there, the form of music lingers;  
 But O thou sweetest strain,  
 Where is thy soul? 'Thou liest i' the wind and rain.'

The rest of the poem is equally beautiful, in thought as well as in form; and the imagery of it is consistently maintained throughout,



throughout, as are also the delicate tenderness of the tone and the yearning wistfulness of the sentiment. And is there not a grave beauty, both in the conception and wording of this?—

'Farewell has long been said; I have foregone thee:  
I never name thee even.  
But how shall I learn virtue and yet shun thee?  
For thou art so near Heaven  
That heavenward meditations pause upon thee.'

The temptation to quote is great when there is so much that is quotable; but we must pass on from this deft mistress of expression to the poems of a young writer whose life ended when her artistic career had barely begun. The poems of Amy Levy are shadowed by a morbid strain: they are a cry rather than song. Not destitute of reflective power, and with a measure of dramatic intuition, the sad side of life, its emptiness, weariness, disappointments, has so impressed itself upon her heart and brain that her eyes are all but blind to the sunlight. It would be unwarrantable to charge her dramatic utterances with personal significance, but the subjects chosen for these utterances are always the same in kind, the speakers have all found life sad or bitter; and in the lyrics there is still the wail of the minor key. She was a poet at heart, and speaks with poets' words and by and through the similes and fancies of a poet; but it would seem that the spirit in her was bruised, and when she died her wings had not grown strong enough to lift her outside and beyond herself.

There are many other women—poets, or the writers of rhymes and verse—whom it is not possible to discuss here: in the past, even, they are not a few; and in present days their ranks are enlarged every month. Mrs. Norton and Eliza Cook; the delicate sentimentality of L. E. L., and the obvious reflectiveness of Mrs. Pfeiffer; Isa Blagden and Isa Craig-Knox; Katherine Tynan and Mrs. Radford; Lady Wilde and M. B. Smedley; there is neither time nor space to speak of all these. And amongst the newer singers are many the mention of whose merits must be limited to the mention of their names. Violet Fane has a public of her own; and Graham Tomson, Mrs. Piatt, L. N. Little, and Mrs. Margaret Woods are some of those who swell the chorus of the day.

Looking back from the modern women poets and their writings to the first woman who spoke clearly and continuously in the tongue of poetry, to Joanna Baillie, we find many great gulfs fixed between them and her; and that this must of necessity be so is obvious. For time, in the course of a century

century and a half, has seen the development of many phases of consciousness, and, as the consciousness of each generation is reflected, broadly speaking, by the writers of its day, poetry must vary, in subject and in sentiment, with the varying perception, the varying spiritual and mental attributes of each age. The geniuses are always in advance of their age, and always, in a sense, above all ages, in that they attain to a higher and wider consciousness than is reached by the ordinary man: yet the general consciousness of the majority is not without its influence, even upon genius; and the differences in the dramatic portraiture of a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, and a Robert Browning are due, not only to possible differences in the quality of and capacity for mental imaginative insight in the three poets, but also, and in a large measure, to the fact that in the fourteenth, the sixteenth, and the nineteenth centuries, the common consciousness of the time was awake in a different degree to the complexities of human nature and the subtleties of its self-deceptions.

The question of consciousness brings us back to our original starting point, to the question of personality; for in personality is concentrated the sum of consciousness of the individual; and out of his consciousness does the poet write: of the outer things and the outer side of them; or, entering the realm of thought, of a wider world, restless with problems; or again, having realized himself and his limitations, and rising on the wings of imagination to the plane of intuitive perception, he apprehends some of the truths which lie behind seeming and substance. The first women poets reflected rather than affected the age in which they lived: it was not till self-consciousness urged them to speak of their own needs, their own mental attitude, their own inner world, that they made any abiding impression upon thought and literature. But the revelation of themselves enlarged the general consciousness of their fellows; and, as the world of each one of us is limited to that of which each one is aware, the artist or the thinker who unlocks the door to a fresh fact or phase of existence has extended by so much the sphere of those whom he enlightens; and he who enlightens also influences mankind. The view that personality is the sum of consciousness gives a further explanation, too, of the facts noted in commenting upon the value of biography, namely, that that which is called the personal note is more pronounced in some writers than in others; that the lives and writings of some authors are more in accord than are those of others; and that the biographies of men of action are more representative of their subjects than are the biographies of writers: for it is obvious  
that



that the men whose consciousness is concentrated in deeds, in passing events, in the stir and the outer aspects of life, reveal their personality in ways much more direct and much easier of record than do those whose paramount consciousness, lying beyond the range of action and of the concrete facts of life, finds its fullest development in abstractions; also that they whose intensest consciousness is centred thus in abstractions, may reveal in their writings a self far different from that shown in daily life; and again, that the man whose fullest consciousness lies in the realization of himself, will show more of his personality in his writings than he who has either not attained to or has transcended the consciousness of self. Poetry is the written embodiment of the poet's consciousness, and the value of the one varies with the quality of the other. We find self-consciousness expressing the needs and the attributes of a sex, an individual, or a class; we find abstract thought or intuitive perception treating of ideas and possibilities not cognizable of the senses; we find the consciousness of form declaring itself in musical sequences of sound, in metre, in construction, in the choice of words.

Of the range and nature of the consciousness peculiar to genius; of how nearly and in how many cases women have entered upon it; of the extent to which it is positively inherent, developing of necessity, or exists potentially, dependent upon conditions, it is not possible here to treat: but in the consciousness of genius there is surely an element of prescience; the prophet foreknows—a quality of intuitive perception; the seer apprehends: or it may be that the poet, piercing time, penetrates to the eternal consciousness, free from the distinctions of present, future, or past, so that the note of prophecy, the declaration of truth, is due no more to prophetic or perceptive insight than to memory; to that recollection of which Plato spoke long ago. But be this as it may, the highest consciousness of the poets appears in their poems, not in written records, biographical or autobiographical, not in the things they do, not in the character they display: else were they, indeed, men and women, it may be, of high aims, fine qualities, and great achievements, but not poets essentially, inevitably, and first of all.

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ART. III.—*Harrow School*. Edited by Edmund W. Howson, M.A., and George Townsend Warner, M.A. Illustrated by Herbert M. Marshall. London, 1898.

**I** LOVE Harrow and I like everyone who is a friend to Harrow, but I hate everyone who is hostile to Harrow.' It is obvious that such an unqualified assertion of patriotism must have come from someone who was born about the time of Waterloo, and had lived on into a less outspoken generation. Happily the schoolboy mind is not philosophical. It confines itself cheerfully within the bounds of its little realm, and is conscious of no absurdity in assuming that it is the one ideal republic. For a republic it must be, if it is to satisfy the instincts of a boy. The feeling must be deep, too, if we can judge it by its constancy. Lord Palmerston was typical of many another, whose attachment to their old school survived into extreme old age; and who, amid the preoccupations of busy lives, found leisure to attend to its interests. Robert Grimston was ashamed neither of his acts nor his sentiments, and would have defended, in his own sturdy fashion, his statement that he loved Harrow and hated her enemies. If some of her champions are less outspoken in their advocacy, their affection has been none the less real for the cause to which he gave a lifetime's labour.

It is due to those who have been wont to assemble in the Fourth Form room, to render thanks for their founder, John Lyon, to give some few details of his life. For there was much point in the text chosen one Founder's Day—'The more part knew not wherefore they had come together.' In an age little concerned with archæological problems, the current belief sufficed that he was a London tradesman. But, with growing fortunes, there comes to the English mind a desire for pedigree. And the researches set on foot by Dr. Butler prove him to have been a man of position, owning land in Middlesex and three neighbouring counties—all of which he bequeathed to the school which had become the object of his childless life. The same enquiry carried back the date of the school from 1571 to the preceding reign—an entry having being found at Caius College, Cambridge, of Richard Gerarde, of Harrow School. The Gerards of Flambards occupied the house well known as the Park. Sir Gilbert Gerard was Treasurer of Gray's Inn, with Sir Nicholas Bacon, and it is assumed that John Lyon and his friend Gerard had the assistance of Bacon in drawing up the rules of the school. Further evidence of the existence of the school prior to the date originally assigned to it is found in a letter of the Roper family, which is worthy of notice as a proof



of the tender charity of a Queen of whom little good has been recorded. It was after the death of one of the family who had been keeper of Enfield Chase, Hyde Park, and Marylebone Forest, when, as the quaintly told story runs:—

‘Queen Mary came into our house within a little of my father’s death and found my mother weeping, and took her by the hand and lifted her up—for she needed—and bad her be of good cheer, for her children should be well provided for. Afterward my brother R. and I being the two eldest were sent to Harrow to School, and were there till we were almost men.’

It is apparent, then, that the charter granted by Queen Elizabeth was in favour of a school already existing. In the demise of his property, John Lyon reserved a portion for the maintenance of the road between Harrow and London, as it was thought desirable to facilitate communication with the metropolis—to which, early in this century, it took a waggoner a day to drive his team. The total income, 179*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, sounds strange to our ears. There is a tone of old-world thrift about the Founder’s directions as to building ‘mete and convenient rooms for the Schoolmaster and Usher to dwell in, and a School house with a chimney in it.’ The modest edifice had, however, the stability of its day; and it is matter of congratulation that, through all the subsequent changes, the original structure was allowed to remain. With the exception of its oriel window, the historic Fourth Form room retains its primitive simplicity.

In providing further accommodation for the growing needs of the school the initiative was taken by Dr. George Butler, by whose exertions funds were raised for a speech room, class rooms, and a school library. The reign of another headmaster, Dr. Vaughan, would have been rendered memorable, if for no other cause, for the rebuilding of Dr. Wordsworth’s Chapel in 1857. The foundation stone of the south aisle was laid by Sir W. Fenwick Williams, the hero of Kars, while the memory was fresh of those Harrovians who had fallen in the Crimea—to whom it was dedicated. The beautiful chancel was the gift of Dr. Vaughan. As a loving tribute to the same benefactor the Vaughan Library was built and opened by Lord Palmerston in 1863. Nor were play hours forgotten. The bathing place emerged from its pristine simplicity, though it retained its modest appellation of Duck-pond; and large sums were expended on the cricket and football fields. As time progressed a new speech room, gymnasium, and the Butler Museum were added. But space forbids to enumerate many of the benefactions.

In summing up the gifts with which the affection of former scholars has enriched their *alma mater*, Dr. Butler estimates that

that a sum of 150,000*l.* has been subscribed since his father eighty years ago issued his first circular, bearing the avaricious motto—

‘*Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque.*’

It was enjoined by the Founder that, after satisfying the wants of his own parish, such number of ‘foreigners’ shall be accepted ‘as the place can conveniently contain.’ But he little foresaw how greatly the latter would outnumber those for whom his bequest was designed. The disproportion grew steadily, till in 1816 out of nearly three hundred boys only three were free scholars. The modest room which he had provided soon proved inadequate, and to meet the rapid increase of the foreign element separate houses were established. During Dr. Wordsworth’s headship, Leith’s, the last of the dames’ houses, had been closed. The eccentric and able scholar Mr. Steel had left the Grove, and only three boarding houses remained—the Park, Mr. Oxenham’s, and Mr. Drury’s. Mr. Shilleto, who had occupied the Grove for a year, had returned to Cambridge, where he used to speak of the ‘blessings of unity upon which Dr. Wordsworth dwelt at a time when the school was reduced to number one.’ The advent of Dr. Vaughan effected an immediate change. The headmaster’s house, which had been rebuilt after the fire, was soon filled. The four great houses of that day, the Park, the Grove, ‘Billy’ Oxenham’s, and ‘Ben’ Drury’s, were occupied by the new-comers. They were presided over by men of mark, who held their ground for a generation and carried into the new *régime* the continuity of the old traditions. Fresh houses were opened and new masters came upon the scene. Among these were the present Bishop of Durham, who started with a few boarders at the Butts, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Rendall; while three were shortly called to higher scholastic posts—Dean Farrar, Pears, and Bradby.

The internal economy of the houses could only be accurately described by a denizen of the place. Any great emotion, such as the match at Lord’s, could fuse the mass; but the tribal instinct was the ruling passion. Every man’s hand was against the Benites; but no stranger was reckless enough to thread the narrow passage which led to their fastness. ‘Leave hope behind’ was the legend over the door. The inhabitants of the Grove were as skilful with the *missile telum* of their day as their ancestors had been with the arrows which were the cognizance under which Harrovians fought. The Billyites were a thorn to their enemies from their point of vantage at the junction of the roads; but their powers of offence were curtailed

at



at length by gratings to the windows. The increase of outward decorum is obvious at a glance to one who revisits his old haunts. There are fewer holes bored with hot pokers through the doors and partition walls. There are more buttons on the coats and less tallow on the trousers than there used to be. But the top hat, the index of the storm and stress of life, on which squash day and impromptu football had set their mark, has passed away. It was a strange dress—looking back on it—coloured trousers and waiscoat, a tail coat, and a shockingly bad hat. It would have required an Adonis to set it off. Yet certain boys discovered an inclination for foppery, which was, however, promptly repressed. This quaint garb doubtless had its merits in the eyes of masters. Identification was as easy as if we had been dotted over with the broad arrow.

Much patient labour has been expended on the attempt to give vitality to the roll of early masters; but, though little of personal interest emerges from the obscurity, we catch a glimpse at times of the varying fortunes of the school. Of the first master the notice is brief: 'Buried Anthony Rate, (formerly) Schoolmaster at Flambards, (afterwards) elected Schoolmaster for the free schole'; the register bears date 1611. An entry in 1614 relates that eight pounds was paid to the master for two years' salary. By the election in 1669 of William Horne, an Eton master, Harrow obtained a man of mark. At his request the Governors relaxed the Founder's decree that the masters should be unmarried, and voted him ten pounds annually towards a house, as it was found that both he and his boarders were suffering cold. His successor, Bolton, takes rank as a literary man, on the strength of two loyal sermons on the Stuarts and a Latin poem on a laurel leaf, which he had found efficacious as a cure for rheumatism. In 1691 another Etonian, Thomas Bryan, was chosen. The emoluments for teaching were by this time on the rise; the headmaster formerly had to content himself with four pounds, but the usher now receives a quarter of the fees for teaching the 'foreigners,' and his stipend is raised to 23*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* Bryan's successor absconded, 'after leading for a great while past a disorderly, drunken, idle life,' during which he had undone much of his predecessor's good work. Happily he was followed by a strong man, Dr. Thackeray, the great-grandfather of the novelist, who has been called the 'second founder of Harrow.'

Thackeray was an Etonian, as was Sumner, who followed him; and when Benjamin Heath, another master from the same school, was nominated, the boys rose in insurrection. Samuel Parr, the Harrovian, was their favourite, and they gave  
vent

vent to their patriotism by protesting that 'a school of such reputation should not be considered an appendix to Eton.' As this did not suffice, they proceeded to wreck one of the Governors' carriages. It was for his share in this rebellion that Lord Wellesley was expelled. Failing to gain his point, Dr. Parr seceded with forty boys and set up a rival school at Stanmore. At this point we reach the Drury family, who, with the Butlers, have given so many distinguished masters to Harrow.

On the resignation of Dr. Heath, his place was filled by his brother-in-law, Dr. Drury, whose energy and powers of teaching, backed by rare scholarship, raised the school to the highest point it had gained—the numbers exceeding three hundred and fifty. But a richer gift was conferred on the society over which he reigned by his moral influence. Lord Palmerston, in one of his speeches, remarked that the charm of hearing his mingled rebuke and exhortation was almost a temptation to sin. The scene amid which he closed his last lesson proved how readily boys yield to the strong rule of love. When he revisited them, his old pupils drew his carriage up the hill. Mark, William, and Henry Drury supplied an assistant- and two under-masters; and the connexion of this gifted family with the school did not cease until the retirement of Mr. Benjamin Heath Drury, who possessed in an eminent degree the hereditary gift of elegant scholarship. Three Drurys figure among the contributors to *Arundines Cami*, that monument of scholarship, ingenious as Byron's rhymes, where such lays as 'Ride a Cock Horse' and 'Little Jack Horner' appear in the dignified garb of Greek and Latin. What more graceful dalliance with the dead tongues could be found than in the lines which record the fate of Humpty Dumpty:—

'Humtius in muro requievit Dumtius alto;  
Humtius e muro Dumtius heu cecidit.  
Sed non Regis equi Reginae exercitus omnis  
Humti, te, Dumti, restituere loco.'

The families of Drury and Butler each put forward a candidate for the vacant post, the Archbishop of Canterbury, as arbitrator, deciding in favour of the latter. Mark Drury was the boys' candidate, and they supported their opinions with their customary licence. Byron's attachment to the Drurys is well known, and he rallied to their side; he used his budding powers in writing satiric poems, and spread a train of gunpowder. The explosion was, however, prevented by the embryo judge, Richardson, on the plea, not that it would destroy the headmaster—



headmaster, but the walls on which their fathers' names were inscribed. Dr. Butler encountered another revolt, the suppression of which not unnaturally called forth the approval of George III. The honours to which he subsequently attained have somewhat eclipsed the memory of Dr. Longley's life at Harrow. Between the years 1836 and 1862 he filled the sees of Ripon, Durham, York, and Canterbury. In attainments he was no match for many of those who had occupied his seat, but he was assisted by an able staff. A curious waste of force is observable in the fact that Kennedy, destined to make an epoch in his profession at Shrewsbury, was employed in teaching the Fourth Form, which, even a generation from this date, was not regarded as a seat of learning. Dr. Longley was not enamoured of change, but he yielded to the not unreasonable request that mathematics and a little French should be added to the curriculum. He maintained the school about at its level until near the end, when that fall in numbers set in which attained such alarming proportions under Dr. Wordsworth. Hitherto, with brief exceptions, the fortunes of the school had been in the ascendant. It will be convenient to reserve for another place the history of its decadence and revival.

Hampered by its scanty foundation, it was long before Harrow overtook its wealthy competitors and began to make its mark in the world of politics and government. First in order of time and in that fascination which lingers round a name was Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Who shall claim this brilliant genius—the world of fashion, politics, or letters? It is said of him that no man ever moved in more worlds, or shone with equal brilliancy in all. The memory of his early romance brought him back to his old school. He lived for a time at the Grove with his wife, the beautiful Sophia Linley, while his schoolboy rival retired sadly to India to compile the '*Bengali Grammar*,' and translate the Gentoo creed. It was to Sheridan he wrote:—

'Adieu, my friend! nor blame this sad adieu—  
Though sorrow guides my pen it blames not you.'

Dr. Parr lamented Sheridan's inattention to Latin and Greek. But if his oratory was '*Asiatic*,' too florid for the classic taste of Pitt, Fox, and Canning, it created an enthusiasm which is unknown to-day. When Sheridan denounced Warren Hastings, his quondam schoolfellow, the Marquis of Abercorn, the Don Whiskerandos, Tilburina's lover in the '*Critic*,' took the opposite side. Pitt said of him that had he taken seriously to politics he would have beaten all of them as a speaker. Bentley Priory, his house at Stanmore, became the rendezvous of the celebrities

celebrities of the day. It was here that Rogers wrote the 'Pleasures of Memory,' and Scott a part of 'Marmion.'

As to the bulk of those who have deserved well of their country, their roll must be called with the brevity of a Harrow 'bill.' To the question where they obtained or developed the characteristics which made them great, the answer must be: 'Here, sir.' Two former comrades of Lord Abercorn's—the Marquis of Hastings and Sir John Shore—were Governors-General of India—the post which Lord Wellesley, whose career at Harrow had been so summarily terminated, had himself filled. The year 1848 found Lord Dalhousie administering the affairs of this splendid proconsulate with conspicuous success, and laying down his life at the call of duty. One more Governor-General must be recorded—Lord Lytton—who proved that a poet and a brilliant author can be a capable man of affairs. The proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India was congenial to a taste which lent itself to pageant. But his management of the Afghan troubles, and of internal reforms, proved the capacity which was confirmed as Ambassador at Paris, where he solved the difficult problem of placing himself *en rapport* with French sentiment. His career commenced under his uncle Lord Dalling, another Harrovian, who was at that time Ambassador at Washington.

Two of Lord Byron's schoolfellows fell under his lash for their attempt to rescue some of 'the gods of Greece':—

'Let Aberdeen and Elgin still pursue  
The shade of fame through regions of virtù.'

Lord Elgin was pilloried with Alaric, and incurred the curse of Minerva; and his companion, 'the travelled thane, Athenian Aberdeen,' fared little better. Pepys, Lord Cottenham, 'a plain, thick-set boy,' won the highest legal honours as Master of the Rolls and Lord Chancellor; and the brilliant career of Sir John Karslake, brought to an untimely conclusion by failing sight, will not be forgotten. Richard Chevenix Trench, the 'grave, gay little person' of school days, developed into the Archbishop of Dublin, the stout champion of the Irish Church. Other names which deserve more than a passing word are Herman Merivale, distinguished at the age of twelve by his love of Dante; Sir Harry Verney, the life-long champion of Liberalism and reform; Sotheron Estcourt, the staunch Tory and School Governor, who let no day pass without reading from the classics; Sir William Gregory, the accomplished Governor of Ceylon; Sir Thomas Wade, of Chinese celebrity, who said he 'never passed Harrow in the train without taking his hat off'; Beresford Hope,



Hope, son of the author of 'Anastasius'; Charles Buller and Julian Fane, alike in sprightly genius, personal attractions, and a too early death. One of Buller's squibs is so inimitably faithful to the English idiom that it needs no translation:—

'Si subvertimus Peelum, mortuæ certitudini habebimus Johannulum. Hæc est res non singulo momento contemplanda. Necesse est igitur ut faciamus quodcumque vult Peelus. Peelus vult pretendere esse liberalis. Necesse est, igitur, ut nos etiam liberales esse preterderemus.'

But room must be made for the five Prime Ministers whom Dr. Drury trained for their work—Spencer Perceval, Lord Goderich, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Palmerston; as also for Lord Harrowby and Lord Althorp, who declined that honour. There is a shadow on this page of history. Pitt suggested Perceval as his successor, if he himself should be killed in his duel with Tierney. Perceval was assassinated in 1812 by Bellingham; and it was in Lord Harrowby's house that the Cato Street conspiracy to murder the whole Cabinet was to have been carried out. Perceval was the embodiment of that undying tenacity which triumphed over every obstacle and broke the power of Napoleon. Lord Goderich, known as 'Prosperity Robinson,' lacked the nerve for those stormy days, and made way for Wellington. Then on the roll comes Peel—a name of pathetic interest to every heart which honours virtue. What were the attributes of the man whose fame was so cruelly assailed?—Courage to abandon opinions in obedience to conviction, heroism to hold fast to conviction, and magnanimity to forgive. His last speech was made in the House on June 28th, 1850, and, as is the wont of many a wearied politician, he walked home in the bright summer morning, saying to a friend that he felt at peace with all the world. A few hours later the world heard that he had received a mortal injury by falling from his horse on Constitution Hill. 'It may be,' he had once said, 'that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will.' But it would have assuaged the pain of his long martyrdom could he have heard but a faint echo of the eulogy which followed him to the grave. We applaud ourselves on the 'generosity' of our party politics: would not 'justice' suffice? The augurs smile when they meet. It is the rule of the game. But the people are growing wiser than the augurs believe. They arrange their parallel columns, and ask whether that which is wholly white after death could have been absolutely black during life. Are they wrong in concluding that politics *are* a game, and that anything is tolerated except consistency? Peel was described at school as a blue-eyed fair-haired

boy, full of mental energy, and disposed to find companionship in himself. His father, at his birth, had dedicated him to the service of the State, but, somewhat inconsistently, was perplexed to find that one of his favourite pursuits was reading Pitt's speeches. But Byron, who knew him well, foretold his greatness. His training, at any rate, could have sown no seeds of unworthy ambition. He won a peerage and the Garter, and declined both; while burial in the Abbey was prohibited by his will.

At the Speeches of 1804 Byron and Peel had recited together; at those of 1800, the two remaining Premiers, Aberdeen and Palmerston, were performers. The youth of Lord Aberdeen was marked, like that of Peel, by a premature sobriety, a refined and unselfish disposition. A studious regard for Greek literature betrayed an inclination to those classic researches which were ridiculed by Byron. But he lacked the gifts of a popular leader. In less stormy times his innate rectitude, his love of justice, and broad tolerance would have met with more general recognition. But he fell amid the disasters of the Crimea, and with him went Sydney Herbert—worthy of the Pembroke line. He died too soon, worn out by unselfish devotion. But he left one of the fairest memories that have ever graced English politics. It is a relief to turn to the joyous, successful career of Lord Palmerston. He was accounted the best-tempered and pluckiest boy at Harrow, and he never falsified the verdict. Genial, witty, and audacious, he carried his point where a more serious disposition would have shrunk from the attempt. For twenty years Secretary at War, he was always ready to go to war—or at any rate he said he was. And foreigners learned reluctantly to acquiesce in his assertion of 'Civis Romanus sum.' Friend and foe alike knew that in him they had a watchful patriot, who loved his own country better than any other. And they came to realize that his apparent levity was backed by sterling qualities of sagacity and indefatigable energy. He sat in sixteen Parliaments, and was a member of every Government but two from 1807 to 1865. He never forgot his old school, and proved his kindly disposition and rare physique by riding down in an hour from London, to attend the Speeches, after reaching his eightieth year.

When the dust of the contest has settled down, we can see things more clearly and respect the feelings of those who had to break the bonds of friendship and tradition or be traitors to themselves. Heine said that Rheims Cathedral could only have been built by an Age dominated by convictions; and in the hour of our crisis our destinies were shaped by the convictions



victions of a few resolute men. The red spectre of the French Revolution was laid, but it was natural that the men who had stemmed the tide which was submerging society should be impatient of those who would reopen the floodgates. Others might apostatize, but—

‘ We who beside the pilot stood  
Who bore us through the storm ’

would stand fast in the hour of trial.

Lord Harrowby and his followers earned the sobriquet of ‘the Waverers’ by advocating one of those compromises which have played so large a part in our national life. But to mention the Reform Bill is to name Lord Althorp, who, after a ten years’ apprenticeship at Harrow, made an early appearance in the arena of politics. ‘It was Althorp who carried the Bill; his fine temper did it.’ This was the clue to the unique influence of a man gifted with neither genius nor eloquence. He started as leader of an unreformed, and ended as leader of a reformed, House of Commons. He was mainly instrumental in passing a measure bitterly repugnant to his friends without alienating their sympathy; and he ruled the House with an ease unprecedented, by sheer force of character, truth, honesty, and single-mindedness. When his work was done, he reverted to those country pursuits from which he had been reluctantly torn. He was the type of those men who have been the salt of our political life: whose ascendancy is mainly due to the fact that their creed and methods have no kinship with those of the professional politician. The one Whig whom George III. tolerated must not be lost sight of, Duncannon, Althorp’s cousin and bird-nesting companion, whose aviary consisted of three skylarks, two titlarks, and two sparrows, a fair collection, considering the disfavour with which the authorities looked on natural history. He could not make a speech, but, as Greville says, he could carry measures without attempting one. He found a place in Irish song among some equivocal characters; but this has been the fate of other Viceroys. His title to gratitude is that he died at his post, worn out by his struggles with the Irish famine of 1847.

Two names remain, whose halo will ever linger over earth’s dark places—Lord Shaftesbury and Cardinal Manning. The foremost has set his seal on some of the most beneficent legislation of our Statute Book; and the latter, by his statesmanlike grasp and faculty of organization, shows the power he would have wielded in a mediæval theocracy. But we have bracketed them momentarily merely to show that the dominating influence

of both lives was a divine compassion for suffering. A tablet near the school gates marks the spot where young Ashley witnessed the scene which led him to dedicate his life to the poor man's cause—a pauper's coffin was being carried to the grave by drunken and ribald bearers. Few more pathetic figures sadden, while they grace, the annals of the poor. The highest suffer most, and by that mysterious law he carried more than one man's burden of the world's woe. A joyless youth, weighted by inherited melancholy, led on to a life darkened by hourly contact with sin and sorrow, and often overcast by family troubles. Yet he never flinched from his boyish resolve—unmoved by the promptings of self, and undismayed by the threats of those whose interests he assailed. He cared not who filched his honours, and he left his justification to others. 'My Lords,' the Duke of Argyll said, 'the social reforms of the last half century have not been mainly due to the Liberal party. They have been due mainly to the influence, character, and perseverance of one man—Lord Shaftesbury.' Who could emerge a hero from such a search-light as his biographer poured on Cardinal Manning? Let it suffice to ask who best could pass through the needle's eye—the layman or the cleric. It is pleasanter to view the bright beautiful boy, looking out with wistful eye into the future, gleaming with its noble enthusiasms. The stairs he had to climb are too steep if you enter by the front door, and he had convinced himself that each step he won was won for the cause of religion. Life parted the schoolboys' ways, but they met again at the grave. The costermongers formed a funeral *cortège* for their 'dear Earl,' and a long string of cabs followed the Cardinal to his rest. And over both was pronounced the poor man's blessing. Such were some of the men who have borne an active part in the conduct of affairs. Of most of them it may be not unfairly said that in their unpretentious devotion to duty they exhibited some of the best characteristics of the body from which they sprang. Of those who are still before the public it is not time to speak.

We pass to those whose influence, though less obtrusive, permeates society, perhaps on that account more thoroughly. While fully cognisant, we may be sure, of the fact that an author cannot be made, Professor Courthope, in his masterly survey of Harrovian men of letters, seeks to show in what measure they were severally influenced by the *genius loci*. Those of whom he treats grew up under the old *régime*; and no praise that he could have lavished on a classical training could be so eloquent as the fact that he omits all mention of any other, unless it be to note defects incidental to its absence. It suffices



suffices for him to point out that this early moulding of natural gifts is distinctly traceable, and that those who yielded themselves most readily to it are most conspicuous for thought and style. To learn how to write terse, forcible, and correct English without ever seeing an English grammar or composing an English theme is paradoxical; but much that is best in our national life is found among its anomalies. Byron would have been a poet if he had been a ploughman or a shepherd, but we may learn from his own statements how much his enthusiasm was kindled by his beloved master, Dr. Joseph Drury:—

‘With him for years we searched the classic page  
And feared the master though we loved the sage.’

It may be attributed to his wayward disposition that on another occasion he speaks of ‘Horace whom I hated so.’ The boyish dreams which suffused his imagination took form in later years. While the great passions which sway humanity shall continue, and the halo lingers over Greece and Rome, can it be that lines woven out of material that is imperishable should themselves be destined to decay! Remembering the year—1834—there is a pathetic interest in an anecdote related of ‘Harry’ Drury, who, while looking over a pupil’s exercise, the subject being taken from ‘Childe Harold,’ remarked: ‘Ah, little did I think, a few years ago, when I was looking over Lord Byron’s exercise in this very room with him, that I should shortly be looking over a monitor’s exercise being a translation from one of his principal poems.’ But the pathos had a comic ending. Byron’s old tutor took a deep interest in fires, and on a great fire in London being announced, he and his pupil hurried up to the churchyard, and, seated on tombstones, from nine o’clock till midnight watched the burning of the Houses of Parliament.

If we pass *per saltum* from Byron to Anthony Trollope, it is to remark that his works are lacking in those distinctive attributes which belong to a classically trained mind. He himself supplies the clue, remarking that he learned nothing, even of classics—a feat which is worthy of record. In his ‘Autobiography’ he says that it was not till late in life that he could find any pleasure in reading a Latin author. Two other of Byron’s contemporaries were capable of resisting the influence of even such a teacher as Dr. Drury: Theodore Hook, who hated Greek, and ‘Barry Cornwall,’ the ‘gentle Euphues’ whom Byron playfully charges with attempting—

‘To set up for being a sort of *moral me*.’

From the *libro d’oro* in which Harrovian men of letters are inscribed we can only select a page. But their names are not

writ in water, and less than most men does an author stand in need of a biographer. It may be said that they lent lustre to the school—not the school to them. Yet is the wish permissible to trace in later growth the effects of early culture and judicious pruning. Pruning, indeed, was practised with an unsparing hand, and the terse pregnant sentences of Tacitus were inculcated as models with untiring perseverance. No one who ever heard him will forget the obvious delight with which Mr. Oxenham dwelt on this peculiarity of his favourite author. It was the special effort of such masters as that perfect scholar and chivalrous gentleman to ‘correct the taste and control the exuberance of the imaginative.’ It was his wont to denounce, in that language which Dr. Vaughan euphemistically described as ‘so very hasty,’ those long wormy sentences which he designated ‘spiders.’ In his eyes a false quantity and a lie were the most hateful things in the world, and a good copy of verses about the best. Is it unreasonable to assume that the prolixity, the tendency to uncontrolled meandering, apparent in such a brilliant writer as Lord Lytton, or in the poetry of Roden Noel, would have been restrained had they been subjected for a longer period to the discipline of a severer taste? John Addington Symonds laments his lost opportunities with undue self-consciousness in the presence of such a work as the ‘Renaissance of Italy.’ Of those whose writings bear such eloquent testimony to the spiritual force of the Oxford Movement were Manning, Faber, Isaac Williams, and Henry Oxenham. Isaac Williams digressed, it is true, into mediævalism, under the influence of this powerful emotion, but it was foreign to his taste. He says of himself that on the rare occasions on which he had to write an English theme, he had to translate his thoughts, out of the Latin idiom in which they ran, into English.

As we emerge from the dark ages, from which little light comes, into the early years of the present century we obtain a picture of the conditions under which the work which has been described was carried on. The social conditions differed widely from those now prevailing. But many of the institutions, still existent under a modified form, are distinctly traceable. The general aspect is one of greater licence, held in check—often at irregular intervals—by severer punishments. Life was hard even under legally constituted authority, and harder still at the hands of self-elected tyrants. Boys entered on a career of hardship at a very early age, and remained for seven, eight, or even ten years. The duties of a modern fag are a sinecure compared with those of an earlier day, which entailed at times  
having



having to get up at five o'clock and break 'lock-up,' to gather sticks for the fire. Other duties consisted in waiting out in the rain or cold to announce whether certain masters were on their way up to morning school; or standing on the parapet of the school house to throw down footballs which might happen to lodge there. Some of the more brutal institutions, such as 'rolling-in,' were by degrees suppressed. This initiation into the freedom of the hall consisted in having some four dozen hard rolls discharged at your head from a distance of four yards. The prestige of the 'milling ground' had sensibly declined by the middle of the present century, and 'squash day,' the ordeal to which Augustus Hare so feelingly alludes, disappeared about the same date.

Lessons were performed under circumstances which give some colour to the statements, made by others besides Trollope, that they learned absolutely nothing. Four forms mingled their Babel in the Fourth Form room, the rest of the school crowding all the available space up to the 'cock-loft'; one faggot was lighted in the Fourth Form room, and masters and scholars brought their tapers. Learning, however, was to a large extent voluntary, for the same period turned out some rare classics. Stimulus to learning was not wanting, whether corporal or in the shape of endless lines. The diary of Walter Charles Trevelyan, kept from 1812 to 1815, bears ample testimony to the time bestowed on Latin verses. It makes no mention of mathematics, and a confirmatory witness says that, though the Sixth Form dallied with Euclid once a week, an adequate knowledge of arithmetic, writing, and algebra was taken for granted. The same diary records some of the writer's 'puns.'—the *formatio temporum*, awarded by Dr. Butler; twenty chapters of St. Matthew, by 'Harry' Drury; 871 lines of Virgil (*i.e.* 'Æneid' V.), by the same, and fifty pages of Greek grammar to write out, 'for not knowing something that was not in the lesson.' Looking back, it seems as if punishments might have combined some profit. Writing out Virgilian hexameters on closely ruled paper in multiples of fifty had little effect beyond spoiling one's hand—and worse still were the symbols of Euclid, the inevitable result, to those who had an 'obtuse angle' in their head, of attending 'Tommy' Steel's lesson. 'We will write out the proposition' was the formula which concluded each day's work, culminating at Trials in the verdict, 'We will write out the whole of the propositions.' The curiously worded sentence by no means implied that our preceptor undertook half the task. The occupation was as profitable as digging holes and filling them up again: perhaps therein lay its merit at a time  
when

when the task of Sisyphus was considered a model for prison labour. The order of Mr. Oxenham to transcribe the whole Bible was not liable to this objection, but it was an undertaking which would have appalled a mediæval monk. The schoolboy who was asked by Queen Elizabeth how many times he had been flogged, replied :—

‘Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.’

But life did not consist wholly of pains and penalties: Wellington was winning victories in the Peninsula, and victories meant holidays for Harrow—as did the visits of distinguished persons. There were seven holidays and two half-holidays in fifteen days from June 24th to July 8th, 1813. It might have been supposed that there was little need of extra relaxation when Tuesday was a weekly holiday, as were Saints’ days, the King’s birthday, Gunpowder and Accession days, four Speech days, and many others. Cricket was played on a steep bank, football and rackets in the school-yard. But there were other pursuits with a flavour of illegality which increased their zest. A considerable business was done in gunpowder and fireworks. Duck-puddle was used for testing cannon and sailing-boats; the unsavoury ponds which abound in that part of Middlesex were dragged for fish; and Jack-a-lantern long held its ground against hostile edicts. This most popular sport consisted of a chase by night after a boy carrying a lantern, whose aim it was to lead his pursuers over the dirtiest ditches and most impracticable hedges he could find. Nor were the fleshly appetites denied. A bill has been handed down from 1788 by which, even under the disguise of the pastry-cook’s spelling, we get a glimpse of the tastes of a youthful Vitellius—one Daniell Griffiths—who in six months expended ten pounds on ‘veal poy and muck turtle, shery torte and glace ice, potte rasbury,’ and suchlike delicacies.

The cricket of early days partook of the nature of the ground upon which it was played. Its present scientific form dates from the advent on the scene of ‘Bob’ Grimston and ‘Fred’ Ponsonby—names which will ever live in grateful remembrance. An estimate of the respective points of Eton, Winchester, and Harrow, while ascribing more showy qualities to the two first, credits Harrow with the very characteristics which it was the life-long aim of its two voluntary preceptors to impress upon it. It was on the rigour of the game that they insisted. But their teaching went far deeper. It was the spirit of unselfish devotion which they preached by their lives—summed up in their familiar adage that it was the duty, not only of a cricketer, but  
of



of a gentleman to play for his side and not for himself. In the days of Dr. Wordsworth the grass was said to have grown in the streets of Harrow; but a former captain of the eleven makes the spirited retort that if it grew in the street it did not grow under their feet. The school numbered only sixty-nine when Dr. Wordsworth left, but in the two previous years they won the matches against both Eton and Winchester. This spirit has been maintained, and with far inferior numbers Harrow heads the list by two in the matches against Eton—that contest which was so harrowing to Robert Grimston that he could scarcely trust himself to be an eye-witness. The modern schoolboy is said to be more staid than his father; but, in spite of the match having become a function of the London season, it still calls up, as few other things do, the memories of the past. Happy is the place which can fill up the gaps of death from its own ranks. And on none could the mantle have fallen more fitly than on I. D. Walker. Born of a family of Harrovians and cricketers, he inherited the traditions of Ponsonby and Grimston, and proved himself pre-eminently worthy of them. In his successor, Mr. A. J. Webbe, Harrow has secured the services of a cricketer who, besides being a brilliant batsman and field, has established the reputation, wherever cricket is played, of never giving up a game till it is lost.

Mr. Roundell, who speaks with the authority of a quondam head of the school and captain of the eleven, gives a graphic description of life as he found it during 'the forties.' But 'the forties' must be studied in close connexion with 'the thirties,' from the time, in fact, when, in 1836, Dr. Wordsworth took over the reins of that government which has been described as a 'moderate anarchy'—the substantive more accurate, as some will think, than the adjective. Tried by the evidence of statistics he failed. He reduced the school to sixty-nine, but he himself contributed to the reduction by expelling those whom he knew to be a source of contamination to their fellows. He knew that his drastic methods of reform would bring unpopularity to himself and the school, but he braved the risk for conscience' sake. Let us hear his own view of the 'reductions': 'It is not necessary,' he said, addressing the boys, 'that this should be a school of three hundred or one hundred or of fifty boys, but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.' The words might have been spoken by Arnold. Equally exalted in the conception of their mission, it was in constitutional character, and therefore in methods, that they were sundered as the poles. The closing years of 'the thirties' passed sadly enough in the struggle of a saintly nati

to breathe something of its own purity into the surrounding atmosphere of vice and irreverence. It was not the survival of some of the ruder forms of licence which he felt most keenly. These were an offence to his refined nature; but the source of his distress lay deeper—in the prevailing irreligion of the place. It was this which saddened the otherwise happy retrospect of Henry Manning. Harrow was to him the least religious period of his life: 'We were literally without religious guidance or formation. The services in the church were for most of the boys worse than useless. The public religious instruction was reading Waller's Catechism on Sunday morning for an hour in school; and in private, at Evans', we read Paley's *Evidences* or *Leslie on Deism*.' A multitude of witnesses attest that this is no exaggerated lament of an over-sensitive nature. Memory recovers nothing from the sermons except the fact that 'fourthly' is not necessarily synonymous with 'lastly.'

Dr. Wordsworth was an ecclesiastic, not a schoolmaster. But he was, what he tried to make others, a Christian gentleman. The light of goodness shone conspicuously through him; and when all seemed darkest the dawn was near. He sowed; and if another reaped, he was at least happy in having for his successor a man noble enough to recognize his labours. Dr. Vaughan was warned not to throw himself away by going to Harrow. But he took his own line; and at the earliest opportunity he said: 'I went to Harrow expecting to find a desert, and I found a garden.' It was, however, a garden full of weeds, not all of which were eradicated when, after fifteen years of faithful labour, he resigned his work, to the surprise of most men, and the regret of all. Dr. Vaughan, one of Arnold's most cherished pupils, had come to his work imbued with the enthusiasm of his great master, and endowed with every attribute which commands success. He was a consummate teacher, possessed, as Dr. Butler says, of the true scholar's instinct, and 'the exact perception of the force of words, whether separately or in their junction and cadences,' in a degree which has rarely been equalled. But, like Arnold, he declined to put teaching in the forefront of his duties. It was as a resolute but sagacious disciplinarian, and by the *mitis sapientia* which pervaded every act, that he carried the fortunes of the school from their lowest ebb to a point never previously attained. No one who watched events at Harrow till the time when the gentle but resolute rule of Dr. Vaughan had crushed, if it had not extirpated, the evil which he found, will deny that the furnace was very hot, and that none but the most highly tempered clay came out unbroken. Few would have the  
hardihood



hardihood to advocate a return to the old system. Yet it must be conceded that in those who were equal to the struggle, it toughened the fibre and nurtured that strong individualism which is a life-long possession.

It is not the place to speak here of the beauty of Dr. Vaughan's subsequent life, into which no thought of self ever intruded. Few men with gifts so great ever practised more consistently the law of self-renunciation. He, too, was succeeded by a favourite pupil, Dr. Butler, who would desire no other recognition than that which is afforded by a candid survey of his work. The tide of prosperity flowed unbroken and with ever-growing force. Inheriting the old traditions, he grafted on them the changes which modern requirements demand; and gave to the 'modern side' a development which would have appalled those who had yielded tardily to the request for a little French and mathematics. It is well for any institution that it should effect its transition under a man so competent to weigh the claims of both sides. When changes were first mooted, Lord Palmerston had deprecated the haste of those who 'rush in where angels fear to tread.' The rule of the two Butlers covered a period of fifty years. They gave, without stint of purse and person, and take rank among the greatest benefactors of the school.

Previous struggles won for the headship of Dr. Welldon that peace which is unfruitful of dramatic episode, but is, on that very account, a period of steady progress. Of his tenure of the office, to which he devoted himself with characteristic energy, it is too soon to speak. Still more unsafe would it be to hazard predictions of the future. The omens of the new reign are favourable; that they should be fulfilled is the ardent hope of all Harrovians.

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ART. IV.—*Impressions de Voyage.* Par Alexandre Dumas.  
Paris, 1833, 1847.

**A**MONG the many who have been fascinated by the elder Dumas he had no more fervent admirer than himself. Among all the luxuries in which he loved to indulge, none gave him such stimulating and abiding pleasure as his enjoyment in the triumphs of his pen. Fame or notoriety, celebrity and popularity, were the incense which intoxicated without emasculating him. Overweening and almost aggressive self-confidence, acting on an intensely imaginative and emotional temperament, hurried him along in a flood of phenomenal achievements. His mind and imagination were profoundly dramatic: he regarded everything, his own personality included, with an eye to stage effect. Even his most intimate domestic griefs were never sacred; and over the death-bed of his mother he posed for the public and a patron. He had been the best of sons and sincerely loved her, and it was instinct or impulse, rather than conscious affectation, which made him sit down over the corpse to pen a sentimental effusion to the heir to the throne. It was simply an opportunity too good to be neglected. That ardent imagination was always on the alert, throwing out its tentacles like Victor Hugo's octopus. The slightest suggestion developes into a vivid scene, and as situations swiftly succeed, the actors group themselves naturally. Few men have had more inexhaustible funds of originality, and none have been more frequently convicted on unimpeachable evidence of borrowing, stealing, or conveying. It was the pace that told, and he detested trouble. But always we recognize the skill or spells of the alchemist who turns carbon to diamonds and transmutes lead into silver. He had written so much that latterly when laziness had grown on him and his powers were failing, he would repeat himself with comparative impunity, and often, as we honestly believe, he had forgotten from whom he was borrowing.

Dumas, in modern slang, worked his marvellous imagination for all it was worth, but he could never have made the great fortune he squandered had he not been equally blessed in an Herculean constitution. To the iron health of the Duke of Wellington we owe the victories of England from Assaye to Waterloo. Like the great Duke the elder Dumas was never known to be sick or sorry. For forty years he drew as recklessly on his health as on his publishers or the editors who secured his services. And if any man could take liberties with himself it was Dumas. From his father the General, who had anticipated the feats of our 'strong men' of the music halls, he had inherited his magnificent



magnificent frame. Hurrying from his workshop at the sound of the dinner-bell, he would sit down at the head of his table among the guests he had gathered around him, coatless, and with his shirt-front thrown open, delighting to display the proportions of his chest. He described sympathetically the gastronomic achievements of Porthos, which awakened the interest and excited the admiration of the musketeer's sovereign. His appetite was as enormous and his digestion as admirable as that of the Grand Monarch himself, or any other of the Bourbons. The busiest man of letters of his time, or perhaps of any time—for even Lope de Vega was less prolific and infinitely less versatile—seemed to lead the life of the *flâneur* of the Boulevard de Gand. He would rise like a giant refreshed to resume the pen, after a breakfast of many courses at the Café de Paris or Philippe's. Suppers after the theatres, at Vésour's or the Maison Dorée, were prolonged to the small hours of the morning, where the unstinted flow of champagne upon Burgundy only stimulated the sparkle of anecdote and *causerie*. The other *convives* might pay the ordinary penalty, but with Dumas there was neither headache nor reaction. Far from being hurtful to his work, those habits were of the essence of his activity. Had he been exiled like Hugo to the solitude of the Channel Islands the seething brain would have stagnated, and the pen would have slipped through his fingers. He could only breathe and think freely and fast in society or in incessant movement. Wherever he went, he woke up a little world; and as he said himself, when he sought seclusion at suburban St. Germain, 'Wherever I go, and I know not how it is, I bring with me an atmosphere of life and action.'

A singularly vain and, in some respects, a morbidly sensitive man, his overpowering and penetrating self-appreciation triumphed over drawbacks that would otherwise have troubled him. He prided himself on being what Brantôme would have called a *seigneur de par le monde*; yet black blood is not considered a recommendation in the higher circles of Parisian society. Dumas was undoubtedly indebted to a pure-blooded negro grandmother for his indomitable capacity for work and even drudgery, though it was his lot to cultivate letters in place of sugar-canes or coffee. Perhaps the only quadroon ever distinguished in literature, he had thick curly black wool, broad negroid features, and a complexion which was rather bronzed than swarthy. Whether or no he believed that transcendent genius could carry everything off, he prided himself rather than otherwise on his appearance. It was picturesque; it was striking; it was romantic; and if inquiries had been indiscreetly

indiscreetly pushed home, he would have probably boasted of his black granddame as a Princess of St. Domingo. He cared so little to keep his African descent in the background that, as his son remarked with affectionate cynicism, he was capable of getting up behind his own carriage in order to say that he kept a black footman. The dominating weakness and superb self-sufficiency of the man were never more pointedly indicated. And when his *châlet* at Port Marly had swelled into a superb *château* he imported two negroes from the French Soudan to be in keeping with the Oriental splendour of the decorations. He was sublimely unconscious of, or sublimely indifferent to, the witticisms it must provoke among his friends of Paris. He had taken the idea from the dumb servitor in the household of Monte Christo; and he would have said of himself, in Monte Christo's words, 'All that I do is well done.'

The cross of the black proved a rare combination with the strain of the Frenchman. From the one side came the nimbleness of thought, the exquisite lightness and brilliancy of fancy, the spirit that danced and sparkled like the bubbles in what he calls his 'joli petit vin d'Anjou,' also the buoyancy that floated him superior to circumstances whenever any temporary pressure was removed. On the other side was not only the capacity for labour to which we have referred, but the rich and garish exuberance of the wayward and emotional tropical temperament. He had the negro passion for gorgeous colouring. He fitted up his suburban palace regardless of expense, but the superb decorations were often in infamous taste, though Garibaldi did select him to be director of the Neapolitan Museum. So in his travels and romances we are not infrequently shocked by the misplaced glitter of tawdry mosaic jewellery. But Dumas is Dumas, and we must take him as we find him. He was as careless of his style as Scott, and in that very carelessness is the fascination. The obvious defects and glaring inconsistencies that would provoke the critic if he were given time to consider, are far more than compensated by the inexhaustible luxuriance of the creole's fancy. As Janin said, 'He lived without a moment's rest. Even when travelling he wrote, composed, and thought, and every subject suited him.' He always wrote from hand to mouth, adhering conscientiously to the Scriptural maxim of taking no thought for the morrow. What other man could have run two such *feuilletons* abreast, on such opposite subjects, as 'Les Trois Mousquetaires' and 'Monte Christo'? The instalments of each day were thrown off in inspiration, while the printers were badgering him for copy as they used to beset the door of Balzac. Seven cities  
contended



contended for the honour of having given birth to Homer. It was almost as flattering that the seven leading journals of Paris brought a joint action against Dumas for simultaneously disappointing them of as many *feuilletons*. Characteristically, on the spur of the moment, and scarcely troubling to give notice of his purpose, he had started on an expedition to Spain and Algeria. He was always eager to seize on the most illusory links of coincidence that associated him with the great spirits of the past. He notes with dignified *naïveté* in his 'Causeries' that the little town of Villers-Cotterets, which was his birth-place, was within two leagues of La Ferté-Milon, where Racine was born, and only seven leagues from Château-Thierry, where La Fontaine first saw the light. But to do him justice, with regard to the dead, he rose superior to jealousy. He did not love the English any more than his Musketeers, but he is free to acknowledge his obligation to Scott, whose 'Quentin Durward' inspired his historical romances, and he recognizes Shakespeare as a man of remarkable talent, though he can have only appreciated the plays in a translation. Indeed, to a *pièce de circonstance*, brought out at his Château of Monte Christo, he gave the title, 'Shakespeare and Dumas.' The remark that provoked Madame Dejazet's happy repartee at Rouen is too well known to be worth quoting.

Moreover, Dumas was blessed with a really astounding memory. It was not the tenacious memory which Johnson defined as the vice that holds fast; it was rather the lawyer's memory, which gets up and assimilates a subject for a purpose, and yet it must have been something more. It is true he gives it credit for qualities it did not possess. In 'Mes Bêtes' he explains his facility of production by the fact that he need never turn for reference to his bookshelves: he relies absolutely on his exactitude and the remembering all he has read. He proceeds to illustrate his point by making three mistakes in as many pages. That, however, is an unfortunate and exceptional case. In reality, in his historical romances, as in the historical episodes of his travels, he is quite as exact as he needed to be. Pedantic accuracy is not his *foible*, nor is it demanded by the average reader. Happily we are not all being coached for competitive examinations, and a score or so of years, more or less, count for little in mediæval chronology. Many a man who makes pretension to being fairly well-informed would own, if he were candid, that he is mainly indebted to Dumas for what he knows of the annals of France from the St. Bartholomew

Fronde and further. The conclusive proof of the gift of recollection is to be found in the 'Impressions

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de Voyage.' He did not take a library about with him on his tours, and assuredly he never revised those hasty travel notes. Yet the chroniclers are all pretty much at his finger-ends, and if the memory fails or the chronicles should be a blank, the creative imagination comes plausibly to the rescue, and there is no semblance of patchwork. As for the innumerable legends of the saints and martyrs, whose shrines were visited in the course of his wanderings, the ponderous Church histories are so picturesquely condensed and so richly embellished that the original of the transfigured palimpsests is undecipherable.

Such a genius was necessarily a chaos of contradictions. He rings the changes in an endless variety of moods; he is for ever preparing sensational surprises; and although we are always suspecting him of posing, it is impossible to say how much of his rhapsodical enthusiasm is simulated. As an intellectual conundrum he is the most seductive of studies. Of course, he wrote his memoirs and published them in countless volumes. We doubt if anyone ever read from beginning to end the diffuse and wearisome autobiography of the brilliant creator of 'Monte Christo' and the 'Musketeers.' In desperate pecuniary straits, he had ceased to regard reputation. The memoirs were spun out with the reproduction and sweepings of his earlier writings. They tell us next to nothing that is new, and of what they do tell we are always doubtful. The real autobiography is in his novels, but above all in his 'Impressions de Voyage.' These travels of his, which are for the most part along well-beaten tracks, are impregnated and inspired by the irrepressible personality. The excitement of constant change of scene sets his blood and brain in perpetual motion. Not even after a nocturnal carouse in the Boulevards was he in happier vein than when he had found supper and bed in some wretched *auberge*, fatigued and half famished, after a thirty-mile tramp through rugged mountains. The breezes of the Alps, the blue waves of the Mediterranean, even the sun-blaze of Provence or the sands of Algeria, had an equally exhilarating effect on his fancy. He could forget the faint modesty that seldom oppressed him; and in all the situations, as in the interviews with crowned heads or celebrities, Dumas, the illustrious man of letters, is invariably the commanding figure. The feigned humility of the Colossus only adds some cubits to his stature. He founded the fashion of interviewing in a magnificent manner of his own. Monarch he met as monarch, and we must assume that we may believe his report. He halts at Brussels on his way to the Rhine; he presents himself and sends up his card, at the Palace of Laeken. King Leopold is all that is frank and hospitable.



hospitable. After a long, a friendly and familiar talk, the King invites his famous visitor to some *fêtes* that are coming off at Ghent. Royal invitations are generally considered equivalent to commands, but Dumas visibly hesitates. The King, with fine tact and an excess of *bonhomie*, immediately sets him at his ease. He saw that an unseasonable invitation had upset the tourist's plans. 'Do better,' he said; 'go your way while I go mine, and if we meet again *venez me demander à diner*.' Yet if he was not dazzled by the royalty of rank, he bowed to the equality and fraternity of genius, and no man could pay more delicate compliments—at least, when he had time to think, for we are somewhat sceptical as to the impromptus. Here is an interview in different vein. He had walked into Laeken unabashed, but when he went to pay his reverence to Châteaubriand at an inn in Lucerne he was shamefaced as Roland Graeme in presence of the Regent, and his heart beat so breathlessly that he could scarcely climb the stair. But the great poet of Christianity was as affable as the King, and they sat down comfortably to breakfast. Châteaubriand had talked of turning Cincinnatus in Normandy or Brittany: that he believed to be the vocation of his old age; and there, we may remark, he was outposing his guest.

'Permit me to doubt that. You remember Charles V. at Saint-Just; you are none of the emperors who abdicate, or of the kings they dethrone; you are of the princes who die under the daïs and whom they bury like Charlemagne—the feet on their shield, the sword by their side, the crown on their head, and the sceptre in their hand.'

But Dumas was a master in the art of flattery. The most reckless of men in money matters, he had always a keen eye to ambition and the main chance, and he was almost servile in insinuating compliments when there was reasonable hope they would pay. It was his misfortune that his sensitive vanity would clash with his solid interests, and some sudden tornado blowing up in his tropical temperament would wreck the fairest promise of assiduous and patient courtiership. He was for ever squabbling, offending, and pleading for forgiveness with his patrons of the House of Orleans, from the shrewd old King himself to the volatile Montpensier, who, with something of the paternal astuteness, was rather a *tête de linotte*.

In the all-pervading personality that gives a seductive dramatic charm to those *causeries* of travel, Dumas had much in common with Boswell. He was the antithesis of Boswell as

to scrupulous exactitude, which makes them the more delightful, though in a different manner. But he was impervious as Boswell to the sense of ridicule; and where he did not spare himself, unconsciously parading his amusing foibles, he could not be expected to be considerate of others. The objects of his respectful adoration, the companions of his travel, the strangers who offered frank hospitality or volunteered their services as his guides, must often have had reason to regret their acquaintance with him. For he finds 'copy' in everything and everybody he came across, from Queen Hortense at Arenenberg, whom he reverences and whose confidences he betrays, to the lettered headsman of Heidelberg, who was far from being proud of his hereditary honours.

Next to the glorification of himself, his mission was the magnification of his country. To his patriotic sympathies and sentiments we are indebted for much that is infinitely amusing, and for more that is romantically picturesque. Whenever he crosses the march of the French armies there are brilliant sketches of the strategy and feats of daring which made Europe, under Napoleon, a dependency of France. In his admiration of the genius of the great soldier of fortune he is inclined to forgive, if he can never forget, the autocrat's prejudice against the sturdy Republicanism of his father, which relegated the Hercules of the legions to penury and obscurity. All Frenchmen, down to the comical *commis-voyageur* of the Rigi, have inherited the chivalrous spirit of the Crusaders. The tragical memories of the Revolution have made them more careless of life than before, and they are always ready for the ordeal by battle, though they have never touched a trigger or handled a sword. In the worst extremity there is the resource of suicide, and the man who falters when he has made up his mind to self-extinction is the cowardly exception that proves the rule. In contrast we have the typical Englishmen, who are among the most delightful creations of the vivid fancy. Pure creations they are, for he knew them as little as their language. They are the Englishmen of French stage tradition and of Boulevard caricature. There is the Englishman oppressed with the spleen and travelling to get rid of the incubus. There is the *milord* of the millions who spares no expense to gratify his caprices and morbid eccentricities, and who is the hero of some of the tourist's most lively stories; while we meet everywhere the more common *Anglais pour rire* as he used to be exhibited in the windows of the print-shops, with the broad grin on the rubicund face, showing the gleam of the strong white teeth which indicate his carnivorous propensities. For he is always  
a glutton



a glutton and generally a *soudard*. In short, all the English are cast for the comedy or farce which should bring down the galleries at the Bouffes or the Palais Royal.

But it is time we passed from the abstract to the concrete and followed the mighty romancer in his travels. If we have seemed somewhat to depreciate him in the preliminary survey it is only because he so persistently parades his foibles. He struts about his pages like his English prototype at Stratford, when the greatest of British biographers ticketed himself 'Paoli Boswell.' For when all is said we stand in amaze at the glorious talent of Dumas—at his amazing dramatic vigour, at the marvellous union of strength and flexibility which, like the trunk of the elephant, can move a piece of ordnance or pick up a pin. He passes lightly from monkish legend or mediæval history to mockery, *persiflage*, or genial profanity. Starting for his tour on the banks of the Rhine, he describes his method of travel. In town or country he goes straight ahead, trusting to chance or his happy star to guide him. Wherever they may lead him he cannot go wrong. So everywhere he stumbles upon the unexpected; consequently it impresses him the more. Previous studies have prepared him to dispense with guide or plan. When he turns a corner or comes out upon a *Place*, the scenes are peopled to him with all the familiar memories of the past, 'and I force them to pass one after another before me, like so many phantoms.' It would really appear as if this remarkable man could command not only his memory but his moods. Kinglake has an amusingly cynical passage as to the impossibility of approaching the sacred shrines—the Church of the Sepulchre or the Sanctuary of the Nativity—in fittingly reverential mood. Dumas apparently has no difficulty of the kind. He can transform himself with the most heartfelt sincerity at the shortest notice. He has been chatting pleasantly over the legendary origin of Antwerp, and the sufferings of the early citizens at the hands of paynims and giants. He steps into the religious gloom of the Gothic cathedral, and stands under the shadows of the 'Descent from the Cross' and of the 'Elevation.' After an eloquent rhapsody on the genius of Rubens, brightened with a variety of piquant anecdotes as to the artist's easy life and professional engagements, the fervent pilgrim falls into rapt meditation before the immortal masterpieces of the painter's divine inspiration. So afterwards, with the severe sacred triumphs of Van Dyck, he interprets not only the meanings of the painters, but all they left unexpressed for sympathetic critics to divine. St. Augustine or Thomas à Kempis never discourses more

devoutly on the Passion and the sublime intensity of suffering which brought redemption to a sinful world.

We are mistaken if the gay *viveur* did not feel at the time the emotions he has so touchingly expressed. But the moods of solemn reverence are evanescent. He is obviously more in his element when in Voltairean vein he is ridiculing superstition, miracle, and Satan. He is always a mocker, often profane, and not infrequently abominably blasphemous. Perhaps his most discreditable outbreak, though run hard by a Neapolitan sermon to which we shall refer, is in his tour in the south of France, where there is a really shocking dialogue between the first and second personages of the Trinity. Yet there are always touches and conversational turns of light Gallic wit which make it impossible to refrain from smiling, and so we are betrayed into passing complicity with his profanity. As for Satan, Dumas invariably treats the fallen Archangel on a footing of contemptuous familiarity. He would have commended himself to the eminent Presbyterian divine who laid down the principle that speaking respectfully of the Devil was paying a homage with which he could not fail to be gratified. And, after all, the pious Dr. Southey, in his 'Old Woman of Berkeley' and other poems, took no very dissimilar tone. Dumas, like George Meredith in the 'Legend of Cologne,' and the editors of the New Testament in the Revised edition, merely rehabilitated the personal Fiend. And the moral of his free-and-easy romancing is unimpeachable, for Satan has invariably the worst in his conflicts with the saints. There is a rather *scabreux* story of his failure in his insidious assaults upon the chaste recluses of the *Béguinage* of Ghent: 'Il ne savait où donner de la tête, et était tout prêt d'abandonner l'œuvre de perdition qui lui avait si mal réussi.' He was absurdly befooled by a simple Swiss *maire* at the building of the Devil's Bridge over the Reuss. There is no great originality in that legend, and it was the more discreditable to Satan's astuteness that he was foiled by a ruse that had been repeatedly practised on him elsewhere. But the tragedy of the aspiring architect of the Cologne Cathedral is perfect in its way. What we admire in Dumas, a lavish spendthrift and yet the most grasping of writers, is the wealth of fancy he could afford to dissipate, sure that the springs would fill again as fast as they were drained. His short stories and his stories of all lengths might have been spun out into three-volume novels. Here, in comparatively narrow compass, we have a sparkling novelette of character as well as sensation. The clever architect who gets the order for the Dome has magnificent ideas which are always eluding him.

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The phantoms of his dream-pictures efface themselves in his waking hours, and he is driven to despair—and the Devil. The venerable old gentleman who meets him in the *Anlagen* is a polished man of the world. The cloven hoof is concealed in a well-fitting boot, and any flavour of brimstone is overpowered by scent. The upshot is that the architect barter his soul for the superb design which must assure him immortality, and is so far saved, like the gudesire of Wandering Willie, by the counsels of his ghostly confessor. But unlike Steenie the Piper, in spite of fair warning he unwarily gives an opportunity which the enemy seizes. He perishes through his besetting sin—that same pride which was the ruin of his tempter—comes to an untimely end, and his name is forgotten. Then to illustrate the liberties Dumas ventures upon with the saints, we may take his version of the legend of St. Goar. Like St. Paul, who was a tent-maker, the Rhenish saint had a regular occupation, and was ferryman at the village which now bears his name. But he preached the gospel in *partibus infidelibus*, and had a short method of conversion with the heathen. When he got his passenger out into the middle of the Rhine stream he questioned him closely as to his creed. If he had to do with a pagan he precipitated himself upon him, baptized him ‘en un tour de main,’ and tossing him overboard, sent him straight to Paradise. There is a delightfully comical account of his conversation with Charlemagne, travelling incognito, who ‘en sa qualité de connaisseur apprecia les moyens de conversion adoptés par Saint Goar.’

*A propos to connaisseurs*, Dumas professed himself a great authority in wines and vintages, and certainly few amateurs have pursued their studies in that direction more assiduously. In his old age he had the idea of conducting a restaurant at Naples. Moreover he was a great practical gastronomist. As the Regent Orleans of his ‘Chevalier d’Harmental’ relaxed from state affairs among his crucibles, so Dumas, when wearied with work and gaieties, withdrew behind his *batteries de cuisine*. The passion for culinary research sometimes stood him in good stead in his travels. In wines, as in other matters, he prided himself on the originality of his taste. His Musketeers and d’Artagnan were wont to indulge in a *petit vin d’Anjou*, which we have never been able to identify; and once at St. Péray he found an earthly paradise in an *auberge*, where a most seductive wine was sold as *piquette* at five sous. Yet now and again we catch the authority tripping. As taste must always be matter of opinion, we say nothing of his indirectly ranking the rough red Ingelheimer as little lower than Johannisberg, but he goes  
into

into misplaced raptures over the Liebfrauenmilch wines in the Rheingau, whereas the wine is grown under the walls of Worms. But these gifted Frenchmen always will let the imagination run away with them. Ingelheimer ought to be a grand vintage because the vines were planted round his palace by the great Charlemagne. Local legends of the Virgin were in the tourist's mind when he erroneously located his Liebfrauenmilch. We remember a delightfully pleasant absurdity of another French explorer, at least as illustrious as Dumas. 'The Rhine' was one of Victor Hugo's earliest and most charming works; it has unfortunately been neglected and almost forgotten. The poet wanders out for a stroll after supper from Andernach. As he muses dreamily in the fading light a spectral monument rises before him. He has stumbled upon the tomb of Hoche, for there is still light enough to decipher the inscription, and the soul of the ardent young Republican kindles in an eloquent elegy. Now Hugo probably travelled with a guide-book of some kind, which makes the surprise incredible; and as the tomb of Hoche happens to be at Weissturm, and the poet must have walked five miles to get there—*credat Judæus*. However, *à propos* to the Rheingau and its wines, Dumas tells one of his characteristic anecdotes. Prince Metternich was a collector of autographs, and requested a line from Jules Janin with all the formalities of aristocratic politeness. The answer was curt and to the point. 'Reçu de Monsieur le Prince de Metternich vingt-quatre bouteilles de Johannisberg, première qualité.' The wine was sent. 'M. de Metternich a gardé précieusement le spirituel autographe de Janin. Quant à Janin, je doute qu'il a gardé le vin de M. de Metternich.'

The *verve* of Dumas seldom fails, but it is amusing to note how indolence not infrequently gets the better of him. He wanders up the Rhine into Baden and the Black Forest, where each ruined *Schloss* has its legend, and every valley its mediæval romance. Hackländer, with his charming homeliness of style, has shown us something of the inexhaustible riches. Dumas happens to have been idly disposed there, but he was bound to find matter for a couple of volumes. His imagination exercises itself by fits and starts. His story of the romantic marriage of a Count of Eberstein is in his happiest style. But he is driven to fill up a dull succession of pages with the documents in the *procès* of Sand when tried for the assassination of Kotzebue. He pronounces them of great historical interest, as perhaps they are, and he has his usual good fortune in meeting on the scene of the execution with one of the four officials who, with the priest and the executioner, had been  
present



present on the scaffold. That gentleman gives him an introduction to the son of the *Scharfrichter*, and any previous dullness is amply redeemed by his *spirituel* report of the remarkable interview. Dumas confesses frankly that the hereditary hangman had the best of it when with the courtesy of a man of the world he snubbed the indiscreet intruder. At the Schloss of Stauffenberg he pillages most unblushingly La Motte Fouqué's exquisite fancy of Undine, and at Baden, excusing himself for the theft by elaborate compliments, he borrows a long chapter from Gérard de Nerval. Yet the master of the *feuilleton* will never part from his readers without leaving pleasant impressions and exciting a craving for more. Nothing can be more lively than his concluding story of how 'Général Garrison' at Strassburg—the collective name of a mutinous conspiracy—struck against General Rapp for arrears of pay which the shrewd old soldier of the Empire had no means of providing.

Even when he made the tour of the Swiss cantons, the future playground of Europe was tolerably hackneyed, though he had the advantage of travelling by diligence or in postchaises. But like a compatriot who found material for a delightful volume in a tour of his chamber, he sees everything from an original point of view and through tinted spectacles of his own. Always striking into literary side-paths from the beaten tracks, perhaps none of his travel-books is so full of clever character-sketches, of ludicrous drolleries, and of brilliant historical effects. It is one of those *bouillabaisse*s he loved, where the piquant flavouring would give an appetite to indigestion in the dog-days; a superbly compounded salad, where a genius has been devising new and original condiments. Now we have a dramatic presentation of the battles of the free-born mountaineers with Austria or Burgundy: when the mailed chivalry shivered itself in futile charges against the pikes of the Helvetian phalanx, and when, in the words of Scott, the blasts of the horns of Uri gave wings to the panic-stricken flight. Now we have the revolt of the honest conspirators of Grütli, and the mythical scenes in the market-place of Altorf, reproduced with intimate domestic details which no previous chronicler had imagined. The wealthy abbeys of that barren country are reconstructed—establishments that flashed their light through the almost impenetrable gloom of the dark ages. We have the faithless Sigismund blighted to eternal infamy, when he sent the Bohemian martyrs to gain the crown of glory in slow tortures at Constance. But all the history is as spirited and plausible, from the first stage out of Paris, where he breaks  
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ground at the bridge of Montereau with the treacherous murder of Jean-sans-peur.

Then by way of contrast, we come on the ludicrous eccentricities and quaint inventions. We are told how the director of the French *douanes* was made by the great jeweller of Geneva the first smuggler of the realm, when the contraband articles he had purchased were packed away in his own carriage. Dumas was a curious *amateur de cuisine*, but seldom has any *gourmet* had such an original experience as when the innkeeper of Martigny specially recommended a *filet d'ours*. Dumas tried it suspiciously, found it excellent, had nearly disposed of it, when the host casually remarked: 'Ce gaillard-là a mangé la moitié du chasseur qui l'a tué.' At Villeneuve he goes trouting in the dark with the servant of the inn, who equips himself for the sport with a sickle and a lantern. When he sees *le pauvre diable* strip and step down into the glacier water, he protests, and would fain have him go back to bed. 'Impossible,' says Maurice; 'it is not only you who are in love with the trout. I know not how it is, but all tourists are partial to the trout—an abominable little fish and full of bones. However, there is no disputing as to tastes.' Then the trivial episode rises to the sublimity of tragedy, when Maurice with gloomy resignation forebodes for himself a death of inflammation, as the hunter who stalks the chamois for the table must inevitably break his neck among the precipices. Again the chamois recalls the memory of the meeting of the hunter of Lauterbrunnen with the spirit of the mountains, who like Leyden's brown man of the moors, had taken the game of the wilds under his special protection. He accepts the gifts that are bestowed on condition he gives up the chase, forgets the warning, and pays the death-penalty. In very different vein is the interviewing of the bears of Berne. Tens of thousands of intelligent tourists had looked down into the bear-pit before, but surely none but Dumas would have seen such suggestive 'copy' at the bottom. He treats the bears from the political, financial, and philosophical points of view. At the close of last century these tutelars of the city were in the enjoyment of an easy income of over 2000*l.* The wars of the Revolution broke out, and, like other aristocrats, the bears lost their rents. He remarks that they set a rare example to mankind, and were as dignified in adversity as they had been unassuming in prosperity. He treats the *divertissements* with which they beguiled the hours from the light-comedy aspect. There is nothing more humorously didactical in La Fontaine than Dumas' illustration of the slips betwixt cup and lip. The burgesses had introduced a fox in the family party of the bears,

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assuring Reynard a safe retreat in the massive masonry of the walls. We fancy that Dumas invented his fox, but that is as may be. When fruit or cakes are flung to the great bear, the fox makes a flying leap over his shoulder, and then skirting the wall like the shadow in a phantasmagoria, shoots back to his lair with the stolen booty. As once before when he saved his life he lost his tail, there is now absolutely nothing to lay hold of. Dumas and Reynard understand each other at a glance. We should like to quote at length, for we do the *raconteur* cruel injustice by condensing. When the fox sees the visitor make a sign to the cake-woman, he never removes his eyes for a moment. The tourist holds up a tartlet. The 'sournois' makes a slight movement of the head, as much as to say, 'All right; I understand,' and then licks his lips in voluptuous self-confidence. The tart is thrown, and the bear is *volé*. Surely, seldom has so much drollery been got out of so little. Finally, there is the bit of historical burlesque which narrowly escaped turning to tragedy. The bear-pit was built against the wall of the old prison. A prisoner, like the captives of the Château d'If, was mining his way out of his dungeon, when to his delight he hears a fellow-victim at work on the other side. Stimulated by the extraordinary exertions of his collaborator, he redoubles his own, and between them they open a practicable passage, in which, very fortunately for the captive, both man and bear are equally taken aback.

In Berne we have the light *causeries* of the literary lounge in a town replete with historical interest. But adventures are to the adventurous, and the bold traveller had only to go farther afield to have remarkable *rencontres* and thrilling escapes. Switzerland, since the peace of 1814, had been considered tolerably safe travelling, till the Alpine men took to scaling peaks and creeping along shelving cornices. But Dumas has always extraordinary luck. There used to be a tradition among tourists, and we dare say it was true, that a steamer had once been capsized on Brienz. If the tradition survived, it was owing to the singularity of the event. Dumas has no sooner taken ship at Thun than he is in worse peril of shipwreck than the Apostle of the Gentiles. For St. Paul was cast away near a convenient creek, and Dumas was caught in the middle of the lake. The skipper, who recognizes the stuff of the tourist, asks him softly whether he can swim, and Dumas proceeds to lighten himself unostentatiously. There was similar sympathy between brave souls when a leak was supposed to have sprung in the *speronare* between Naples and Stromboli, and Captain Arena reassuringly tells his passenger that if he floats

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off on a plank or a hen-coop there is a fair chance of his being picked up by some passing ship. The traveller lands safely, quit for the superfluous disarrangements of his toilette. He charts a boy and straightway goes off to inspect a remarkable grotto. They have scarcely seated themselves therein when his little guide takes to his heels, shouting out enigmatically : 'It is the *revue de Seefeld*.' Dumas follows more slowly, though he hears subterranean noises like the roll of musketry-fire and the explosion of heavy guns. They are the warning prologue to the review, which only comes off at long intervals. The thunder-rains have flooded subterranean reservoirs, and Dumas has hardly quitted the cavern of St. Beat before he is followed, and almost overtaken, by a surging torrent. These two escapes are pretty well for the first day of his Oberland trip, and by all the rules of luck he might have looked for a time of tranquillity. But not a bit of it ; he has another illustration of the proverb he has just been proving, that it never rains but it pours. He goes to sleep in the little inn at Rosenlauri, is washed out of his peaceful bed by the swelling of two converging rivulets, and only escapes a watery grave for the second time by risking his neck like a novice on the slack rope, and treading a shaky plank passing from the window of his bedroom to the mountain. It may be objected that there is a curious similarity in the last two incidents : the answer is that truth is supreme and by no means to be tampered with.

We are surprised that he encountered neither earthquake-shocks nor stone-avalanches on the Gemmi. We have met with both ourselves, so perhaps they are too common to be noted. But any disappointment we may feel is amply atoned for when we reach the little *auberge* of Schwarenbach, eminently dreary and unsuggestive to the prosaic guest. There is nothing much more lively in all the 'Impressions' than the comical tale of the lamentable tragedy by which a dramatist of genius ruined a respectable innkeeper. When he descends to the Baths of Leuk, by the zig-zag rock staircase, we are inclined to wonder whether, with the brisk traffic in Hasli cheeses and bed-ridden invalids, the dizzy descent was then unguarded. Whether or no, the absence of parapets gives admirable opportunity for an introspective analysis of moral heroism triumphing over bodily frailty. We are reminded of Henri Quatre in the 'Quarante-Cinq' at the storm of Cahors. Dumas faces the descent, and his guide remarks at the bottom that, as he has seen, it was nothing. 'I took my handkerchief out of my mouth and showed it to him. The stuff was cut across as with a razor.' Familiar Switzerland was as rich in material  
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for him as any other country, Sicily not excepted. It shows how one man will find more matter for fresh and romantic narrative in the Beauce or the Bois de Boulogne than another who penetrates Central Africa or risks himself in the unexplored interior of China. There are scores of diverse episodes over which we should gladly linger. The sportsman's not unreasonable attack of nerves, when left to himself in a rock-prison by his guide, while stalking the chamois in the mountains of Glarus: the tragi-comical duel of the light-hearted *commis-voyageur*, truly Gallic, a compound of chivalry and gross vulgarity: the catastrophe of the English eccentrics at the Falls of Schaffhausen: the wild legends associated with the Purgatory of Evil Spirits on Pilatus, which led the mediæval municipality of Lucerne to fence the accursed mountain with pains and death-penalties: to say nothing of the interviews with such illustrious exiles as the author of the 'Génie du Christianisme' or La Reine Hortense.

Shifting the scenes to southern France, in the impressions of 'Le Midi' we are bound to say there is something more of bookmaking. Great part of the first volume, if not, even for Dumas, an unparalleled effort of the memory, must surely have been written on the traveller's return, with ready reference to authorities. For, as his enemy Mirecourt admits, the volatile Dumas could sometimes drudge, and has been seen at a table with a pencil in his teeth and twenty open tomes around him. As Dr. Blimber's young gentlemen regarded the Romans as their implacable enemies, so we are bored by the Allobroges in the old cities of the Rhone, and by 'original' speculations very obviously at second-hand as to the architects who devised the amphitheatres and triumphal arches. But in none of the travel-volumes is dullness more generously redeemed by the graphic and the picturesque, the droll and the diverting. As Dumas passed into Switzerland over the bridge of Montereau, so his first resting-place on the road to Marseilles is at the historic palace of Fontainebleau. There, like his Balsamo in the 'Mémoires d'un Médecin,' he invokes the shades and phantoms of the past, with Queen Christine and her *haute justice* in the foreground. But we had almost forgotten the introduction to the most agreeable, though the least loquacious, of his travelling companions. Jadin, the artist, had made a reputation of his own; Jadin's truculent *bull-dog* Milord is only known to fame and the public through his æsthetic admirer. Milord had the qualities and defects of his countrymen, but he seems to have been the only *Anglais* whom Dumas thoroughly understood and heartily appreciated—probably because they could  
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dispense with the use of language. At Cosne comes the romance of the poisoning doctor, who had inherited the traditions of La Brinvilliers and St. Croix, with the summary solution of his embarrassments, suggested by his medical *confrère*, so characteristically French. In the Bourbonnais there is a grand and discriminating sketch of the arch-traitor to France, the haughty Constable. At Lyons, *à propos* to the conspiracy of 'Cinq-Mars,' a good deal of borrowing is done, and de Thou and de Vigny, with a profusion of compliments, are laid heavily under contribution. The visit to a shattered fortress overhanging a beetling cliff suggests solemn reminiscences of the ruthless atrocities of the religious wars of the Cevennes; but the lively *raconteur* is all himself again when he has missed his way in the night near Avignon. With passports entirely *en règle* in his pocket, he deliberately gets arrested, that the zealous *gens d'armes*, who are liberally tipped, may guide him across country to supper and bed. At the hotel he staggers the obsequious host by asking straightway for No. 3. It is the room in which his old godfather, Marshal Brune, had been assassinated. 'It may be easily understood with what emotion I opened the door of this chamber, where he who had sworn before God to be my second father had rendered his last sigh.'

The Château of Beaucaire suggests a legend of the Oriental knight-errant Lazarus, who sought adventures in Gaul in the reign of Augustus. It is noteworthy as indicating Dumas' confident reliance on the popular ignorance of the New Testament in France, for he transfers several pages bodily from St. John, with a casual reference to his apostolic authority in a footnote. *En revanche*, he tells us immediately afterwards how he bribed the sexton of an ancient church to part with a saintly figure in wood. Forthwith his conscience clamorously reproaches him, and his profoundly religious temperament is impressed with the sinister presentiment of impending calamity. He dare not pull the trigger of his gun; when the road gets rather worse than usual, he jumps out of the carriage. Safe under cover at night, he cannot stand the strain on the nerves any longer. We should have supposed he would have sent the saint back to the shrine. What he does is, for the first time for years, to kneel in fervent prayer. Then he consigns the fruit of the sacrilege to the care of an agent in Paris. 'If I had kept it in my luggage, in all probability I should not have dared to continue my journey.' So the *cas de conscience* is settled by the queerest of compromises. Two specially pleasant stories of Marseilles cannot be passed over.



over. The first is short as sweet. It satirizes the scorching sand plains which are the pride if not the pleasure of the patriotic Marseillais. A giraffe from the Soudan, *en route* to the Jardin des Plantes, was disembarked at the Cannebière. The noble stranger was seriously indisposed. The consignee hoped it was merely *mal de mer*; his guardian pronounced it *mal de pays*. The latter gentleman was right. No sooner had he taken his charge out for exercise in the suburbs than the ears were pricked up and the eyes brightened. The choking breath from the sandy furnace came to the languid invalid as the elixir of life; he was back in his own deserts of Darfour; he kicked up his heels, tore the halter out of his attendant's hands and bolted. When recaptured twenty-four hours later by a couple of regiments of light cavalry promptly sent out on special service, he was in perfect health and spirits. As for the *chasse au chastre*—*chastre* we believe to be the local name for a species of thrush—it lasted so long that we dare hardly enter on it. It led the third *basse* of the Marseilles theatre, from a vineyard immediately outside the town, or rather from Dumas' lively supper table, to the city of the Seven Hills. The adventures of *Candide* were scarcely more varied or startling. Penniless and luggageless, the cockney sportsman puts up at the best hotels, is only saved by a tremendous cyclone from assisting at a sea-fight with the English, falls among brigands, whom he is forced to follow in their peregrinations, &c., &c. His grotesque innocence of the world is inimitably rendered, and from first to last it is an uproarious *opéra-bouffe*. The success of the *jeu d'esprit* was so great that it was republished separately, and was more than once recast for the stage.

In distributing the innumerable productions of the 'Fabrique de Dumas et Cie.' critics who should have known better have confidently attributed the 'Speronare' and the 'Corricolo' to a certain Fiorentino. Had Fiorentino sworn to that, and Dumas subscribed, we should still have been more than sceptical. If there is a writer whose hand and brand are unmistakable it is Dumas: for example, in the long-drawn *Vicomte de Bragelonne*, we venture to say that the joinings of the piece-work are quite unmistakable. And perhaps the 'Speronare' is the most intensely personal of all Dumas' 'Impressions.' We care not where you dip into the volume. It begins with the historical and inimitable story of how he outwitted the Bourbon Minister in Rome and travelled to Naples with a false passport. Taking leave of the churlish envoy, he courteously demanded whether his Excellency cared to charge him with commands for the Neapolitan

Neapolitan capital, as he hoped to be on the Chiaia within three days. He was even better than his word, but had to take ship immediately for Sicily, for in those days the Neapolitan prisons were not to be trifled with. Fiorentino, or anyone else, might have happened on the graceful *speronare*, but no one could have manned it so admirably as Dumas. The leading members of the little brotherhood of mariners are all arranged to play their respective parts to perfection. The Captain Arena, the typical Sicilian sailor, friendly without being familiar, and as ready with his tongue as his knife, the jovial Peppino, bitten with the tarantula of dance, the jolly Giovanni, with his rough and ready culinary talents, and the pilot Nunzio, 'le vieux,' that solemn weather-wise old sea-dog, who might have stepped out of the epics of Homer or Virgil. The chatter of the crew and their free and easy habits, their moods, their superstitions and the changes of their quick-silver temperaments, are just as they would have been imagined by a dramatist with an unrivalled instinct for stage effect. We are far from saying that they were not actual types, but it would not have been our Alexandre had he not improved upon nature and embellished.

In none of his books does the brilliant *raconteur* show to more advantage: in the brimming exuberance of romantic fantasy he would seem to have caught inspiration from the *improvisatori* of Santa Lucia: in none is there a more bubbling effervescence of piquant drollery. He is hard at work romancing already when beating out of Naples Bay. Hudson Lowe was the gaoler of St. Helena, so we have the story of the taking of Capri under Murat, from the strictly patriotic point of view. Seldom, even by M. Thiers or M. Hugo, have historical facts been more ingeniously distorted. Doubtless Lamarque's exploit was a dashing one, but, in his compatriot's desire to heap discredit on Sir Hudson, we are never told that the Maltese, who were the better part of Lowe's garrison, turned tail without firing a shot: that the frigates at the Ponza Isles never put in an appearance: and that with his Corsicans he held out so long against the assailants as narrowly to escape the consequences of defending an untenable post. Once well out at sea we are in the raging tempest which brings out in relief the superstitions of the sailors, with the false alarm as to the springing of a leak, which nearly sent the dramatist and his fortunes afloat on the hen-coop. The flashes of the lurid fires of Stromboli, and the unrolling of that unrivalled panorama on either side of the Straits, suggest some of the most spirited and poetical descriptions of scenery which the traveller ever penned.

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To be sure, the pen was inspired by matchless subjects, but it is not every poet who can rise promptly to occasions. When Dumas was climbing Etna, the ascent naturally became as eventful as if he had set himself to scale Chimborazo or Mount Everest, and on the verge of the barely habitable lava-beds he saw the ruins of the old convent of Saint Nicholas, which must always have a sentimental interest for his readers. Nothing can be more pleasantly droll than the story of the German gastronomist who came with letters to the general of a wealthy confraternity, famed far and wide for its hospitality and its cuisine. The Count's archæological studies had nearly proved his perdition. Familiar with the weird site of the old Saint Nicholas, he was ignorant that the monks had shifted their quarters to a spot more conveniently situated for markets. The shattered ruin had been occupied by a band of marauders, and the Count insists on being guided to that den of thieves. Fortunately the robber-captain was a humorist and a brother *bon vivant*. A superb dinner, served on stolen church plate, winds up with a mad orgy, when the Count with the majority of his hosts subside under the table. Next morning he awakens on the mountain side with a violent headache, but with all his valuables. At least nothing is missing but his pistols, which his entertainer has kept by way of souvenir.

Landing on the little island of Pantelleria, where by the way he makes our mouths water with the picture of a Homeric *al fresco* feast of a kid spitted on a skewer of rose-laurel, stuffed with figs, raisins, and chestnuts, and washed down with old wine of Syracuse, he happens upon another illustration of the state of public security. He is surprised to hear a galley-slave addressed as 'Excellency.' The convict for many years had been chief of police at Syracuse. There had never been a more energetic officer: yet the city was infamous for robberies and burglaries. Signor Anga was always near the scene of the crime, and always arrived five minutes late. But momentous events are influenced by trivial accidents. Had it not been for the theft of a paltry umbrella, it might never have been discovered that the head policeman's mansion was undermined with treasure-vaults, and that he had agencies for the disposal of his nefarious gains in all the principal towns of the island. Sentenced to penal servitude for life, he had lost nothing in public consideration. As for the novelette of 'The Gothic Chapel,' it sparkles in its brilliant setting like 'The Curious Impertinent' in 'Don Quixote'; and for a mordant satire on Sicilian licence of manners and the fantastic perversion of the sense of humour, commend us to the story of the wedding of  
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the Signor Mercutio — a professional go-between — with the beautiful and innocent Gelsomina. The chase of the nymph Arethusa by the river-god Alpheus is a rare bit of classical fun, and extraordinarily fascinating, in Dumas' best historical style, are the tales of the Vespers and of John of Procida. Yet these are but a few, though perhaps the best among many. When we are persuaded that Bacon was Shakespeare, we shall believe that Fiorentino was Dumas.

As to the authorship of the 'Corricolo' we should hesitate to speak so decidedly. On the contrary, there are chapters interspersed which strike us as rather poor simulation. The advent of the Dey of Algiers at the Hotel Victoria in Naples, and the relations with the æsthetic landlord, which began so auspiciously only to be abruptly broken off, are undoubtedly entertaining. But the situations are commonplace and the dialogue is rather dull. As for the adventures of that high-born swindler, the Signor Villani, we cannot speak with confidence. Even Dumas was not always equal to himself, and the *fourberies de Villani*, although they are inclined to drag, are ingenious and infinitely amusing. We say so much to satisfy our conscience, for the bulk of the volume is indubitable Dumas, and not infrequently he shows himself at his best. Nothing can be more happy, for example, than his description of the contents of an over-crowded *corricolo*, in which he strikes his key-note: or his *spirituel* account of how he came to be possessed of one of those vehicles, with the pair of spectral steeds he purchased for a trifle over a louis. Nothing can be more comically graphic than his pictures of the *lazzaroni*, as they used to bask on the burning flags of the Molo in the blissful reign of the Bourbons. Dumas resuscitates the *lazzarone* of the olden time, with his politics and his strong religious views, as photography has reproduced the paintings of Pompeii. He is a vanished type, like the *grisette* of Paris, surviving only in opera and fiction. As for his religion, possibly it may have verged on superstition; and the eloquent divine who had the ear of these ragged Sybarites could lead them docilely by the nose. Dumas is never more blasphemous, and we must add he is seldom more entertaining, than when he repeats the sermon of the famous Padre Rocca on the merits of St. Joseph as an intercessor. It inculcates the efficacy of prayer by the case of the notorious Mastrilla. Mastrilla was a brigand without faith or law, but he not only invariably wore a crucifix above his poniard, but each morning offered brief supplication to St. Joseph. So when Mastrilla, rejected by the guardians of Hell, is knocking in vain at the gates of Heaven, St. Joseph makes



makes the cause of his worshipper his own, and is more fortunate than Lucifer as the leader of a celestial revolt. We have touched on this story, which we should otherwise have passed over, because it illustrates the hyper-Voltairean side of Dumas, who can rhapsodize with the fervour of an Augustine or moralize with the eloquence of a Bossuet.

*A propos* to a superstition inveterately rooted in all ranks, we have the admirable story of the 'Jettatura,' which is specially rich in local colour, as it abounds in traits of the national characteristics. Every Neapolitan used to carry antidotes, in the shape of charms, about his person, though they were not always efficacious against the instruments of the powers of evil. Here we have a grand *seigneur* doomed to be destructive to his nearest and dearest from his birth, though pathetically unconscious that he is an object of horror, and that he attracts calamities like a lightning conductor. His mother dies in childbed, his nurse's milk turns sour, the brother to whom he is fondly attached falls when the head of the family seconds him in a duel, provoked by the Prince's sinister reputation. In fact, his career is the cause of a succession of tragedies, which turn to comedy, in the looser vein of Boccaccio, when he blesses the marriage-bed of his only daughter. By way of contrast, Dumas passes from Ahrimanes to Oromasdes, and discourses on the beatific influences of St. Januarius, tutelary saint of the city. Twice in each year the semi-annual miracle of the liquefaction of the blood was expected, and the prayers—or rather, the curses and threats—of the faithful put such pressure on the saint that, although he might hesitate, he had ultimately to yield at discretion. Clericalism would have found it safer to tamper with the wild pilgrims who flocked to Jerusalem for the miracle of the sacred fire than to disappoint the frenzied populace. It was a clever idea of the Royalists during the French occupation to persuade St. Januarius to be recalcitrant, and so get up an *émeute*; but the commandant took a short method with his Sanctity when he threatened immediate bombardment if the miracle did not duly come off. Very amusing also is the tale of his own arrest, when, notwithstanding the interposition of the French Embassy, the diplomat he had baffled got the better of him, and he was compelled to evacuate Campania. It proved to him, as he says, that there was something worse in the country than the *jettaturas*, and that was the *mouchards*. Naturally the nerve and coolness of the man who, in the Revolution of 1830, had taken the powder-magazines of Soissons single-handed, never failed in direst emergency; and, moreover, it gave the opportunity of paying a

graceful and almost fulsome compliment to his good friend and patroness, Queen Marie-Amélie. 'Quant à cette troisième,' he observed, as he handed his letters of credence to the Chief of Police, 'n'y touchez pas, Monsieur, et permettez moi de vous la montrer à distance.' But the cream of the book is the culmination, which was a memorable interview with the Pope.

'I was so confused at finding myself in face of the living representative of God on earth that I scarcely knew what I was doing; so—in place of behaving like Milord Stain [*sic*], whom Louis XIV. invited to precede him in his coach, and who, understanding that coming from one so high any invitation is a command, got in without protesting—when the Pope presented me his ring, I insisted on kissing his foot.

'“So be it, as you desire it,” and he presented me his slipper.

'“Tibi et Petro,” I stammered.'

The Pope smiled at the graceful allusion, and immediately put his illustrious visitor at his ease. Soon they were chatting confidentially on matters theatrical. As Macaulay remarks in the essay on Ranke, it has been the wise polity of the Roman Church to enlist all manner of undisciplined irregulars in its service. His Holiness suggested to the author of 'Anthony' and 'Robert Darlington' that he might sanctify the stage as a pulpit whence he could preach the word with power. He smiled again when Dumas pleasantly objected that it might be a long step on the road of martyrdom. However, the dramatist proposed a compromise, intimating that he had already a subject with the scenes in Rome, and the Pope and the playwright, laying their heads together, did something to sketch out the tragedy of 'Caligula.' They parted on the most cordial terms; and the Pope not only gave his benediction, but some rosaries which had been sanctified at the Holy Sepulchre, and to which were attached all the indulgences of which the Church could dispose. Perhaps they could scarcely have been better bestowed.

The flying journey from 'Paris à Cadix,' with the subsequent visits to Algeria and Tunis, exhibit Dumas in his favourite rôle as the child of impulse. He started at a moment's notice, leaving an unfinished *château*, an unfinished theatre, and sundry unfinished serials. But the offer was tempting and flattering. For the first time his position and popularity had official recognition. Salvandy, then Minister of the Interior, proposed to his friend to attend officially the marriage of the Duc de Montpensier, and afterwards proceed to an inspection of Algeria. Such an offer was not to be rejected: Dumas got together a *suite* of friends and admirers, subsequently stretching



stretching his commission so far as to take possession of a Government vessel, on which it seems to have been intended that he should have nothing more than a passage across the Mediterranean. We hear little of the struggle of Spaniards and Moors, and scarcely a word of the Peninsular war. *En revanche* we have the boy broken loose for a holiday, inflated with all the consequence of an envoy of State, glorifying himself and glorified by the homage of his companions. He brackets his own 'Anthony,' as one of a triad of masterpieces, with 'Hamlet' and 'Faust.' He tells with honest pride how the illiterate host of a *fonda* treated the famous author of the 'Musketeers' with new-born respect when he fancied he recognized in him a culinary *confrère*. But we like him none the worse for his candid vanity, and after all we may recall the introduction to 'Quentin Durward,' where the unassuming author of 'Waverley' records his feelings on the occasion of his visit to the *château* of Hautlieu. Those letters from torrid and thirsty Spain are brimming over with exuberant good humour: the Parisian *gourmet* of Gargantuan appetite mortifies the flesh day after day, with the asceticism of a hermit, the sobriety of a Spartan, and the buoyant spirits of a Mark Tapley. He could not help himself, to be sure; but he laughs instead of growling. As for the incidents of the road, *more suo*, he makes the most of them, and when he gets his party under arms and stands on his defence, when the carriage was upset between Aranjuez and Toledo, we are inclined to believe in patrols of the Civil Guard rather than in brigands. His culinary genius had generous scope, not from superabundance of materials, but from the appalling dearth. He rivalled the ingenious *chef* of Marshal Strozzi at the siege of Leith, who served twelve covers daily on his master's table from the quarter of a carrion horse and the weeds on the ramparts.

At Cadiz the party embarked on the 'Vélocé' for the African expedition. The 'Vélocé,' which gives the name to the volumes, was the cause of unpleasant interpellations in the Chamber, and of a subsequent trial in which the traveller was his own advocate, defending himself with sharp repartee and resentful vigour. His pride had been sorely wounded, and he was certainly shabbily treated. Ministers threw him over, and they stung him to the quick by alluding to him disparagingly as 'ce monsieur.' There would appear to have been a mutual misunderstanding, for which the impulsive Minister of the Interior was greatly to blame. Salvandy offered his envoy the despatch-vessel to take him to Algeria with the honours of an

envoy. Dumas jumped to the conclusion that the 'Vélocé' was at his disposal for the trip. His cool self-assurance overpersuaded the local authorities: he took the corvette first to Tangiers and afterwards to Tunis. He recognized all his responsibilities as travelling representative of the Great Nation, keeping open table on board for self, suite, and friends, and was proportionately mortified and irritated when the Government sent in its bill. Happily the letters which were addressed to the *confidante* of his Spanish adventures were written before he was disillusioned and in the full flush of his jubilation and buoyant spirits. Standing out to sea, the headland of Trafalgar suggests a train of characteristic reflections. He generously confesses that in six great battles by land and sea the English have had the better of the French. What of that? It is but the flow and ebb of the tide of Destiny, and France touches earth, like Antæus, only to rise more resolute than ever. It is the everlasting struggle between strength and thought; but then he becomes confused in suggesting a Biblical analogy. It may be true that Jacob recovered himself thrice in his long wrestle with the Angel, but thought as well as strength were on the side of the Celestial champion. At any rate he finds consolation in this patriotic conclusion. Were England to disappear from the world, half that world would applaud the removal of an incubus. Were the light which France holds aloft to be quenched, the whole world, plunged suddenly into outer darkness, would collapse in a wail of agony and despair.

There is a graphic narrative of the negotiations for the ransom of some French prisoners who had fallen into the hands of Abd-el-Kader, and of the grand banquet, presided over by the future Duc de Magenta, which celebrated their very fortunate escape. Dumas was present as an honoured guest, but in the version of the affair given in the 'Impressions' he lays no claim to the honour of being the actual liberator. He seems to have advanced that pretension as a happy after-thought when he published his interminable memoirs. The illustrious envoy was brought into personal relations with most of the generals who won their promotion in the Algerian wars, and all welcomed him in a spirit of *bon camaraderie*. And his descriptions of their feats of arms, in campaigns where quarter was seldom asked or granted, are as effective and perhaps as highly coloured as those with which Horace Vernet decorated the galleries of the Gloires at Versailles. Marshal Bugeaud was then Governor-General. He had been absent when Dumas touched first at Algiers, but when the traveller and his staff disembarked



disembarked on the return from Tunis, they straightway encountered the Governor—with *his* staff. Dumas was not altogether easy in his mind, for he had good reason to believe Bugeaud would resent the freedom he had used with the 'Vélocé.' However, as he truly says, it was his habit to take the bull by the horns, so he courted the interview instead of shunning it. Fortunately he found the rather gruff veteran in the most genial humour, and there ensued a highly characteristic dialogue:—

"Ah, ah," said he, "it's you, monsieur, the capturer of my ship; *peste*, don't put yourself out of your way; 220 horses for your excursions."

"Monsieur le Maréchal," said I, "I have calculated with the captain what I cost the Government, since my departure from Cadiz, in coal and table expenses. Walter Scott, on his Italian tour, cost the English Admiralty 150,000 francs; so it is 119,000 francs that the French Government is still in my debt."

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"The Marshal saw that I was decided to make against him a new Mazagram or another Djemilah.

"He held out his hand.

"*Allons*," he said, "let us make peace: you have taken the 'Vélocé'; it is all right; let us say no more about it. Will you dine with me to-morrow?"

"Monsieur le Maréchal, I have my son and four friends."

"*Parbleu*. Bring your son and your four friends."

But what give their distinctive *cachet* to those travels among the conservative followers of the Prophet are the piquant anecdotes of the administrators of Oriental justice. At least, if severity was seldom tempered with mercy, the suitors to the Beys, the Sheikhs, and the Cadis had no cause to complain of legal delays. The reigning Bey of Tunis was a sagacious but somewhat arbitrary prince. He gave a free hand to his chief of the customs, who clipped the wool exasperatingly closely in shearing a French captain who had come from Marseilles with a cargo of cotton nightcaps. The captain appealed from the customs to Cæsar, who asked him whether he would have French or Turkish justice. The Frenchman chose the former, was graciously dismissed, and, waiting for three months, heard nothing of his little affair. He sought another audience of the Bey, who, reminding him that he had elected for French justice, asked what he complained of:—

"*Écoute*," said the Bey, in gracious condescension; "it is three years since your consul insulted me: for three years I have complained in vain to your king: come back in three years and we shall see."

"*Diable!*"

“*Diable!*” exclaimed the captain; and asked if it were too late to demand justice *à la Turque*.

“Not at all,” was the sententious answer; “it is never too late to act rightly.”

So his Highness issued an edict ordering all the Jews in his capital to provide themselves with cotton nightcaps within twenty-four hours under pain of death. The panic-stricken Hebrews put off in shoals to the French ship, where the captain dealt with them on his own terms. He hastened with his grateful thanks to the Bey, when that potentate said he had only had an instalment of justice. A second decree was issued, forbidding any Jew to cover his head with cotton under pain of losing it. It might have been supposed that the victims had nothing for it but to destroy their dearly-bought bargains, and that, indeed, was their first impulse. But the Bey knew his Jewish subjects, and so Dumas can wind up with an original touch, illustrative of their trading instincts. Deeming that it would be well to snatch some trifle out of the fire, they made a second expedition to the ship, after driving a hard bargain with the boatmen—on the former occasion they were too sorely alarmed to *marchander*. Then the captain was prevailed upon to buy back his cargo at a reduction of fifty per cent. on prime cost. The more serious stories remind us of the *esprit* and imaginative ingenuity of Voltaire, especially those where a great Sheikh of the desert goes in disguise to test with his own eyes and ears the wisdom of a Cadi renowned for his justice. These might be so many pages torn out of ‘*Zadig*.’

His travels in Europe and Northern Africa had proved so successful and remunerative that he was tempted to go to the Peninsula of Sinai—by deputy. The ‘*Quinze Jours au Sinai*’ is regularly included in the ‘*Œuvres Complètes*’; but it is significant that for once there is the name of a collaborator—though in smaller type—on the titlepage. We fancy there can be no question that Dumas never set foot either in Egypt or Arabia, and indeed on internal evidence we should be puzzled to decide whether even M. Dauzats ever went further than the Bibliothèque Royale. If the travels were written in Paris, the probability is the greater that Dumas may have thrown in a little of the flavouring. But his hand is rarely visible, and it is perhaps the most striking tribute to the glamour of his genius that the chartered libertine could take such reckless liberties as no other romance writer ever ventured upon without seriously dimming the lustre of his fame.



ART. V.—1. *The Vitality of Christian Dogmas, and their Power of Evolution.* By A. Sabatier, D.D. Translated by Mrs. Emmanuel Christen. London, 1898.

2. *Practical Ethics.* By Henry Sidgwick. London, 1898.

3. *Sermons, chiefly on the Theory of Religious Belief, preached before the University of Oxford.* By John Henry Newman, B.D., Fellow of Oriel College. London, 1843.

WHILE Renan was writing his 'History of Israel,' he is said to have paid a visit to Bernez, the Jewish Rationalist. He arrived at the festival of the Passover, and to his great surprise found that Bernez was keeping it with punctilious observance of the ancient ritual. Renan expressed his astonishment that his friend should solemnly commemorate the holy days of a creed in which he had ceased to believe; but Bernez defended himself. 'Dogma is a source of disunion,' he said, 'but ancient ritual observances preserve our common *esprit de corps*.'

We have in this anecdote an extreme instance of a position which in a less developed form is very common at the present hour. A large proportion of thinking Englishmen—to speak for the time of our own country—feel that many Christian dogmas, as understood by their grandfathers, are no longer credible to them. In varying degrees—from mere avoidance of the Athanasian Creed, to rejection of the Incarnation and Resurrection—they cannot accept the time-honoured theology. And yet to break off from membership of the Church to which they belong, with its early and sacred associations, with the helpfulness in daily conduct of the moral lessons it enforces, is a far more serious step than to avow to themselves that the old dogmas are no longer believed in. At the lowest they feel with Bernez that, if in dogma they differ from their fathers and from each other, to abandon the ceremonial and forms of worship of earlier years is to lose a potent stimulus to virtue, and a bond of union with many whose aims are similar to their own.

But then at once arises a question in casuistry which is generally stated thus: How can it be honest to take part in a liturgy containing creeds in which you no longer believe, to join in prayers expressing dogmas you no longer hold? Is not this to act out a lie in the most sacred moments of life?

In the days when liberal thought in theology was fashionable, the tendency of its leading exponents was to state the question in this form, and to answer it emphatically in the affirmative. This was the attitude most natural to the habits of thought of  
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men of science, and science strongly coloured the liberalism of the fifties and sixties. Whether we take the liberal theologians of the days of Colenso and of the 'Essays and Reviews,' or the Agnostic scientists of the school of Huxley and Tyndall and even of Mill, we find in them the same tendency to clear, explicit, emphatic statement of divergence from traditionary positions. They either ceased to frequent the churches, or worked to purge them of their dogmatic formulæ. They acted on the assumption that dogmatic propositions are final statements, and that to reject them as final statements is to abandon belief in them, and by consequence to forfeit all claim to belong to a communion which is irrevocably committed to the propositions in question. It was a time when the first clause of Bernes's explanation was working itself out in the form of an object lesson—when the discussion of dogma was daily creating new divisions; and the second clause—as to the uniting force of religious ordinances—was not much considered. Dogma after dogma was simply and unequivocally disavowed.

And this attitude told on the country at large. It amounted in many minds to a half-acknowledged belief that dogmatic Christianity was really doomed. The only safe position, in view of the approaching general disenchantment, was, apparently, to get rid of dogma and of Church formulæ which implied dogma, and to confine religion to moral instruction. The Education Bill of 1870 was welcomed by many as a step in this direction. If dogmatic Christianity was doomed, it behoved those intrusted with the education of English youth to retreat with dignity, but still rapidly, from positions which must very soon be stormed, and were most certainly untenable.

After the scepticism of the later Roman Republic came, in the age of Augustus, a curious religious reaction. The temples were frequented. Religious philosophies became popular. The scoffing tone was no longer fashionable. There was an immense desire to find some fresh foothold for religion, but—as M. Gaston Boissier, one of the most thorough students of the time, notes—the fundamental doubt which an age of scepticism had introduced was not healed. Nevertheless the new forces at work, and the enquiring and religious temper, afforded a soil in which the germs of Christianity were able to develope.

With great differences—into which we cannot here enquire—we are now witnessing a religious reaction somewhat analogous to this. There is a strong tendency to fall back upon the old religious beliefs, and upon the old liturgies and formulæ in which they were embodied—not indeed with the clear definite faith of early days, yet with a vague and undefined sense of their  
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their worth, and of the bareness and solitariness of an existence from which they are totally banished. We may say—as M. Boissier said of the Augustan reaction—that the fundamental doubt remains. But in place of the tendency of forty years back to urge the doubt eagerly, in the most naked form, in the most unambiguous language, fearing before all things the guilt of hypocrisy if we do not speak out the worst, we now shrink from admitting to the full the bareness which threatens us, and speak vague language of hope or aspiration, as though it contained the faith we have lost. Our fathers, when they liberalized, used to contrast the old theology with the new, somewhat irreverent in their demeanour towards the dethroned gods, confident of a good time coming, and triumphant at the overthrow of anything that they judged to be antiquated. We on the contrary prefer moderation and respect in our language. We have lived to see the disenchantments which Liberalism has undergone. We have seen a good many substitutes for the old religion set on foot, which have shown some prospects of life for about as many weeks as Christianity has lived centuries. We have waited in vain for thirty years for even the dawn of the new creed of which Matthew Arnold used to speak to us so confidently and so vaguely. We no longer expect that each fresh theory will enlighten us with a new philosophy as effectively as it throws our old philosophy into discredit.

For a number of reasons, then—often, as we have said, very imperfectly understood by ourselves—we are looking regretfully at the time-honoured temples of our ancestors, at the customs and formularies which have been the support of noble lives. A less buoyant temper, a less profound confidence in Progress, than those which marked the sixties, initiated the retrospect. What are the causes which are making it in many minds something more than a wistful glance at what cannot be again? Is it only the meagre explanation of Bernes—that the old rites are a principle of union and of *esprit de corps*? Or is it something allied with deeper forces within us—something which touches springs of belief, and not mere considerations of utility? Is there in our wistfulness the dim presage of a fresh life for faith, just as the Augustan time paved the way for a Marcus Aurelius, and for the new principle of belief which was called into existence by the Apostles?

Mr. Henry Sidgwick, in his recent volume on 'Practical Ethics,' has a very interesting essay on the 'Ethics of Religious Conformity,' which will afford a text and point of departure for the consideration of this question. He does not indeed expressly consider it himself. His manner of treating the subject is strictly practical.

practical. He appears to assume—as Mr. Morley did long ago in his work on ‘Compromise’—that the problem before him is exhaustively stated by asking: Is it lawful to conform to a liturgy including creeds in which I disbelieve? It is just because the answer to this question, so stated, even when given with all the exhaustiveness, subtlety, and lucidity which characterize Mr. Sidgwick’s work, does not appear to us really to take in the situation as a whole that we find in his essay the suggestion of a *mezzotermine* which he does not distinctly\* contemplate in his dilemma. Is belief or disbelief in a theological formula a simple alternative? Was belief in a dogmatic proposition at any time, if fully analyzed, an ultimate position intellectually, as it unquestionably was a definite and undoubting adherence psychologically? May a true understanding of the new state of things depend partly on a true analysis of the old? Is the new unbelief possibly as little like what it seems at first sight as the old belief? Is the rejection of dogmatic propositions possibly in many cases the rejection of them as what they never really were—ultimate positions? Is there in fine an underlying faith beneath the new denial which may give to conformity a different character to that which it would have on either of the alternative suppositions expressly contemplated by Mr. Sidgwick?

Mr. Sidgwick’s treatment is so minute that to discuss it at length would require an article. We will therefore content ourselves with citing one passage which appears to us to convey his central position, and which at all events affords us an opportunity of stating our own view. He takes the immediately practical case of the Church of England.

‘Now, there can be no doubt,’ he writes, ‘that a member of the Church of England is formally pledged to believe the Apostles’ Creed. But it is clearly impossible to take this pledge literally. If it comes into conflict with the necessity or duty of believing what appears to a man true, it can be no more binding than any other promise to do what is either impossible or wrong. Can we say, then, that in the case of such conflict there is an implied pledge to withdraw? This is, I think, the most natural view to take, and, for a long time, I thought it difficult to justify morally any other view. But as the pledge to withdraw is at any rate only implied, and as the common understanding, of orthodox and unorthodox alike, gives the implication no support, I now think it legitimate to regard the obvious though indirect import of the verbal pledge as relaxed by the common understanding. At the same time, considering how necessarily vague and uncertain this appeal to a tacit common understanding must be, and how explicit and solemn the pledge taken is, I do not

\* We say ‘distinctly’ because his allowances as to latitude of interpretation supply a niche which would hold the alternative we suggest.



think any one who is a candidate for any educational or other post of trust, in which membership of the English Church is required as a condition, ought to take advantage of this relaxation without making his position clear to those who appoint to the post, so as to make sure that they, at any rate, are willing to admit his interpretation of it. I do not mean that such a person is bound to state his theological opinions—I think no one should be forced to do that—but I think he ought to state clearly how he interprets his pledge to believe the Apostles' Creed.

Now the basis of the laxity in the interpretation of the pledge, which Mr. Sidgwick allows, is the growth of a 'common understanding.' So far as we can see he regards this common understanding to be that you may lawfully adhere to a Church and yet *disbelieve* its official creed. We ourselves admit that in the minds of many—perhaps of most of those who see clearly the modifications of the old beliefs which are inevitable—this is the basis of the common understanding which seems most obvious. But we believe it to involve as its natural corollary a view which, if unqualified, is tantamount to the confession that Christianity is doomed, and that the adherence to it which is still justifiable is purely sentimental and utilitarian, as was the retention by Bernez of the rites of the Passover. We contend, however, that there is a deeper though as yet a less obvious view which is to some extent latent in any such 'common understanding' as now exists, and which is likely to form the basis of the common understanding when the issues shall have been thoroughly threshed out. This view justifies equally with the other a great change in the intellectual positions defensible as orthodox. Yet it entails no rejection of the official creed, but rather a modified estimate of the knowledge conveyed in the creed itself. The breach with some of the intellectual positions of our grandfathers may be as complete as that contemplated by Mr. Sidgwick, but it may come in the form of the opening-up of a new vista—of a further realization of truth, which absorbs and develops the earlier positions and may involve no latent scepticism as to the divinity of the original Christian revelation. Such a common understanding as this would, in our opinion, justify conformity to a religion though much of the creed, *as formerly understood*, be rejected. But we cannot hold that conformity is lawful where the creed is unequivocally rejected; nor do we believe that any common understanding—if probed to the bottom—does sanction such a view as this.

We will try to indicate the outlines and general implications of the two views—the view which Mr. Sidgwick's position

position appears to us naturally to involve, and the alternative view which we would suggest. According to the first view science and historical criticism are gradually finding out that the Christian revelation, however beautiful and helpful, is untrue. On the other hand the moral power of the hereditary creed remains very great. No *brand-new* association—no Elsmere Hall for Theists or chapel in Lamb's Conduit Street for Positivists—can secure any such potent moral influence on those who join it, as adherence to the old association. In ordinary cases the seceder will deteriorate. 'If a man severs himself from the worship of his parents,' writes Mr. Sidgwick, 'and the religious habits in which he has grown up, he will, in many cases, form no new religious ties, or none of equal stability and force; and in consequence the influence of religion on his life will be liable to be impaired, and with it the influence of that high morality which Christianity, in all our churches, powerfully supports and inspires.' This view is not far removed from that of Bernez. It justifies conformity by its utility, apart from any question of belief. It prepares the road for a total destruction of dogma within the communion membership of which is retained. For the present indeed the official teachers are bound to explain the sense in which they accept the old creeds. But such explanations must inevitably become, more and more, mere formalities; until they reach the point at which vagueness touches negation. The clergy must eventually follow in the wake of their more enlightened lay brethren. The creeds may be retained, but everyone will in the end disbelieve in them. The whole of the Liturgy will become simply so much antique poetry. This appears to us to be the view naturally involved in Mr. Sidgwick's practical solution of the problem. It is at all events the view to which many of those who accept his solution will necessarily be led, in the absence of any alternative suggestion. It is the view of the trend of thought—though not of the duty of conformity—which possessed Matthew Arnold and other typical Liberal thinkers.

Let us consider some of the implications of this view, and some of its characteristics as we see it practically adopted. A large number of the intellectual positions on which the rejection of the old creeds is based are the views to which current science and criticism year by year give utterance. Such a principle of action implies an enormous confidence in the present conclusions of men of science, as well as the confidence it acknowledges in scientific methods—in the present conclusions of leading historical critics, as well as in critical methods. It implies also that the theologians have a complete knowledge of the import of the message  
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of which they are bearers; that that knowledge is adequately represented in existing theological formulæ, and that, whether the answer be 'Yes' or 'No,' the meaning of the question, 'Do you believe such a dogma?' is very obvious. Its tendency is, as we have said, towards a negative answer all along the line—to discard the whole Christian revelation as simply an untrue mythology, which has been incorporated with an ethical system, open perhaps to criticism, but on the whole ennobling, and not likely to be so far quickly improved upon as to make it wise readily to break with the false system in which it has been embedded. The theologians, on this view, are in steady retreat. They are abandoning one position after another. The retreat may have the dignity which compels sympathy. They may fight a losing cause with a moral elevation which wins admiration. We may prefer the noble rhetoric of Keble or Newman to the confident sarcasms of Huxley on the Gadarene swine. Still, facts are facts. The 'Gadarene pig affair' cannot be maintained literally. The 'Noachian deluge' is not what we supposed in our youth. The utmost sympathy with the moral beauty of the Christian religion and with the character of its defenders cannot change these facts or make the conquered victors. Our sympathy with the really heroic Christians may be equal to Renan's admiration for M. Le Hir and M. Garnier of St. Sulpice; but the central truth remains, for us as for Renan, that the old theological positions which they held to are being deserted, and this in obedience to evidence which is irresistible.

This, we say, is what is involved in one view of that march of events which, in its different stages, has already led both to enormous variety in dogmatic belief, and to a very wide rejection of the theological positions held by our ancestors. The appearance of retreat and defeat on the part of upholders of dogma, on which it is based, is so obvious that it is difficult to present the other view—which we ourselves believe to be the truer—with equal plausibility without some preliminary considerations.

The first consideration is that while the motives for abandoning, one after another, dogmatic positions which our grandfathers maintained, are obvious enough, and satisfy the reason in many cases, and while this process may be plausibly described as the successive relinquishment of Christian dogmas, the ultimate religion to which such a description points—a religion without dogma—is one which has never been able to work or to live. Every religion has had its theology or mythology. To destroy this utterly has been to kill the religion. A bare Theism does not, in point of fact, work. If we hesitate to press our conclusion

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to the thoroughgoing Agnosticism of Huxley, if we hold that a belief in the providential character of the universe may and should survive as the basis of a rational religion, experience does not go to show that such Theistic belief will do the work of a religion if it is bare and isolated. And it is paradoxical to suppose that the substratum of truth in theology is only that portion which is practically useless. Physiologists may trace all our sensations first to the spinal cord and then to the brain. But if we think to be able to isolate these intimate seats of sensibility, we are soon reminded that sensation depends on life, and that to cut away all the living organism except the brain and spinal cord means death. If it is proved to be a misnomer to speak as of yore of a pain in the hand or foot or heart—for the sensation is in the brain—it is equally a mistake to suppose that other parts besides the brain have not a very important share in that life of the organism, and its relations with the environment, on which the brain modifications depend. To represent the brain as the ultimate physical seat of consciousness is not tantamount to regarding the rest as a mere superfluous appendage. May it not then be possible, in some analogous manner, although we are learning daily that this and that dogmatic proposition does not tell us what we thought it did, while Theism remains comparatively untouched by such discoveries, that, nevertheless, the dogmatic system as a whole cannot be dispensed with; that it does represent our relation with the Reality of which the religious consciousness makes us aware—though we had wrongly analyzed the knowledge imparted by that relation; that the dogmatic overgrowth cannot be cut off from the Theistic ground-work as clothes may be discarded, but that it has arteries, and veins, and nerve filaments, which connect it vitally with Theism? If we hold strongly that there is truth in Theism, and that Theism has been practically operative only through dogmatic systems, it remains at least a possible alternative that the apparent retreat of the theologians is not a retreat from dogma, but an advance from the simple and more obvious interpretations of what dogmatic propositions convey, towards their truer significance, their real relation to an operative Theism.

Let us make our suggestion clearer by a parallel. When Dr. Johnson heard the Idealist argument he refuted it by kicking a stone. That is to say he, in common with less able men, took it to involve a denial of the existence of the sensible world. To such thinkers Idealism appeared to be a retreat from the received opinion that we see what we see and hear what we hear. But Berkeley thought otherwise. In his eyes  
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it was an advance. It raised a question *hitherto not adequately realized in imagination*, viz., What exists metaphysically beyond the sensible world? Whether or no our ultimate conclusion be to go back again, with Reid, and to hold that the attempt to get behind sensible knowledge is Utopian, and that all that philosophy can do is to systematize that knowledge, which we must assume to be real and objective as far as it goes, though incomplete, a full understanding of Berkeley shows that he did make a step forward in the apprehension of the problem before us by raising his question—even if the question was in its nature barren—and that he did not draw back from the old practical certainties of his fellow-men, that if you kick a stone it will roll, and that if you pull the trigger of a gun it will go off. Those who hold by Idealism will urge further reasons for maintaining that he advanced the knowledge of the race, while they too will note his own confession that he in no way sought to change the practical beliefs of mankind. He changed only their speculative analysis.

Further we may remember that the debate issued in the production of several schools differing as to the true metaphysical analysis of our experience. Mr. Sidgwick speaks of 'multitudinism' in religious conviction. Here we have 'multitudinism' in the analysis of our common experience. Yet those to whom Cosmothetic Idealism, or Hegelianism, or the philosophy of Common Sense have seemed demonstrably true, will not deny that an entire agreement remains between them and their opponents that their senses convey to them practical knowledge of great importance, and knowledge which is practically the same for all. For Idealists as much as for Realists science imparts vast and true generalizations as to the world which we know by our senses—knowledge on which all men are equally ready to act, though as to what it represents in terms of speculative truth they hopelessly disagree.

With this suggestion of a parallel we proceed to the question, Is it conceivable that we may regard the dogmatic formulæ of Christianity somewhat as such thinkers regard sensible knowledge—as a body of truth on which we may all agree to base our practical religious life, although we may disagree as to what it represents in terms of ultimate reality, or may admit that on this latter question we cannot in this life have certain knowledge? May we suppose that instead of a retreat pure and simple among the theologians from the old dogmas, we are witnessing only an awakening to the fact that many of them had long thought that they understood far more of what dogmatic formulæ were conveying in terms of ultimate truth than they  
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now find they do? The very idea that a sensation of colour was possibly not simply a perception of an attribute of the coloured object, but was an effect on ourselves due to assignable physical causes—representing those causes, economically (to use Cardinal Newman's phrase), but not resembling them—was in the last century, to many who read Berkeley, a new idea, an advance in analysis. May we not suggest, similarly, that dogmatic propositions may be, not simple and final statements of truth, but economical representations of it—representations suited to our practical needs, the interpretation of which may be as gradual as the interpretation of the visual sensations. May not our awakening to this possibility be really an advance, not indeed in definiteness and simplicity of belief, but in an apprehension of the true analysis of what the definitions of the Church or the articles of the creed can and cannot tell us? Is it not open to us to maintain that while the attempted analysis opens out divergencies of view which can never be reconciled, it may nevertheless drive us all back on the belief that the dogmatic system has been the means of placing us *en rapport* with realities beyond us, though dogmatic formulæ have expressed these realities inadequately?

This view of the case has been expressed with important differences by writers at the opposite poles of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. M. Sabatier, in his recently published 'Vitality of Christian Dogmas,' has given it from a Protestant standpoint with admirable clearness. Cardinal Newman, both as an Anglican and as a Roman Catholic, has given deep and pregnant suggestions from a point of view with which Roman Catholics and Anglicans can largely agree.

By 'dogmas' M. Sabatier understands the dogmatic propositions which believers accept. Dogma, according to M. Sabatier, is the intellectual and imaginative form in which man attempts to present the object of religious emotions to his own mind. Such attempts are inadequate and provisional; and they vary with the believer's culture and mental development. 'God while revealing Himself to our hearts yet remains infinitely superior to all conceptions of our mind.' 'Our religious life is independent of every image and theory.'

But Christianity is not to be regarded as a mere fairy tale. It has the value of an allegory, and is in some sense a divinely inspired allegory or a revelation; for God 'in entering into contact with the soul has made it go through a certain religious experience out of which, by means of reflection, dogmas have issued.' In the soul of Christ or the Apostles, God is present in a special way, and they sought to embody in allegories the  
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results of His communications. But 'since these doctrines and these formulæ could be and were in fact conceived by man's intellect, He left to man the care of elaborating them.'

This elaboration follows a necessary law of development. We preserve very largely the dogmatic formulæ of an earlier time, which represent, however inadequately, the spiritual experiences of Christ and the Apostles, though advancing thought and criticism modify their interpretation. To do away with them would be to throw away the revelation which they embody—the divine element which they contain. We are not capable of presenting the divine element without alloy. Therefore the best we can do is to discard step by step those features which the advance of culture and criticism shows to have been human and inaccurate. Sabatier defends a certain conservatism in reference to dogmatic formulæ, and justifies himself in so doing by the analogy of the relations between language and thought. 'Dogma,' he writes, 'is the language of faith.' Language is inadequate to the full expression of thought. So is dogma inadequate to the expression of that religious experience which he calls faith. Yet it is only by language that great thoughts are preserved, recorded, communicated. You may criticize and amend the language with benefit to its exact expression of the thought. But to sweep it away because of its inadequacy or inexactness would be to sweep away the thoughts which it has more or less inaccurately preserved. 'We have kept,' he writes, 'and still repeat the dogmas of early times, but we pour into them necessarily a new meaning. The terms do not change, but the ideas and their interpretation are renewed.' Thus (he maintains) we understand such doctrines as those of the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, and Inspiration, differently from our fathers.

To discard dogma in the interests of religion, then, would be like discarding language in the interests of thought. In both cases the inadequate symbol preserves what we wish to preserve. To discard the symbol would be to run the risk of losing the thing symbolized. We must instead help on the process of the evolution of dogma—of making our interpretation of dogma truer, as a preliminary to a very gradual amendment of the dogmatic formulæ. The theologian must occupy himself in 'applying criticism to the old dogmas, in disengaging their vital principle.' But while this involves new forms of expression in theological disquisition, he is not forthwith to 'formulate new dogmas,' but 'to render easy and free from danger the passage, which is always critical, between old and new ideas; to keep, at least for a time, to the old form of words, introducing

into them a new meaning, until the new meaning is so universally recognized that the terminology may at last be changed without danger of losing the religious truth which the dogmatic formula has preserved.

We will not here discuss the question as to how far this theory really leaves the whole of the development of dogma at the mercy of the men of science and the critics, whose conclusions are the sole norm whereby M. Sabatier determines the changes he advocates. We will not ask how far it might be found to involve, in the semblance of development, so complete a discarding of the historical Christianity that nothing of it would ultimately remain. M. Sabatier plainly thinks that it would not. He commits the work of development to those theologians who are at once 'in communion with the scientific thought of their time' and 'in close communion with the life of their Church.' He admits that the mere man of science cannot determine the lines of advance. 'The dogmatic transformation . . . cannot be accomplished from without by a hostile power.' And he trusts to the sympathetic insight of the theologian into the true essence of Christianity to preserve that essence without injury from the change. And many will be found who accept this view. Our point here is that such a view of the normal development of dogma does supply a theory which is not simply a theory of retreat from dogma; which gives to dogma and dogmatic formulæ a *raison d'être*, even while accepting to the fullest extent the results of modern science and criticism. It differs widely from the temper of the old liberal theology, which would sweep away dogmatic teaching and confine itself to moral teaching. The temper of the Broad Church school was utilitarian; that of Sabatier is in some degree historical. Sabatier does recognize truth—though inadequately expressed truth—beneath the formulæ. He assumes the attitude of advance rather than that of retreat. We retreat from human allegories, in which divine truth was necessarily enclosed by man, only in order to advance to a less inexact, though still largely figurative, form of expression.

The Roman and Anglican view has at first sight some characteristics in opposition to that of M. Sabatier. It too recognizes an evolution; but the first lines of its evolution are exactly opposite to those of M. Sabatier. In the whole domain of directly revealed mysteries, the Catholic Church, from the very commencement of its work of defining the faith, instead of allowing the advance of thought to qualify the interpretation given to mysterious dogma, has reiterated the mystery in terms which defy the reason more completely than the terms in vogue before reason  
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made its criticism. The formulæ which have thus grown up accentuate the mysterious elements in dogmatic truths. The Church imperiously demands their acceptance; she denies the competence of the reason either to criticize or to understand them. M. Sabatier allows criticism to modify the meaning we attach to the Trinity. The Church, on the other hand, instead of yielding on this point, and interpreting the three persons as three aspects, or *πρόσωπα*, starts on a course of anathemas and arrives at the Athanasian Creed, which appears to revel both in the obligation of believing, and in the seeming contradictions involved in the dogma. In the case of our Lord's divinity, instead of allowing qualification as to the sense or degree in which Christ is to be regarded as divine, from the days of Arianism onwards she developed her terminology against the rationalizing tendency, and elaborated the definition of 'consubstantial,' and its subsequent riders, which leave no loophole for such explanations as those of M. Sabatier. The definition at Ephesus was equally marked. The phrase 'mother of God' was in the teeth of the rationalizing tendency. Even now many members of the Protestant Churches instinctively shrink from it. It emphasized just what it was hardest to believe. Still the Church, developing in exactly the opposite direction from that of M. Sabatier's method, insisted on it, and anathematized dissenters.

A distinct theory was involved in this mode of procedure—a theory which, though partly opposed to Sabatier's, equally with his view denied to dogmatic formulæ the character of exhaustive or adequate statements of truth, belief or disbelief in which is *intellectually* a simple or definable process. God had committed certain mysterious truths to the Church. Instead of the language used being (as Sabatier holds) simply the work of man, framing human allegories which the human intellect as its culture advanced could competently amend, the Church herself set her seal on the language chosen, though doubtless that language was drawn from the terminology of the controversies which led to definition. She gave each formula a strong, if a negative, sanction. She held that, though the language chosen was not adequate or necessarily the best, the mysteries would never be sufficiently understood for man to criticize the language with any effect. Man tried to explain the inexplicable. The Church retorted that it was inexplicable, and to modify it in deference to human Rationalism might be to lose a part of the divine truth. What that truth is in itself our intellect can never explicitly know in this world. Our assent to it is an act of firm adhesion to whatever truth God is conveying

to us, an opening of our nature to what He imparts, but not an act of intellectual comprehension of that truth. Newman, in a beautiful passage, compares dogmatic theology to the science of the technical musician. What proportion is there, what identity can there be, between the strictly definable apparatus of musical instruments, *plus* the ascertainable laws of acoustics, and the soul-stirring effects wrought by the symphony of a great master? It seems incredible that these wonderful strains should not represent some great reality beyond their physical causes—that the instruments and the laws of sound are really their ultimate source. Yet we can never know on earth *what* they represent, except in terms of the great effects, the thoughts and imaginings and emotions wrought in our own souls by the symphony. All that the musician can do is to watch jealously over the technique and make sure that he exactly and faithfully by his art brings the soul of the listener into relation with those realities which it can only know here economically through the medium of music.

The passage from Newman's sermon on 'Development' has been quoted, but not often (if ever) in connexion with the philosophical position it was designed to illustrate. We give it here in full:—

'Let us take an instance, of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world? Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, and of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher



higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our Home; they are the voice of Angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter; though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them.'

This analogy suggests in the first place the function of dogmatic formulæ in conveying to the soul divine truths, and enabling these truths to affect the soul, while the formulæ can never adequately represent such truths as they are in themselves or as they affect the soul. But it also illustrates the fact that the jealous preservation of minute formulæ may be none the less necessary because we admit that they are quite inadequate as exact expressions of the reality. The musician, because he knows that the musical mechanism is not identical with the idea it conveys, is none the less jealously careful of his technique. The greater his power of appreciating all the delicate shades and varied ideas of the music itself, the more minute will be his attendance to the elaborate arrangements on which the effect depends. To the Philistine his minuteness seems intolerably fussy. Yet what are the facts? A few instruments in the orchestra carelessly tuned, the *tempo* taken with no insight into the composer's intention—what slight neglect this seems to imply! What a trivial deviation from an over-elaborate scheme! How little, if anything, can be lost by so little! So argues the uninitiated. Yet, instead of the soul of the hearer being filled with the great ideas which the symphony should impart, he loses not some, but all. The whole spell is broken.

Newman goes a step further, and suggests that not only the impressions which music makes through the ear, but the whole of our sensible impressions and conceptions, may be but tokens and symbols of reality—symbols sufficient for our practical needs, yet not adequately revealing to us the reality with which they connect us.

'What' (he continues), 'if the whole series of impressions, made on us through the senses, be, as I have already hinted, but a Divine economy suited to our need, and the token of realities distinct from them, and such as might be revealed to us—nay, more perfectly—by other senses, as different from our existing ones as they from each other? What if the properties of matter, as we conceive of them, are merely relative to us, so that facts and events, which seem impossible when stated concerning it in terms of those impressions, are only impossible in those terms, not in themselves—impossible only because of the imperfection of the idea, which, in consequence

of those impressions, we have conceived of material substances? If so, it would follow that the laws of physics, as we consider them, are themselves but generalizations of economical exhibitions, inferences from figure and shadow, and not more real than the phenomena from which they are drawn.'

Here we have suggested a whole view of dogmatic theology, so far as it is concerned with those mysteries which are utterly beyond human ken. It is useless for practical purposes to attempt to get behind the world known by the senses, and the physical science which generalizes the laws of that sensible world. To question either practically would be to throw into confusion such knowledge as is allowed us. It would be to cast on what is to us definite, and clearly though not ultimately known, the shadow of a world which is to us largely indefinite and unknown. We can but systematize the sensible knowledge we possess. We cannot with any security rationalize as to its exact relations with reality. We guard jealously all that science reveals of that world of which our sensible knowledge conceives; yet we admit all the time that we cannot be certain how much its information tells us of reality as it is in itself, apart from the special form in which our senses present it to us. So with theology. We jealously guard the formulæ by which the Church protects and presents each mystery. We believe that such figurative knowledge as is conveyed to us by the formulæ does place us in some relation with the unseen world. Thus assent to the formulæ is intellectually somewhat indefinite—a surrender to truths which we believe to be acting on us, without our being able intellectually to grasp them. Our ultimate adhesion is rather to what God is conveying through a given formula, than to the formula itself. We admit that we cannot be sure how far human language can convey to us the mysteries of another world as they really are in themselves. We believe they give us some true but symbolic idea, enough for our practical religious life. Further than this we have not faculties to penetrate.

But while in the case of the mysterious truths which are simply outside the sphere of human experience—the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Divine and Human nature of Christ—the Catholic method of development is precisely the opposite to the Protestant, while in place of allowing the human reason to criticize and modify dogma in such instances, the Church has constantly condemned such criticism, it has done so, not because the formulæ were ultimate or intrinsically incapable of improvement, but because the human mind cannot reason securely in respect of those truths which they so inadequately represent. They *have* a divine sanction, which supposed im-

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provements would not have. Thus the divergence from Sabatier is not so great as at first appears. And in another department the Catholic theory of development has a real affinity with development as conceived by M. Sabatier. Having, as it were, vindicated the supremacy of faith by its anathemas against an intrusive reason which goes beyond its lawful bounds, the Church does respect the suggestions of reason within its own province. The very absoluteness of the Church's insistence on the mysteriousness of dogma, and on its being entirely beyond the comprehension or the criticism of reason, has a corollary—namely, that it is difficult for the reason positively to decide with what the dogma is *inconsistent*. Thus when reason acting in its own sphere—of scientific criticism or historical investigation—comes to definite and positive conclusions which are at variance with the prevalent views of theologians on such subjects—views which may have been incorporated with dogma, as it is popularly taught—we have no right (on Newman's theory) to reject the light which such scientific conclusions may afford. We cannot confidently reject them as inconsistent with dogmas whose ultimate analysis we so little comprehend. Hence a process of development, more limited indeed, but similar to that contemplated in a wider sphere by M. Sabatier, may take place in such cases. The portion of the old belief discarded or modified by such a process is regarded as a human addition, however time-honoured; although it is admitted that at an earlier time the theological intellect had not distinguished between the dogma itself and the addition.

We will explain our meaning by an illustration.

The theologians who condemned Galileo took a very definite ground. His assertion (they said) was contrary to Scripture and therefore heretical. The root principle of their censure was the doctrine that the Scripture cannot err; and this was almost universally derived from a simpler doctrine by syllogistic reasoning thus: God is the author of Scripture, and God cannot be the author of error; therefore no statement in Scripture can be erroneous. But Galileo's discovery proved undeniable, and the consequent *impasse* is now got rid of. How did this come to pass? More recent theological analysis has pointed out that in the case of a divine communication in writing to fallible and changeable man, the reasoning of Galileo's critics was inadequate. Words are stationary, but man develops, and as his knowledge develops the implications of language change in his mind. Suppose that words which best convey the truth to one generation fail to do so to another. Suppose that for the author of the Book of Joshua  
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to speak as though the earth moved would have been as misleading to the Israelites as to speak of the sun's motion round the earth is inaccurate to us. Are the words in such circumstances true or erroneous? Neither absolutely; both relatively to the different generations of readers. The reasoning, then, which implied that either God was author of error or that every statement in Scripture was an absolute and fixed statement of truth, ignored a *mezzoterminè*. The Church kept the dogma that Scripture cannot err in such a sense as would imply that God was the author of error, but noted that, as God was not revealing fresh physical truth, He could not be regarded as being the author of error because He used the only language intelligible at the time when Joshua was written, although that language was of necessity scientifically erroneous. Some recent theologians have applied the same principle to various historical records. The sacred writer took the current historical ideas and canons of historical truth; to have corrected them would have been simply to discredit his writings in the eyes of his earlier readers, and God therefore gave his message through a *medium* which necessarily incorporated an inaccurate record. But God was not thereby the author of error. In speaking to the human race He used the means of communication whose credit was already established, and to reject which would be to discredit the message.

The same method may be applied to all cases where dogma and secular knowledge have reference to the same facts. The principle seems to be this — that where a truth was revealed which had immediate bearing on that world which is knowable by sense, and therefore by science, it was impossible to think or speak of it without *some* application to that world. Yet the secrets of that world were not divinely revealed, but left to man to ascertain gradually. Christians, and notably theologians, had at the outset, to make the rough and ready application to that world which was natural at the time, and the revealed truth was generally expressed together with that application. It could only be practically taught with some application, and the obvious one furnished by contemporary secular knowledge was taken. Thus we have a set of dogmas in possession, bound up with these immediate practical inferences.

For example, the Creed says: 'He ascended into Heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father'; therefore it was inferred that Heaven is in space. 'I believe in the Resurrection of the body'; therefore all the atoms which have constituted my body will be re-collected and put together as before. 'Outside the Church no salvation'; therefore those dying  
outside



outside the visible unity of the Roman communion are lost. 'Unless a man be born again of water,' &c. ; therefore one who has not actually received baptism cannot be saved. All these are parallel to the inference, 'God is the author of Scripture, and God cannot err'; therefore every statement in the Scripture is literally true.

The spirit of unquestioning reverence inculcated on Christians in the early centuries must have tended to bind closely together most of the dogmas with the form in which they were inevitably taught—the form which was the only one possible in the then existing state of secular knowledge. But, very early, more careful thought must have modified *some* of the explanations which were at first sight the obvious ones. Thus, though the simple Christian might in Apostolic days have read the words of the Creed, 'sitteth at the right hand of God the Father,' and pictured to his mind's eye—as a boy would now—our Lord seated on a throne next to His Father, it would be inevitable that such a conception would be banished by men of thought even before they investigated more closely in what sense our Lord's body ascended to Heaven, or whether Heaven should be conceived of as in space. Mere thought or logic, apart from scientific progress, must have effected some stages in the development. The reverent student of Scripture itself would wish to harmonize some of its statements, wrongly interpreted at first because they were not viewed in juxtaposition. For instance, the simplest idea, of our Lord's body in its natural state going up to heaven, would soon be qualified by the reflection that the risen body which could enter a room with closed doors could not be entirely the same as His natural body.

Thus we have the initial operation of a principle which would work on a small scale or on a large scale just in proportion as materials for fresh knowledge were abundant or slight. The peculiarity of our present position, in this nineteenth century, is that materials, owing to the rapid development of science and criticism, have suddenly grown so abundant. But the principle has always been applied. The idea of the resurrection of the body, which lay at the root of the reverent entombment of Christians in the Catacombs—that the identical particles of matter would be re-collected—passed away, by the application of the principle in question, long before modern science had shown that the identity of the body at different periods in life itself did not turn upon the identity of the material particles. To the mediæval schoolmen the soul was the 'substantial form' of the body, and this theory alone as effectually dissipated the simplest notion of the meaning of  
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'resurrection of the body' as the later and more scientific one.

The most important of all the modifications which our time has seen is the new interpretation of the doctrine of the inerrancy of Scripture. The new departure inaugurated by Galileo has been continued on a far larger scale owing to the researches and theories of Baur and Volkmar, Reuss and Wellhausen. And however many of their conclusions we reject, we have most of us largely accepted their critical methods. Hence has come a change in our view of what is involved in inspiration, the importance of which it were idle to ignore. It amounts, in the eyes of many Christians, to this, that criticism brings us face to face with the fact that unless God were to establish Christianity by a patent miracle which would compel the belief of all, and reveal in the sacred writings a whole view of science and history which was utterly alien to the mind of writers and readers alike at the various times and places in which the books of Scripture were written, the human *media* of the divine record necessarily included not only the style of writing and the philosophy of the day, but the secular culture, historical and scientific, of the writers.

Each of these changes, as it comes, naturally brings a diminution for the believer's mind of the vivid directness and simplicity with which our forefathers imagined they could be face to face with the divine revelation. Just as the 'apparel of celestial light,' the 'glory and freshness of a dream,' with which a child views Nature, pass away as the mind expands and takes in the depths of that reality of which the surface struck with so keen a stimulus on the senses, so the vividness of the pictures proper to the youth of Christianity becomes inevitably dimmed. The older man—to whom Nature conveys so much more, who knows his botany, mineralogy, chemistry—feels disappointed when he re-visits the scene of boyish enthusiasm. The scale seems smaller, the lights and colours less radiant. Still he sees more truly, if with a less simple delight, that Nature, one aspect of which once seemed to him so divine. So, too, the keen faith which was filled and satisfied with the simple picture presented by a Scripture record, or a sentence in the Creed, as though such pictures were ultimate truth, may pass with religious childhood. Criticism may divide the attention and combine with the wear and tear of life in diminishing the keenness of religious perceptions. But the process is only the inevitable awakening to the vast world of the unknown which touches and affects the known. As a matter of sensation our hold on some aspects of the known may be somewhat relaxed as we loosen some of our energies  
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hitherto expended in its practical apprehension, to take stock of our moorings in the unexplored ocean. But the change *is* but a shifting of the distribution of our energies. If it unsettles us, it does so by intelligible law. The time of transition especially taxes all our resources. We are so largely the children of custom, belief is so closely bound up with the groove of uniform habit, that the change, in its break with the past, is both upsetting and fatiguing. Fatigue is apt to generate pessimism; pessimism, scepticism. But these sequences are largely matters of accountable sensation.

Now it seems to us that this doctrine of evolution in dogma, whether as conceived by Sabatier or by Newman, has a close bearing on the ethics of religious conformity. If we look upon the dissolving process of which we are now witnesses as simply a process of retreat on the part of the theologians, it does seem a serious question how far we are justified in retaining our membership of any Christian Church. If the ultimate goal to which we look forward is that the Churches should be stripped of all dogmatic belief, if each change is *simply* the abandonment of what was formerly believed to be a truth, then even the utmost candour as to the non-natural sense in which we interpret our pledges to believe in the Creeds, appears to us insufficient to redress the paradox of adhering to a dogmatic Church with the object of stripping it of dogmas altogether.

But if, like Sabatier, we regard dogma as from the first the allegorical expression of the impression made upon man by the action of God on the soul, an expression necessarily made in terms of the knowledge current at the time it was formulated, and therefore necessarily liable to correction as knowledge should become more exact, we have an underlying theory which at once disconnects large changes in the explanation of dogmatic formulæ from any necessary tendency to the denial of the truths they represent, and alters the significance of the non-natural interpretations. It makes such interpretations not new and forced explanations of the reality expressed by the dogma, but forced explanations only of a formula for which no divine character is claimed; more and not less natural explanations of the reality itself. The formula was originally built up by man of the human material ready to hand, as the shed which should shelter a divine experience or truth. That this shed should be added to, and its weak parts gradually knocked down and replaced by the better building and material which later science has brought into use, is natural and necessary.

But still stronger is the contrast between the position of those who hold that the Christian dogmas are being, one after another, disproved,

disproved, and the position of those who invoke the Christian Church—whether as conceived by High Churchmen or by Roman Catholics—as the final sanction of the dogmatic formulæ, and the mind of the Church (to us only gradually and never completely disclosed) as the repository of their true meaning. In the first place the fact that the Church sanctions the formula gives to it an authority it has not on Sabatier's view. No doubt bishops and theologians, according to both views, originally formulated the dogma in language supplied by current expressions and popular science. But in the Catholic view that language, instead of merely being a human allegory suggested by the effect of God's action on the soul, represents, however inadequately, a body of truth entrusted to the Church; and the expressions, though formulated by men, have a divine sanction as being the divinely guaranteed practical symbols of that truth. The Church guarantees them as the musician guarantees his score, which is the conventional and artificial notation whereby great ideas are preserved. Neither the score nor the orchestral result it transcribes, ensures *necessarily* a full or quite accurate presentment of the musical idea. But they may be the best means we know of conveying it, and for the ordinary man to tamper with them is inevitably to lose little or much of what is carefully if inadequately enshrined in them.

Similarly to guard jealously the theological formulæ, and to interpret them in a non-natural sense in some cases, rather than to change them, is the wiser course. If God had spoken some message only partly intelligible to a primitive race, using their barbaric dialect in order to be at the time intelligible at all, the message would probably be preserved exactly as it stood, though the language might for the purposes of secular life gradually undergo a complete change as time went on. However much growth of intelligence as well as the development of the language might enable us to give new and further *explanations* of the message, we should fear to alter in the least the original *words* of the actual divine communication, of which even though portions of its meaning become gradually clearer, we can never be sure what part is essential and what part simply the accidental human form used by the Divine Being in order to be intelligible. This is surely the principle implied in the jealous preservation by the Church of ancient formulæ—the earliest authoritative definitions of the original revelations—and the trenchant anathema of explanations which diminished the mystery involved in primitive dogma. Doubtless too, while this view, equally with Sabatier's, admits very wide changes in our human interpretation of the divine message,

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the greater stability it gives to the formulæ rightly leads to greater conservatism as to their meaning. A formula sanctioned by the Church has an authority which leads us to part with its more obvious interpretations and implications only after close and careful scrutiny has proved such a course to be necessary; whereas allegories framed only by individual men may be as readily discarded by other individual men. On this theory, while the change of belief which time can bring is likely to be far more limited than that contemplated by Sabatier, the adherence to the old creeds is based more distinctly on an advance on the part of theologians. The propositions contained in the original dogmatic formulæ are regarded as having been from the first at once divinely sanctioned, and not final analyses, and the line of development has to be decided gradually by the growth of intellectual knowledge. They can never be unsaid or rejected, but the explanations supplied by subsequent development may give an unexpected turn to their meaning. The ultimate tendency, instead of being the negation of dogma, is the nearest possible approach to the Divine Reality, as growth of knowledge enables us to eliminate such explanations as are found to be human and inaccurate.

Here even the effect of the growth of science on statements of physical truth will help us to realize the position—apart from the analogy already used, of the advance from sensible knowledge to its metaphysical presuppositions. The statement 'the sun rises' is a clear and definite statement. There is no reason why it should ever fall into desuetude. But its definiteness did not ever involve its finality as an account of the phenomenon it described, although the bulk of people, whose minds were practical, did not look beyond it until they were forced to do so. But while any philosopher would have seen from the first that it was not necessarily final—that it was only a rough statement of appearances, whose practical bearing was very clear—its further analysis could not be rightly determined before the Copernican theory was established. It was intrinsically *not* final; yet there were for a long while no sufficient data to take its analysis a step further. The phenomenon was seen to be connected with a large system with which its relations ought to be explained, and the line of further explanation was wrongly guessed at an earlier date by Ptolemæus. The scare which led the theologians to say, when Galileo published his book, that a statement in Scripture was *given up as erroneous*, implied that the change in the old interpretation was a retreat from the position taken up in the book of Joshua that the sun rises and sets. Looking at the matter calmly now, we see that Galileo was advancing the *explanation*

of a statement which was never final in its character, which was never absolutely true and can never be simply false. We do not *now* give it up as a proposition practically true, and compendiously stated, for the everyday needs of this planet. The phrases 'up' and 'down' are relative to ourselves. But we put mentally into the statement, 'the sun rises,' our further Copernican analysis, which from the point of view of practical human beings is a non-natural explanation. But from a higher point of view—that of scientific truth—it is a far more natural and rational explanation. To the mind on a lower level—the uneducated workman, the farm labourer—the further explanation is forced and incomprehensible. To the mind which has reached a higher standpoint it is deeper and more intelligible than the surface account which satisfies the simple mind.

But this leads us to a further consideration. The explanation which is natural to a mind in one stage of development becomes inadequate at a higher stage. Are we to assume that we educated men of the nineteenth century have reached the highest stage? Surely such a supposition would be absurd. While we can lawfully claim to see further than our predecessors, any adequate theory, whether of science or of religion, must include the recognition of indefinitely further possible development in the future. Moreover the results of past advance are not shared equally by all. To the savage 'the sun rises' expresses still the limit of his knowledge of the truth represented by that proposition. To the ordinary uneducated Englishman the proposition is understood, vaguely, to represent only the appearance and not the fact as it is known to science. To the astronomer the proposition represents an appearance the facts corresponding to which he knows minutely. If we express the phenomenon in terms of these scientific facts it ceases to convey the truth to the two unscientific classes. But if we keep the earliest and simplest statement, however inadequate it is felt to be, we have a formula which all minds can accept, though it is differently analyzed by each. This is exactly the Catholic treatment of the dogmatic formula. The formula is the simple non-final statement which all minds can accept. As science and theological analysis advance there necessarily arise various developments in its interpretation which commend themselves to the more cultured minds; and those further stages of development, which will ultimately make the analysis quite exhaustive, are regarded as being summed up in the ideal mind which is the depository of all knowledge—the mind of the Church.

This theory contemplates two advancing lines gradually traced by the corporate Christian intellect and the corporate scientific intellect.



intellect. It assumes that the lines—like the asymptote and the curve of a hyperbola—get ever nearer to each other, though on this earth they will never coincide. The warfare between dogmatists and the over-hasty scientific specialists can only pass away when the indestructible element in dogma is found and the ultimate conclusions of science are ascertained—a limit which will not be reached by the human intellect as we know it. But meantime the wisest as well as the meanest mind may fulfil the practical requirements of the case without advancing, dogmatically or finally, either antiquated positions which would provoke or novel positions which would scare. On the one hand, the dogmatic formulæ taught by the Church are accepted as sacred, though it is fully recognized that they were framed from the materials available at the time and place of their formulization, and that this fact renders great changes inevitable in the intellectual analysis of the knowledge they convey, as the available material for explanation is enlarged. On the other hand the individual, while forming an opinion as to points debated in the light of advancing science, saves both his orthodoxy and his prudence by accepting each formula in the sense in which the Church understands it. Any opinions he advances are advanced with the reservation that they are held under correction from that sense. Doubtless for practical purposes 'the sense of the Church' is in part only an expression, for, as we have said, it can never be fully known by any intellect on this earth. But it also represents a fact believed to be true, namely, that the Church originally sanctioned the dogma as corresponding to a truth, and that the Church will ultimately accept such corrections in its intellectual analysis as the spiritual and intellectual progress of mankind shall gradually point out.

The appeal to the *sensus Ecclesiæ*, from the very absence of an as yet ascertained intellectual counterpart, rebukes that inveterate love of regarding newly-won positions as ultimate which still characterizes a humanity no longer in its childhood. It offers an alternative to the precipitation of advanced critics or scientists, who, for the lack of it, so often have to eat their words, as well as affording an escape from the choice between rashness and backwardness. It cures liberalism of its characteristic vice (a vice which has caused ecclesiastical authority to oppose it so systematically), that it runs into illiberal dogmatic extremes, and claims prematurely to sweep away the landmarks of historic beliefs. All the writers we have cited are agreed as to the dangerous and dislocating effect of sudden complete transitions in the meaning attached to time-honoured dogmas. They are dangerous because a false step is so easy. They

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are dislocating greatly from the difference of intellectual advance between one Christian and another. What is an inevitable transition for a man of one degree of culture startles and upsets the less cultured. The Catholic method, by its invocation of the *sensus Ecclesiæ*, which gives at once a fixed (though partly ideal) object of faith and loyalty, and a formula for suspense at a time when the old positions are daily shifting, to some extent escapes the danger. In the mind of the advanced the ultimate explanation to which the Church is moving appears to be one thing, in the mind of the conservative it is another, in the mind of the uneducated it may be yet another. But all agree to await further light, and each must learn that his opinion is not dogma.

And it is a matter of experience that while, as we have said, we do not look for ultimate explanations on this earth, theological opinion does learn certain lines of further advance from science; and that there is a practical unanimity in each generation as to various points in those lines, on which the foregoing generation was divided.

In applying practically these principles to the outlook opened up at the present moment by science and criticism, in deciding what theories characteristic of our time are acceptable, we have to remember that ecclesiastical authority acts as a ruler and not as a philosopher. Newman and Sabatier alike have noted this point. What theologians teach officially is of necessity conservative. It is their business to preserve the existing order, while they should keep an open mind as to the new possibilities or probabilities suggested by science. In the forum of discussion such probabilities may be advanced freely and categorically, but the official theologian's chair or pulpit is not the forum of discussion. The received views once displaced can never be replaced, any more than a ten-pound householder can be disfranchised. Therefore they are only displaced when science has pointed the way unmistakably. The scientific pioneer is as necessarily liberal and advanced as the theologian is conservative.

But in the meantime personal opinion has the freedom above indicated, provided it be exercised with that submission to the wider and surer knowledge of future generations which is implied in an acceptance beforehand of the ultimate *sensus Ecclesiæ*. Personal opinion and authoritative statements are not on a similar footing. Individuals have themselves to look to, with their existing scientific culture and the probabilities it suggests. The authorities have to consider the effect of their words on the whole community: What will convey more truth than error to  
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the greatest number? The individual believes himself to see the beginning of a modification of the hitherto received sense of a dogma. But the old sense may remain of the utmost importance in the official teaching for the present. Simply to displace it, in the present uncertainty as to the true lines of further development, would be perhaps for the mass of Christians to destroy the dogma. Temporary inconsistency between the advanced theories of scientific men and the official statements of dogma, far from being a reason for reproaching the theologians, may be simply a tribute to their common sense. To deny them the right to disagree with the pioneers of science would be almost like denying the counsel for plaintiff the right to differ from counsel for the defence. It is by arguing from divergent points of view and for opposite conclusions that truth ultimately emerges, and, until the matter is threshed out, the old theological position is in possession in the Churches. Then, again, tentative experiment and the testing of a working hypothesis are necessary to the life of science. While human nature is what it is, a sanguine man is sure to extend to the hypothesis he has conceived and is testing, a trust which is at all events too unqualified. If he is to be allowed by the theologian a fair field and no favour, such a policy can only be safely pursued if united with temporary conservatism in official theological teaching—a conservatism which places it out of reach of being damaged by the possibly misplaced confidence of the experimentalist.

The official displacements, then, of the traditionary explanations of dogma, have to be gradual and definite. They must be made only in obedience to the absolutely assured advances of science. They must follow the law whereby organic unity is preserved. If a man neglected the corresponding law in animal life, death would quickly ensue. If a man, once he had realized that no one portion of his body would be the same ten years hence, reasoned 'therefore I can dispense with any part—with my present heart or my present lungs—for no part is essential,' he would be grotesquely wrong. And so, too, if a man said, 'None of these dogmas will be analyzed in the same manner one thousand years hence, therefore I may dispense with them and substitute new dogmas,' he would commit a similar fallacy. The new particles of matter which preserve the identity of heart and lungs must be gradually introduced into the body, and take such definite shape as enables them to fulfil the functions of the old, with, in early life at least, greater force and regularity as the body advances from immaturity to maturity. And so too the

advances of criticism and science, which form the stuff of the new interpretations of dogma, must have attained definite form, and differentiated themselves from conjecture or the adventurous and tentative excursions of specialism, before they can supply the place of the old in the organic system of official theology. And meantime, as each official statement helps to determine the general and practical movement of thought, a negative answer is given officially to questions on which an affirmative answer is not beyond doubt on a right line of normal growth. The negative is equivalent to 'not proven,' or to a refusal on the part of the Church authorities to move onwards.

In this *modus agendi* there is a recognition of the Ecclesia of science as well as the Ecclesia of theology. The fallibility of the conclusions of individuals on either side is remembered. The individual student of science is warned not to make the mistake which he has detected in the individual theologian of the old school. The old theologian—who would not give up the literal verbal accuracy of a single statement in the Bible—had been identifying a theological principle with his own interpretation of it, rather than preserving that just sense of the limitations of individual knowledge which should have bidden him advance his own interpretation under correction of the gradual decision of the Ecclesia. The theological principle is that the Bible is a sacred book whereby God would teach him the truth; that God is its author and cannot be the author of error. His own interpretation was the doctrine of verbal inspiration. In like manner we need hardly remind ourselves that both in Biblical criticism and in physical science, while time justifies the methods employed, it continually modifies or reverses their application. It constantly discredits conclusions which have been most confidently claimed by specialists as reached by these methods. In medical science this phenomenon has become almost a proverb. But it holds, too, in departments of science which claim greater stability. We cannot be too often reminded that the two lines of research which have most profoundly modified theological thought, issued in definite conclusions which were for years confidently asserted, and then finally rejected; we refer to some of the earlier statements of the Darwinian hypothesis, and the conclusions of the Tübingen school as to the dates of the Gospels. The hatred of indecision, and the consequent premature drawing of confident conclusions enforced under pain of excommunication, is not confined to theologians. And one of our objections to Mr. Sidgwick's attitude would be that it appears to us to presuppose a kind of infallible papacy of modern scientific thought, the claims



claims of which the experiences of life do not in our opinion justify. In science, as in theology, it is not the assertions, however positive, of specialists, however eminent, but the deliberate *securus judicat* of the whole scientific Ecclesia which finally ratifies each stage of real progress. Men of science have their own undue assumption of infallibility and their own form of excommunication, though it may no longer be by 'bell, book, and candle'; and few of us who have attained to middle life will fail to remember having been placed outside the pale for doubting dogmas which the high priests of science have since modified or quietly dropped. Scientific experts, as well as theologians, make many false steps. Unpleasant though it may be, a large degree of suspense of judgment, as to ultimate conclusions in the adjustment of the relations of science and criticism to theology, is the really philosophical position for the average educated man. And a conservatism of expression among the theologians, if at times it is carried too far, is often even a wise antidote to the precipitancy of their critics, who care little if they destroy a sacred temple of the ages in hot haste to suit a mistaken conclusion.

Full discussion on either side, the urging by each man, in the forum of discussion, of his own views, is undoubtedly desirable. Only thus can the Ecclesia of science and the Ecclesia of theology themselves reach their own conclusions. Only thus can each Ecclesia test the conclusions of the other. The forum of discussion in which views are sifted obviously demands free speech and expression. No body of men ever acted more unreservedly on this principle than the mediæval schoolmen. But it is quite another matter to introduce an equal measure of freedom into official text books of theology. And free discussion can never be in place in those theological temples in which every sacred word is regarded as a symbol to be guarded in all honour as representing in some sense eternal truth. Places of worship and acts of worship are not the fitting places or occasions for dispute. As we all use unhesitatingly those practical rules and maxims which familiarity with the world and the experience of life have given us—many of us, at all events, having our judgments suspended as to the degree of knowledge of reality which they involve—so too we may go through the ancient liturgies, and join in the ancient prayers, and recite the ancient creeds, and yet be conscious that these acts of the practical religious life, though representing real relations with God, do so economically and symbolically; that conceivably other rites and words might do so better; and that we are not thereby

committing ourselves to explanations viewed as ultimate or exhaustive, for of the relation of the symbol to the reality we cannot give an adequate account. In neither case are we precluded by this attitude from an opinion as to the further line of explanation on this relation which advancing thought may bring. But such opinions are not the same as practical certainties; and they are held in submission to the ultimate conclusions of the two great Ecclesiæ of theology and of science.

It would be idle to ignore the fact that to many minds both Sabatier's theory and Newman's, and the corollaries we have attempted to draw from them, will appear strained explanations of a phenomenon which suggests more obviously a sceptical view of Christianity. The steady disappearance, one after another, of the old orthodox positions, under the pressure of science, remains a fact. Retreat is turned into advance—it will be said—only by an artificial and forced theory.

Our limits forbid our taking the further steps which are necessary to do justice to this more fundamental question. One or other of the views we have sketched will appear more plausible than the sceptical view only to those who already hold either with Sabatier that the religious consciousness points irresistibly to Theism, and that the divine mission and teaching of Christ is its truest practical application, or in addition, with Newman, that the Church does bear tokens of being the medium divinely appointed of some kind of communication between God and man.

Both these beliefs are to the sceptic assumptions without justification. We on the contrary should maintain that they represent the highest development of that mystical faith, the persistence of which in all races is an indestructible testimony to the existence of a Reality corresponding to it. If the religious instincts are rejected as *valueless*, the faith of our ancestors in the infancy of science could as little be justified as the faith of Christians in the days of Darwin and Wellhausen. Those early and simple explanations of dogma, the abandonment of which is now held up as an argument against Christianity, were themselves products of a religious life the ultimate basis of which was largely this very mystical faith.

However, our limits do not allow us here to discuss the justification of such faith, or our reasons for regarding it as the exercise of a real faculty whereby we become aware of some outlines of transcendental truth. We can only point, in passing, to the fact that while intellectual forms succeed each other—and in Christianity alone we have the Apostolic, the Platonic, the



the Aristotelian stages, even in pre-scientific times—the mystical faith, whatever its justification, is persistent, and its Christian development stamped with a recognizable unity. While among doctors the methods of Origen may be contrasted with those of Albertus or Thomas, while the theological framework of the fifth century is unlike that of the twelfth, we have in an Augustine and a Kempis the soul of religion which persists in different epochs one and the same.

All we have attempted to show in this essay is that to one in whom the fundamental faith, either of Newman or of Sabatier, in the divine character of Christianity, appears to be warranted by such faculties of insight into religious truth as we possess, a coherent theory is open, which enables him to view great intellectual changes in the analysis of the orthodox positions as part of an intelligible process, and to subscribe with genuine loyalty to old formulae, viewed as having from the first contained potentially some intellectual positions which are actually new. To defend these initial faiths, or again to apply in some detail the principles we have sketched, must be reserved for another occasion. Unquestionably both theories, if applied without an initial belief in the divine origin of Christianity as strong as our belief in the accuracy of the scientific and critical methods, might be made simply to sweep away all historical Christianity.

For the present we content ourselves with giving a brief *résumé* of the main positions we have attempted to outline.

(1.) We began by noting the revival of attachment to religious ordinances which is common at the present time even among those who reject the dogmatic positions of our ancestors. We cited the explanation given by Bernez to Renan, of his own observance of the Jewish Passover—that he conformed to the ancient rites, not in consequence of any corresponding doctrinal belief, but only from motives of utility. We quoted Mr. Henry Sidgwick's essay on the 'Ethics of Religious Conformity,' which appears to us to recommend a somewhat similar view. We asked whether such a view adequately justifies conformity to the religion whose doctrines are simply disbelieved, and whether such a view adequately represents the forces at work in the mind of the age. We recalled Boissier's account of the religious reaction under Augustus, and asked whether, in the religious reaction of our own time, there may be similarly, amid doubt, a latent germ of faith or a soil congenial to faith.

(2.) The answer we have suggested is that, while Sidgwick and Bernez had given an obvious, definable, and real motive binding  
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men anew to old religions, such a motive neither justifies conformity nor gives an adequate account of the forces at work. Their view implies a process of retreat pure and simple on the part of the theologian—a process whereby dogma after dogma is simply disbelieved in, and whereby (if it is continued long enough) all dogma must gradually disappear. Such a view has a natural tendency to religious scepticism. It denies the existence of the germ of belief beneath the rejection of old theological positions. We hold, on the contrary, that there is in the air a real revival of faith, based on a truer view of dogma and dogmatic formulæ, the relation between them, and their real function in the past; that this view does justify conformity to a communion some dogmas of which are accepted in a very different sense from that which has hitherto been current.

(3.) This new analysis includes a theory of development in dogma which justifies the retention of a formula after its meaning has undergone a great change from the meaning attached to it by those who first framed it. This theory has been stated in two ways, by Sabatier and by Newman, from the Protestant and Catholic points of view respectively.

(a.) Sabatier holds dogmas to be the allegorical expression by men, of religious experiences—notably those of Christ and the Apostles—fashioned in accordance with the culture of the time, place, and persons concerned in formulating them. The primitive dogmas should be gradually replaced by others, which are to be framed by those who have, by adherence to the older formulæ and by leading a Christian life, inherited the spirit and the religious experiences of Christ, and are at the same time abreast with the culture of a new age.

(b.) Newman holds that dogmatic formulæ represent economically transcendental truths confided by God to the Church, just as the ideas conveyed by the senses represent the external world, economically, in a way suited to our practical needs, and not necessarily as it is in itself. Equally with Sabatier he holds that the language used in the formulæ was that supplied by the culture of the time and place at which they were framed. But he would entrust the task of their evolution, not, as Sabatier would, to the modern Christian scientist, but to the gradual working of the organization of the Church, as acted on by advancing secular culture. And the mode of operation would include a stationary principle as well as a principle of progression. Where the dogmas do not touch matters cognizable by science or history, the formulæ and their explanations must remain practically unchanged—not because God could not better express his own truth, but because man cannot sufficiently



ciently grasp divine truth to reform its expression. In such cases faith asserts an absolute supremacy over reason, and apparent contradictions are bowed to as mysteries, the solution of which is beyond us.

But where dogmas are connected with matters knowable by science and secular history, Newman as well as Sabatier would admit that theology may be corrected, and that the correction may appear to change the dogma, because the dogma and its erroneous application to history or science have been hitherto regarded as one. But in place of leaving this process of correction simply to secular culture, Newman would entrust it to an exhaustive process in which the men of science of the time and the Church, as guardians of the different classes of truths concerned, should thoroughly sift the matter, the Church relinquishing the old interpretations only when it is absolutely clear that she does so in deference to scientific discovery and not to the new theory of a specialist. The necessary slowness of this process accounts for the fact that the official theological explanations, which remain in possession, are very far behind the fashionable scientific or critical conclusions of the day. The process has all the cautious rules which delay great legal decisions on which vast issues depend, and in which it is unsafe to trust to the short cuts of genius for fear of the errors of pseudo-genius, to the light of highest insight for fear of the *ignis fatuus* of the visionary. But for the individual who has scientific or critical insight, the retention of the old interpretations in official quarters is justified both by the inevitableness of this *modus operandi*, and by his belief that the Church does ultimately accomplish the difficult task of adjusting its complicated theology to the movement of science. The dogma is accepted in the meantime in the sense of the Church, and that sense is only very gradually and never completely unfolded. Reasonably he may feel impatient for the official explanation to move forward, as we chafe to get a long law-suit decided, where the issues are to us plain enough. In both cases the elaborate reconsideration and the infinite precaution called for where men not necessarily of exceptional genius are deciding questions in which vast interests are at stake, must make official movement lag far behind the best—and sometimes even the second-best—individual conclusions.

Finally the question asked in the title of our article is answered thus: For those who hold the theory of the Evolution of Dogma, whether in Newman's sense or in Sabatier's, conformity to a religious creed would appear to be lawful on the part of those who separate themselves by a considerable interval

interval from the positions accounted orthodox by the framers of the formularies or their official guardians. Such persons believe themselves to have reached a stage in the evolution of dogma which the bulk of the officials of the particular communion have not reached. But for those who regard the explanations of Newman and Sabatier as tantamount to the simple denial of the creeds, or who reject the theory of development and have no other theory separating their position from a negative one, we cannot see in the mere utility of religion any justification for conformity.

Mr. Sidgwick pleads a 'common understanding,' but our argument is this: Either that common understanding assumes a theory of advance and development of dogma, in which case we do admit its sufficiency, while we deny that on such a theory the creeds are simply disbelieved; or the 'common understanding' rests on a really sceptical theory, held in different ways by Bernez and Renan, on the theory that dogma is doomed to disappear, but that it is lawful for reasons of sentiment and utility to adhere to a creed in which you disbelieve. So stated we reject the theory, as Mr. Morley did long ago in his work on 'Compromise.' But we believe that the day now dawning will show that the great religious reaction has more in it of mysticism and less of reasons of state than Mr. Morley supposed; and if so, the light of Christianity may once again recover the lustre which has seemed in the past one hundred and fifty years to have grown dim.

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ART. VI.—*Admiral Duncan.* By the Earl of Camperdown.  
London, 1898.

AS Gerard Hamilton was called 'Single Speech Hamilton,' so Admiral Duncan, the victor of Camperdown, might well be called 'Single Action Duncan.' But the parallel must not be pressed too closely. The parliamentary combatant well equipped for the fray need never wait long for his opportunity. As a rule, he is prompt and even importunate to seize it. The naval commander, on the other hand, cannot make his opportunities. He can only take them when they come. 'His object,' as Nelson said in a pregnant sentence, 'is to embrace the happy moment which now and then offers—it may be this day, not for a month, and perhaps never.' For this his whole life must be a preparation. With an instant readiness to perceive, seize, and improve the happy moment when it comes, he must be content even if it never does come. To many a mute inglorious Nelson it may never come. To Duncan it came at the battle of Camperdown. But it only came when he had been more than fifty years in the service. In this he at once resembles and differs from Hamilton. Each was master of his art. But Hamilton found his opportunity early in life and never sought another, though he might have found them by the score. Opportunity constantly passed Duncan by, and only found him at last when his course was well nigh run. The two were alike in readiness of preparation, but unlike in felicity of opportunity. Hamilton was 'Single Speech Hamilton' by choice; Duncan was 'Single Action Duncan' by necessity. Hamilton lives only in a nickname; Duncan lives in the memory of a splendid victory.

And yet he does not all live. No contemporary biographer thought his life worthy of detailed record, and naval historians have for the most part treated his great victory as an insignificant episode in the vast drama of Napoleonic war—an episode which raised no strategic issues of more than subordinate moment. At last, just a hundred years after the battle of Camperdown was fought and won, the present Earl of Camperdown, the great-grandson of the victor who never himself bore the title which commemorates his victory, has laudably sought to place on record such memorials of his great ancestor as may still be salvaged from the wreck of time. Writing on the hundredth anniversary of the battle which Duncan won, Lord Camperdown says:—

'Just one hundred years have passed since the sea fight off Camperdown on October 11, 1797, which decided the fate of the Dutch Navy; and a Centenary seems a not inopportune moment to place on record  
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some incidents in the life and naval career of Admiral Duncan which have hitherto remained unpublished.

'He had the honour to be one of the great Sea Commanders whom the perils of Great Britain in the eighteenth century called into existence. Boscawen, Hawke, Keppel, Howe, Rodney, Hood, St. Vincent, Nelson, Collingwood, were of the number. Of all these famous sailors there are written memorials, which will keep their memory green as long as there is a British Empire, and which tell how, in the eighteenth century, superior seamanship and daring time after time ward off and finally brought to naught combinations of Great Britain's enemies which seemed irresistible.'

It is no longer possible to write such a life of Duncan as Southey, still quivering with the emotions of a great national struggle, wrote of Nelson at the beginning of the century, or as Captain Mahan has written at its close, availing himself of all the materials which an abiding interest in the most romantic and most brilliant of naval careers has amassed in such profusion. Nor does the subject demand a treatment either so classical or so exhaustive. Duncan was not a Nelson. He lacked that dæmonic force of genius, that magnetic charm of personality which made Nelson unique. But he was a great seaman, and he lived in an age of great seamen. He entered the Navy in the year of Culloden and died the year before Trafalgar. He was Keppel's pupil and afterwards his favourite captain. 'He may truly be said to have received his professional education in Keppel's school, having served under him in the several ranks of midshipman, third, second, and first lieutenant, flag and post captain; indeed, with the exception of a short time with Captain Barrington, he had no other Commander during the Seven Years' War.'

At different times he served under Boscawen, Hawke, Rodney, and Howe. Jervis was his contemporary and friend. Nelson himself wrote after the battle of the Nile that he had 'profited by his example,' and a close resemblance may be traced between the mode of attack adopted by Duncan at Camperdown and that adopted by Nelson at Trafalgar. But though he lived in an age of war and fought in many a famous fight, his record reached no heroic level until his opportunity came at last after fifty years of service. Yet, little as we now can know of the details of his youthful years, it is plain from that little that whenever his opportunity had come he would have been equal to it. It is certain that quite early in his career he acquired a reputation for courage and coolness; and 'there is a tradition,' says his biographer, 'that he was always first to volunteer for the boats or to lead the boarders.' After Camperdown a blue-jacket



jacket wrote home to his father: 'They say as how they are going to make a Lord of our Admiral. They can't make too much of him. He is heart of oak; he is a seaman every inch of him, and as to a bit of a broadside, it only makes the old cock young again.' Many anecdotes attest his skill as a seaman, and one in particular deserves to be quoted as showing what seamanship meant in those days:—

'The "Monarch" was a notoriously indifferent sailer, and uncoppered when Duncan commanded her; and yet he was able in sailing to hold his own with ships far superior to her, in Rodney's action with Langara off Cape St. Vincent in 1780, and on other occasions. As an instance of her smartness, his nephew, Mr. Haldane, has narrated how on one occasion, when pursuing some French men-of-war, "the 'Monarch,' outsailing the rest of the Squadron, got into the midst of a Convoy, and her discipline was such that boats were let down on each side without swamping, filled with armed crews to take possession of the prizes, whilst the 'Monarch' never slackened her speed, but with studding sails set, bore down on the flying ships of war."'

There is evidence too to show that, like all great sea-captains, from Drake to Nelson, Duncan possessed the rare instinct for war which never lets an opportunity slip, is never daunted by mere numbers, and knows when to yield to what Captain Mahan calls 'an inspired blindness which at the moment of decisive action sees not the risks but the one only road to possible victory.' Perhaps no campaign in which a British fleet has ever engaged is a finer touchstone of this instinct than that which ended so ingloriously when Sir Charles Hardy retreated up the Channel before D'Orvilliers in 1779. Lord Camperdown briefly describes it and Duncan's share in it as follows:—

'During the summer of 1779 the "Monarch" was attached to the Channel Fleet, now under the command of Sir Charles Hardy owing to the resignation of Admiral Keppel.

'Spain had declared war in the month of June, and on July 9 it was announced by Royal Proclamation that an invasion by a combined French and Spanish force was to be apprehended.

'The French fleet sailing from Brest under Count D'Orvilliers was permitted without opposition to unite with the Spanish fleet under Don Luis de Cordova, and on August 16 sixty-six sail of the line were off Plymouth. The Channel Fleet had missed them, and was to the south-west of Scilly.

'In the Channel Fleet were men who were burning to engage the enemy. Captain Jervis in the "Foudroyant" wrote to his sister:

"August 24, twenty leagues south-west of Scilly.

"A long easterly wind has prevented our getting into the Channel, to measure with the combined fleets. What a humiliating state

state is our country reduced to! Not that I have the smallest doubt of clearing the coast of these proud invaders. The first westerly wind will carry us into the combined fleets. . . . I and all around me have the fullest confidence of success and of acquiring immortal reputation."

'On August 29 a strong easterly wind forced the combined fleets down the Channel, and on September 1 they found themselves in presence of the British Fleet a few miles from the Eddystone.

'Sir Charles Hardy had only thirty-eight ships, and deciding that it would be imprudent to risk an engagement, he retreated up the Channel, and on September 3 anchored at Spithead, much to the disgust of some of his officers. Captain Jervis, who in the "*Foudroyant*" was second astern of Sir Charles Hardy in the '*Victory*,' wrote: "I am in the most humbled state of mind I ever experienced, from the retreat we have made before the combined fleets all yesterday and all this morning."

'Captain Duncan told his nephew of his own impotent indignation and shame, and how he could "only stand looking over the stern gallery of the '*Monarch*.'"

'This was probably the only occasion on which either of those officers retreated before an enemy. The fundamental article of their nautical creed was that an enemy when once encountered must not be permitted to part company without an action. From this line of conduct neither of them willingly ever deviated one hair's-breadth. It is safe to assert that if either had on that day been in a position to give orders to the Channel Fleet a larger Cape St. Vincent or a larger Camperdown would have been fought off Scilly, though not impossibly with a different result. If, however, the "*Foudroyant*" and the "*Monarch*" had been sunk, it is certain from their record that French and Spanish ships would have gone down as well, and that even if the combined fleets had come off victorious, their condition would have been such as to give England no cause for apprehension on the score of invasion.

'As events happened, the combined fleets held for some weeks undisputed command of the Channel, but, happily for Great Britain, neglected to make any use of their advantage. The Spaniards wished to effect a landing; the French wished before landing to defeat the British fleet. The crews became sickly; the ships were defective, and the season for equinoctial gales was at hand. The Spanish commander declared to Count D'Orvilliers that he must relinquish the present enterprise and return to the ports of his own country; and the French admiral had no other course open to him but to acquiesce and to retire to Brest.'

This critical episode in our naval history has perhaps never been quite adequately appreciated. The odds were tremendous—thirty-eight British ships of the line against sixty-six in the combined French and Spanish fleets—far greater odds than Nelson encountered when he attacked thirty-three ships of the line



line with twenty-three at Trafalgar. Admiral Colomb thinks that 'the only reasonable strategy for Sir Charles Hardy was that adopted so long before by Lord Torrington, a policy of observation and threatening; and such a policy would have left the British fleet at St. Helen's with abundant scouts . . . to give the earliest information of the enemy's approach.' But Hardy adopted neither Torrington's strategy nor that of his critics. For nearly the whole of the month of August he cruised aimlessly in the Soundings—as the region between Ushant and Scilly, known as 'the Sleeve' to Elizabethan seamen, was then called—leaving D'Orvilliers to the eastward with the whole of the Channel open to him, though he was by no means in 'undisputed command' of it. More by good luck than by any skill in tactics or the pursuit of any strategic purpose that can now be discerned, Hardy managed, towards the end of the month, to get to the eastward of an antagonist apparently as supine or else as incapable as himself; and, though the fleets were now in contact, his one thought was retreat. On the evening of September 3rd he anchored in comparative safety at Spithead.

These proceedings are quite unintelligible. If Hardy did not intend to risk an action except on his own terms, he never should have been in the Soundings at all. On the other hand D'Orvilliers' proceedings seem to have been equally inept, and can only be explained by supposing that his fleet was paralyzed by sickness, by ill-equipment, and by divided counsels. Now what would Nelson have done in such a case? He was, says Captain Mahan, 'a man with whom moral effect was never in excess of the facts of the case, whose imagination produced in him no paralysing picture of remote contingencies.' Shortly before Trafalgar 'he expressed with the utmost decision his clear appreciation that even a lost battle would frustrate the ulterior objects of the enemy, by crippling the force upon which they depended.' Torrington, we know, would have temporized. He would never have gone to the Soundings. Before all things he would have striven to keep his fleet 'in being.' 'Whilst we observe the French,' he said, 'they cannot make any attempt on ships or shore without running a great hazard; and if we are beaten all is exposed to their mercy.' To have gone to the Soundings would have been to put himself, as Howard of Effingham said on a like occasion, 'clean out of the way of any service against' the enemy. He would rather have placed himself where he could best observe the enemy's movements, and would at any rate have taken care never to lose touch of them. This is no doubt the correct strategy of  
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the situation, and had Hardy adopted it none could have blamed him. But it is not necessarily the strategy that would have commended itself to a consummate master of naval war. Nelson would not have been daunted by the mere disparity of numbers. When with eleven ships of the line only he was following Villeneuve back from the West Indies, he said to his captains :—

‘I am thankful that the enemy have been driven from the West India Islands with so little loss to our Country. I had made up my mind to great sacrifices; for I had determined, notwithstanding his vast superiority, to stop his career, and to put it out of his power to do any further mischief. Yet do not imagine I am one of those hot-brained people who fight at immense disadvantage without an adequate object. My object is partly gained. If we meet them we shall find them not less than eighteen, I rather think twenty sail of the line, and therefore do not be surprised if I should not fall on them immediately: we won’t part without a battle. I think they will be glad to leave me alone, if I will let them alone; which I will do, either till we approach the shores of Europe, or they give me an advantage too tempting to be resisted.’

In these memorable words the strategy of Torrington is transfigured, but not superseded, by the genius of Nelson. Had he been in Hardy’s place Nelson, we may be sure, would never have gone to the Soundings; he would have observed and threatened, as Admiral Colomb says; he would not have ‘fought at a great disadvantage without an adequate object,’ as Nottingham insisted on Torrington’s doing; but he would not have parted without a battle. Had he found D’Orvilliers inclined to ‘let him alone,’ that would have been his reason for not letting D’Orvilliers alone. He would have seen at once that D’Orvilliers’ obvious reluctance to risk a decisive engagement, notwithstanding his vast superiority, was just the reason why he on his side should seize an advantage too tempting to be resisted. He might not know what D’Orvilliers’ precise reasons were for not risking an engagement; but his unerring instinct for war and its opportunities would have told him that this was just one of the occasions on which he might make great sacrifices in order to stop his adversary’s career, and ‘put it out of his power to do any further mischief.’

It is indeed hardly possible to doubt that had Nelson been in Hardy’s place the defeat of D’Orvilliers would have been as crushing as that of the Armada. So much is clear from the general character of the situation viewed in the light of Nelson’s recorded opinions. The conclusion is confirmed and rendered practically certain by the known attitude of Jervis and Duncan.

Both



Both were prepared to fight against the odds that had daunted their chief, and both were confident of victory. Both must have satisfied themselves that D'Orvilliers had no stomach for fighting, and each must have felt that that was the best reason for attempting, at all hazards, out of the nettle danger to pluck the flower safety. Lord North said afterwards in the House of Commons that 'had Sir Charles Hardy known then, as he did afterwards, the internal state of the combined fleet, he would have wished and earnestly sought an engagement, notwithstanding his inferiority of force.' Hardy knew this only when it was too late. Jervis and Duncan knew it or divined it at the time. Nelson's spirit was theirs, and they had not served under Hawke for nothing. The man who wins in battle, said Napoleon, is the man who is last afraid. 'Bene ausus vana contemnere,' as Livy says of Alexander's conquest of Darius, is the eternal secret of triumphant war. This is the temper that wins great victories, and may even defy overwhelming odds. Jervis had it, and it won him his famous victory at St. Vincent, where he fearlessly attacked and vanquished twenty-seven Spanish ships with fifteen British, because, as he said, 'a victory is very essential to England at this moment.' Duncan showed it at the Texel when, as a modern writer sings:—

'Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,  
Duncan he had but two;  
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,  
And his colours aloft he flew.  
"I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,  
"And I'll sink with a right good will:  
For I know when we're all of us under the tide,  
My flag will be fluttering still."'

Such a man was Duncan in those earlier days of which no full record can now be recovered. We see how skilfully he could handle his ship as a captain, how soundly he could estimate a situation as critical as British naval history presents. In person 'he was of size and strength almost gigantic. He is described as six feet four in height, and of corresponding breadth. When a young lieutenant walking through the streets of Chatham, his grand figure and handsome face attracted crowds of admirers, and to the last he is spoken of as a singularly handsome man.' His bodily strength was effectively displayed on a memorable occasion during the mutiny:—

'On May 13 there was a serious rising on board the "Adamant." The Admiral proceeded on board, hoisted his flag, and mustered the ship's company. "My Lads," he said, "I am not in the smallest degree apprehensive of any violent measures you may  
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contemplation; and though I assure you I would much rather acquire your love than incur your fear, I will with my own hand put to death the first man who shall display the slightest signs of rebellious conduct." He then demanded to know if there was any individual who presumed to dispute his authority or that of the officers. A man came forward and said insolently, "I do." The Admiral immediately seized him by the collar and thrust him over the side of the ship, where he held him suspended by one arm, and said "My Lads, look at this fellow, he who dares to deprive me of the command of the fleet."

But in spite of these great qualities, well known to his comrades and superiors and not unknown to his countrymen at large, Duncan never came to the front until towards the close of his career. He became a captain in 1761, when he was only thirty years of age, and was promoted to flag rank twenty-six years later, in 1787. Of these twenty-six years more than half were spent upon half-pay. Even after he became an admiral he had to endure another period of inactivity, lasting for eight years, until his appointment in 1795 to the command of the North Sea fleet. Political sympathies and antipathies may have had something to do with this, for in those days a man often obtained employment in the Navy, not on account of his professional fitness, but in virtue of his political influence and complexion. But though Duncan belonged to a Whig family and inclined to Whig principles, he 'never at any time in his life took any active part in politics,' and his close association with Keppel's fortunes does not seem to have injured his professional prospects. The truth seems to be, as Lord Camperdown acknowledges, that the alternations of peace and war, of rapid and slow promotion, of frequent and infrequent employment, occurred in Duncan's career not favourably for his advancement:—

'It was his ill-luck to be born at the wrong time for advancement as a captain. As a lieutenant he came in for the Seven Years' War, and took every advantage of his opportunities, but he became a captain just before the peace of 1763, and had only had time for the expeditions to Belle-isle and the Havannah.'

The years which followed his promotion to flag rank—were likewise years of peace; and a junior rear-admiral could hardly expect a command under such circumstances. Nor does it seem that he would have fared better if he had been born ten or fifteen years sooner or later. If he had been a captain early in the Seven Years' War, he would have had nothing to do as an admiral. If he had entered the service at the end of the Seven Years' War he would have had no opportunity of making himself a name as a lieutenant.'

Thus



Thus the early promotions of the last century, which naval officers of these days sometimes regard with envy, were no guarantee of a distinguished career. Duncan was a captain at thirty, but he became an admiral only at fifty-six, and he never commanded a fleet at sea until he was sixty-four. The only advantage he had over officers of the present day is that 'the blind Fury' of compulsory retirement never came 'with th' abhorred shears and slit the thin-spun life' of his active service. In these days Duncan would have been retired as a captain a year before he was promoted to flag-rank. As a rear-admiral or as a flag-officer who had not hoisted his flag he would again have been retired four years before he took command of the North Sea fleet. Even as a vice-admiral in command of that fleet he would have been retired a year before the battle of Camperdown was fought. Compulsory retirement is no doubt a necessity, especially in time of peace, but it is not always an advantage.

Duncan has been called, not without reason, one of the 'suppressed characters' of naval history. There is another 'suppressed character' with whom his name is closely and most honourably associated. Perhaps no man's share in the overthrow of Napoleon and the triumph of British naval arms has been less adequately appreciated by historians in general than that of the second Earl Spencer, Pitt's First Lord of the Admiralty from 1794 to 1801. Assuming office shortly after Howe's victory of the 1st of June, Lord Spencer remained First Lord of the Admiralty until Pitt resigned at the beginning of the first year of the century. In this period the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore were encountered and composed—we can hardly call them suppressed—and the victories of St. Vincent, Camperdown, and the Nile were won. But this was perhaps as much Spencer's fortune as his merit. His true glory consists in his admirable devotion to the affairs of the navy, in the insight, judgment, and tact with which he selected and supported such men as St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson. Some of his own letters are preserved in the correspondence of Nelson and some in the papers of Duncan. But unfortunately the bulk of his private correspondence with these and other great naval heroes was destroyed by accident at Althorp, and thus the world has been deprived of an authentic and detailed record of his administration, though students of naval history will find in the materials we have indicated abundant evidence of its quality. Nor will they fail to appreciate the part played by his gifted wife in furthering the triumphs of his administration. A leader and queen of society, fascinating, generous, and nobly impulsive, Lady Spencer knew how to

second her husband's labours by her rare gift of sympathy without ever attempting to usurp his responsibilities. Her ecstatic letter to Nelson congratulating him on his triumph at the Nile is well known. It has passed into the literature of the battle. Lord Camperdown enables us to compare it with the letter she wrote to Duncan after the battle of Camperdown, and from the comparison to draw the inference, sustained by other letters from the same pen, that no First Lord of the Admiralty was ever happier in the generous sympathies of a wife who knew so well how to touch a sailor's heart :—

‘What shall I say to you my dear and victorious Admiral? Where shall I find words to convey to you the slightest idea of the enthusiasm created by your glorious, splendid, and memorable achievements? Not in the English Language; and no other is worthy of being used upon so truly British an exploit. As an English woman, as an Irish woman, as Lord Spencer's wife, I can not express to you my grateful feelings. But amongst the number of delightful sensations which crowd upon me since Friday last, surprise is not included. The man who has struggled thro' all the difficulties of everlasting N. Sea Cruizes, of hardships of every kind, of storms, of cold, of perpetual disappointments, without a murmur, without a regret, and lastly who most unprecedentedly braved an enemy's fleet of sixteen or twenty sail of the line, with only two Men of War in a state of mutiny to oppose them: *That Man*, acquiring the honour and glory you have done on the 11 of October did not surprize me. But greatly have you been rewarded for your past sufferings. Never will a fairer fame descend to posterity than yours, and the gratitude of a great nation must give you feelings which will thaw away all that remains of your Northern mists and miseries. God, who allowed you to reap so glorious an harvest of honour and glory, who rewarded your well borne toils by such extraordinary success, keep you safe and well to enjoy for many years the fame He enabled you to acquire on this most distinguished occasion.

‘Ever yours with gratitude and esteem,

‘LAVINIA SPENCER.’

If we except Professor Laughton, whose notice of Lord Spencer in the ‘Dictionary of National Biography’ only anticipated by a few weeks the publication of Lord Camperdown's volume, Lord Camperdown is perhaps the first writer to recognize the full splendour of Lord Spencer's services and to do tardy justice to his memory. We owe it to both to extract the following just and graceful tribute :—

‘It is not possible to allow Lord Spencer to pass off the scene without a word of tribute to his administration. When he became First Lord of the Admiralty he found the Navy sunk in disorder and neglect, and among the Officers a want of confidence in the



the Administration at home. He succeeded in selecting capable Admirals for every command, with all of whom he by incessant labour maintained intimate and constant relations. He was full of energy and ideas. If he did not always appreciate and realize so fully as they did through their experience the defects of the ships under their command, both in number and quality, he did the best that he could in the way of apportioning and manipulating the forces which were at his disposal, while he never ceased to urge the necessity of an energetic and vigorous policy, and to express his conviction that the British Fleets would prove victorious. All the Admirals felt confidence in him, as their memoirs and letters show, and at the time of his resignation the Navy was animated by a splendid spirit, and contained a large number of Officers whose names afterwards became household words. He performed a great service to his country, which ought always to be kept in remembrance. To use Lady Spencer's eloquent words, "England, Ireland, and India were all saved by victories won during his term of office," and in no inconsiderable degree through his means. Taking his administration and policy as a whole, he did as much as any man—perhaps more than any one man—to ruin the fortunes of Napoleon upon the ocean.'

It was to Lord Spencer's sagacity that the country owed Duncan's appointment to the command in the North Sea. It is recorded that 'in going over the list of Admirals with Mr. Henry Dundas, Lord Spencer said "What can be the reason that 'Keppel's Duncan' has never been brought forward?" Upon this Mr. Dundas said that he thought he would like employment, and added that he had married his niece. The same night he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in the North Sea.' The story is characteristic. Very likely Dundas's recommendation of his niece's husband turned the scale; but he owed at least that much to his kinsman, for before the marriage he had pledged his niece never, directly or indirectly, to use any influence to induce Duncan to give up his profession, and she had faithfully kept the pledge—no difficult task perhaps in the case of a husband so wedded to the sea. In any case it is clear, however, that Spencer had his eye on Duncan before he was made aware of Dundas's interest in him, and certainly no appointment did greater credit to his insight.

Duncan's position was a very difficult one from first to last. The North Sea was no established station for a British fleet. It was improvised for the occasion when Holland fell under the sway of Napoleon and the Dutch fleet became an important factor in the European conflict. As was the station so was the fleet. It was necessary to blockade the Texel, but it was not possible to tell off a fully organized and well equipped fleet for

the purpose. Duncan had to take such ships as he could get, and such as he had were constantly ordered about by the Admiralty on detached or independent service without so much as consulting him beforehand. A letter from Sir Charles Middleton—afterwards that Lord Barham who fortunately for his own fame and his country's welfare was First Lord of the Admiralty at the close of the Trafalgar campaign—well serves to illustrate the situation. In August 1795 he wrote:—

‘My own wish is to have your force very strong, but I plainly perceive from the many irons we have in the fire that I shall be overruled. The same cause obliges us to employ your frigates on many extra services, and which I have charged the secretary to acquaint you with as often as it happens; but necessary as this information is for your guidance I am afraid it is often forgot.’

Several letters from Lord Spencer himself are to the same effect, and though very few of Duncan's own letters are preserved it is plain that the difficulties of the situation weighed heavily upon him. At various times during his command he had a large Russian squadron under his orders. The Russian ships were however unfit for winter cruising, and therefore, during the worst season of the year, the brunt of the blockade often fell upon Duncan's attenuated and overworked squadron. Moreover, the presence of the Russian ships was not without its embarrassments. He had no very high opinion of their quality, and on two occasions at least he went so far as to protest against his being expected to go to sea with Russian ships alone under his command, his own ships being employed on various detached services. In November 1795 he wrote to Lord Spencer:—

‘I never could see any reason for the Russian fleet being detained for the winter, but to be ready early in the spring, and it always was my opinion that they were unfit for winter cruising. Now, as to myself, I will say what I once did before: I am the first British Admiral that ever was ordered on service with foreigners only, and I must beg further to say I shall look upon it as an indignity if some British ships are not directed to attend me.’

It is significant of much that a man of Duncan's self-possession and sense of discipline should write in this strain. He was not the man to complain needlessly, and his tact, patience, and good sense had reduced to a *minimum* the friction that inevitably attends the co-operation of allied fleets; but he felt that a great charge had been entrusted to him, and that the means with which he was furnished were inadequate to enable him to satisfy the country's expectations. But in spite of an  
occasional



occasional complaint, which was assuredly not ill-founded, his whole attitude was that which Torrington long ago expressed in words which the British Navy has often so splendidly justified: 'My Lord, I know my business and will do the best with what I have.' On the other hand, it may fairly be held that had a Byng, a Hardy, or a Calder been in Duncan's place the country might have had to rue a very different issue to the campaign in the North Sea. Opinions may differ as to the quality and temper of the Dutch fleet. But the quality of any fleet which is preparing to take the sea cannot prudently be taken by its enemy at any estimate but a high one. The war was in its early stages, its area was widening, the contagion of the French Revolution was fast spreading beyond the borders of France, and in the spring of 1795 an alliance was concluded between the French and Batavian Republics, by which it was agreed that Holland should aid France with twelve ships of the line and eighteen frigates, as well as with half the Dutch troops under arms. This was no insignificant addition to the naval forces of a Power, which since the beginning of the war, had only once crossed swords with England in a fleet action at sea, and then, though defeated, had not been overpowered. The 'glorious victory' of the First of June acquired that honourable epithet partly from the brilliant results immediately attained by it—the two sides were fairly matched at the outset and Lord Howe captured six French ships of the line—but still more perhaps from the fact that it was the first naval victory of a war which had then lasted more than a year. Though a decisive tactical victory, it was, in a strategic sense, of little moment. Villaret's fleet was not destroyed—as it might have been had not Montagu's squadron been injudiciously detached from Lord Howe's flag—and the great convoy which was coming across the Atlantic to the relief of Brest was not intercepted. In a strategic sense, in fact, Villaret had outmanœuvred his adversary. Robespierre had told him that if the convoy was captured his head should pay the penalty. He lost the battle but he saved the convoy and saved his head. Lord Howe missed the main object for which he had manœuvred and fought.

This was in 1794. A year later the French obtained strategic control of twelve Dutch ships of the line, twice the number they had lost in Lord Howe's action, and the theatre of war was enlarged by the inclusion of the North Sea. The scenes were now setting for the great drama which ended at Trafalgar, but no one could tell as yet where its main episodes would be enacted, nor who were the actors cast for its leading parts.

parts. Near at hand, in the north, Duncan was establishing that firm grip on the Texel which, notwithstanding his slender and fortuitous forces, in spite of the mutiny, and through all the vicissitudes of season, wind, and storm, was never relaxed until the Dutch fleet was defeated off Camperdown, and the Texel itself, together with all that remained of the Dutch fleet, was surrendered in 1799. Far away in the south Hotham was vainly striving to vanquish the fleet which Hood had failed to destroy at Toulon, and Nelson, still a captain, was chafing bitterly at his chief's repeated failure to do what he knew he could have done himself. Midway in the Atlantic Bridport was showing by his action with Villaret off Île Groix that he at least was not the coming man.

Such was the situation in 1795. There were three fleets of the enemy, at the Texel, at Brest, and at Toulon, to be watched, encountered, and if possible destroyed, and Duncan, Bridport, and Hotham were the three men on whom, for the time, the fate of England depended. Bridport and Hotham each had his opportunity and missed it. Duncan alone remained steadfast to the end, waited for his opportunity, and seized it. Historians, wise after the event, have chosen to assume that Duncan's position was the least important of the three, but at the time no man could have foretold at which point the stress of conflict was likely to be felt most urgently. From the Texel a fleet and an expedition might have issued, and could they have evaded Duncan's watch they might have gained the open either for a descent on Ireland, or for some combination with the other forces of the enemy. From Brest, as we know, a year after Bridport had failed to destroy Villaret at Île Groix, a fleet and expedition did issue, and evading Bridport's watch, effected the descent upon Ireland, which might have succeeded for anything that Bridport did to prevent it. From Toulon, as we also know, long after Hotham had failed to destroy Martin in the Gulf of Lions, a fleet and expedition also issued, which a greater than Hotham finally shattered at the Nile. It needed the untoward fortunes of a Hoche and a Morard de Galles to undo the neglect of Bridport. It needed the splendid genius of Nelson to repair the blunders of Hotham. Duncan neglected no opportunities and made no blunders. He watched the Dutch fleet, fought and defeated it as soon as it put to sea, and compelled its final surrender as soon as troops were sent for a military occupation of the Helder. Yet historians, viewing the whole situation in the light of its final outcome, persist in regarding Duncan's achievement as a mere episode devoid of strategic moment, and in concentrating their whole attention on the



the more central theatre of war. It is true that no fleet of the enemy, whether at the Texel, at Brest, or at Toulon, could compass any of the larger ends of naval war except by defeating the British fleet immediately confronting it. Hoche's expedition failed chiefly through defiance of this inexorable principle. It was an attempt to do by evasion what can only be done with safety and certainty by sea supremacy established beforehand. Napoleon's expedition failed for the same reason. The projected expedition from the Texel must also have failed for the same reason in the end, could it ever have succeeded in setting out. But of the three men charged in 1795 with the safety and fate of England, Duncan alone proved equal to his trust, Bridport and Hotham failed. His name should stand in naval history, not merely as the hero of an isolated and barren victory, but as a seaman of like quality with Jervis and Nelson themselves—rather a Hood than a Howe, and far above the level of the Bridports, the Hothams, the Manns, the Ordes, the Keiths, and the Calders.

Of Jervis he had the dogged persistency of purpose and the stern sense of discipline, without that inflexible austerity which made the discipline of Jervis' squadron a terror to seamen and a byword to captains trained in a laxer school. With Nelson he shared the rare gift of tempering firmness with kindness, of seeking to do by love what men of the mould of Jervis must fain compass by fear. With both he shared that sure grasp of the situation before him and its requirements which more than anything else is the note of a native genius for war. He would make no terms with mutiny. Had he commanded at the Nore the rule of Parker would assuredly have been a brief one. 'I hear,' he wrote, 'that people from the ships at Sheerness go ashore in numbers and play the devil. Why are there not troops to lay hold of them and secure all the boats that come from them? As to the "Sandwich," you should get her cast adrift in the night and let her go on the sands, that the scoundrels may drown; for until some example is made this will not stop.'

This was his attitude towards open mutiny; but he never allowed it to blind him to the fact that the grievances of the seamen were real and serious, and the shortcomings of the Admiralty deplorable. Pitt said that the best service Duncan ever performed for his country was in respect of the mutiny, and no one who reads Lord Camperdown's chapter on the subject can doubt that Pitt was right. The mutiny occurred at the very crisis of the blockade of the Texel, when the Dutch fleet  
adly to sail accompanied by troops, and when, if ever, it  
might

might have sailed with some prospect of success. Duncan was fully informed of what was happening at Spithead and the Nore. He knew very well that the spirit of discontent there displayed was rife throughout the whole navy, that it rested on solid grounds of grievance, and that it might at any moment break out in his own fleet. It did break out, and for some days only two ships of the line recognized the authority of his flag, the remainder going off to join their revolted comrades at the Nore. Yet he never allowed his own flag to be hauled down, and so quickly and thoroughly did he re-establish his personal ascendancy that, although his own ship the 'Venerable' had at the outset shown some alarming signs of disaffection, he was ready, if called upon, to lead it against the mutineers at the Nore, and was assured by his ship's company that they would obey his orders even in that emergency. 'It is with the utmost regret,' they wrote, 'we hear of the proceedings of different ships in the squadron, but sincerely hope their present agrievances will be redressed as soon as possible, as it would appear unnatural for us to unsheath the sword against our brethren, notwithstanding we would wish to show ourselves like men in behalf of our Commander should necessity require.'

A few days later, when Duncan set sail for the Texel, all his ships deserted him but two, his own flagship and the 'Adamant,' both of which, as we have seen, had previously been reduced to obedience by his own personal prowess. Nevertheless, he held on for the Texel without a moment's hesitation, for he knew that the Dutch fleet was ready to sail, that the wind was fair, and that the paralysis which had smitten the British Navy was well known to the enemy. Two or three smaller ships accompanied him, and at least one of these, the 'Circe,' was only kept from open mutiny before the enemy by the splendid fortitude of her captain, who for six days and nights sat back to back on deck with his first lieutenant, 'with a loaded carbine in hand and cocked pistols in their belts, issuing orders to the officers and the few men who remained dutiful.' How Duncan bore himself in this crisis has already been told in Mr. Newbolt's stirring lines, which are really only a metrical paraphrase of the original narrative:—

'When the Admiral found himself off the Texel with only one ship of fifty guns besides his own, he quickly made up his mind what to do. "Vice-Admiral Onslow came on board the 'Venerable' and suggested Leith Roads as a retreat of security against either an attack from the Texel or, what was infinitely more to be dreaded, the return of a detachment of the rebel fleet from the Nore. Admiral  
Duncan



Duncan instantly declined entering into any measure of this kind, and laughingly said they would suppose he wanted to see his wife and family and would charge him with being home-sick." His plan was of a different kind. The great duty with which he was charged was to keep the Texel closed; and, with ships or without ships, that he intended to do. He sent for Captain Hotham of the "*Adamant*" and ordered him to fight her until she sank, as he intended to do with the "*Venerable*." He then mustered the "*Venerable's*" ship's company and told them plainly what lay before them, in an address of which only the substance is preserved; that the "*Venerable*" was to block the Texel, and that "the soundings were such that his flag would continue to fly above the shoal water after the ship and company had disappeared"; and that if she should survive this performance of her duty in Dutch waters, she was then to sail to the North and to reduce "those misguided men" to obedience. The ship's company replied, as was their custom: they said that they understood him and would obey his commands.'

Those misguided men were reduced, however, before Duncan's task at the Texel was accomplished, and his splendid audacity and fortitude were rewarded by the complete success with which the Dutch were hoodwinked and prevented sailing until the crisis was past. He reached the Texel on June 1st. For three days and three nights the wind remained in the eastward, and the two ships' crews were kept at their quarters day and night. Then the wind changed, and reinforcements began to come in. It was not until the crisis was over that the Dutch learnt that two ships alone, the aggrieved but not disloyal remnant of a navy in open mutiny, had been so handled as to make them believe that a superior force of the enemy had been at hand during the whole time that the wind had remained favourable to their enterprise.

'The signals and manœuvres of the Admiral's two ships were recalled to him afterwards by Lieutenant Brodie, who had been present in the "*Rose*" cutter, in a letter written on February 26, 1798. "You passed the Texel in sight of the Dutch Fleet with a Red Flag, Rear Admiral at the Mizzen, this was your First Squadron of two sail of the line: next day you appeared off the Texel with two private ships, the '*Venerable*' and '*Adamant*' with pendants only. This was two English Squadrons by the Dutch account. A few days after we were joined by the '*Russel*' and '*Sanspareil*,' when the wind came Easterly. Then the third Squadron of British ships came under their proper Admiral with Blue at the Main, and anchored in the mouth of the Texel, with four sail of the line, to block up sixteen or eighteen sail of the line, Frigates, etc., in all thirty-seven sail. It was then, my Lord, you confirmed your former manœuvres by throwing out pendants to your ships or imaginary ships in the offing, for the Dutch believed all your Fleet to be there. The

The next day, my Lord, all was confirmed by an American Brig which I was sent to board, coming out of the Texel.—The Master informed me that the Dutchmen positively asserted that the four ships were only come in there for a decoy, and that there was a large Fleet in the offing, as they saw the English Admiral making signals to them the evening he came to an anchor.”

Assuredly the victory of Camperdown itself is no juster title to undying fame than the whole of Duncan's proceedings from the beginning of the mutiny to its close.

‘The advantage of time and place,’ said Drake, ‘in all martial actions is half a victory; which being lost is irrecoverable.’ The Dutch were soon to realize the truth of this pregnant saying. The wind was fair during the crisis of the mutiny, but the troops, though at hand, had not been embarked. By the time they were embarked, early in July, it became foul again, and Wolfe Tone—that stormy petrel of Irish disaffection and French aggression—was on board waiting in vain for a favourable turn. But ‘foul, dead foul’—as Nelson bitterly wrote after Villeneuve's escape from Toulon—it remained. On July 19th Tone writes: ‘Wind foul still’; and on July 26th: ‘I am to-day eighteen days on board, and we have not had eighteen minutes of fair wind.’ Unlike Nelson, who, as Captain Mahan tells us, ‘never trifled with a fair wind or with time,’ the Dutch had lost their opportunity. Perhaps they had not been over keen to seize it, for though the Batavian Republic ruled in Holland, and France guided its counsels, the monarchical party was by no means extinct, and its cause had many supporters in the Dutch fleet. On June 10th a British officer was sent into the Texel under a flag of truce. He was very courteously received and entertained, and reported on his return that the officers whom he had seen ‘expressed their hopes of a speedy peace, and by their conversation appeared very adverse to the war. They, however,’ he added, ‘speak very highly of their force, and they have great confidence in it.’ The wind remained foul, however, and time wore on. Towards the middle of August the Dutch Admiral, De Winter, pointed out to Tone that ‘Duncan's fleet had increased to seventeen sail of the line, and that the Dutch troops, so long pent up on ship-board, had consumed nearly all the provisions. It would be necessary to relinquish the expedition to Ireland.’

The game in fact was up, but Duncan's task was not accomplished. So long as the Dutch fleet lay at the Texel ready for sea it was his duty to watch it, and to fight it, if it ventured out. From the first of June, when he appeared before the Texel with his two ships and outwitted the Dutch by ‘setting on a brag countenance,’



countenance,' as Howard of Effingham said, until September 26, when he was directed by the Admiralty to return to Yarmouth to refit, fill up with stores and provisions, and again proceed with all despatch to his station, he never relaxed his hold, and never gave the Dutchman a chance. At times reinforced from home, only to be weakened again by the withdrawal of ships required by the Admiralty to strengthen Jervis in the Mediterranean, harassed by winds which, though they kept the Dutch in port, constantly drove him to leeward of his station, shattered by violent gales which sorely tried his none too seaworthy ships and constantly interrupted his supply of stores, he held on with a tenacity not unworthy of Nelson off Toulon, or of Cornwallis off Brest.

But like Nelson at Toulon, Duncan was destined by an untoward fate to be away from his station when the moment of crisis came at last. Shortly after he was recalled to Yarmouth by the Admiralty, De Winter was ordered to take the Dutch fleet to sea. All thought of a military expedition to be covered by it had now been abandoned. But the Naval Committee at the Hague appear to have thought that the time had come for attempting to destroy or at least to cripple the hostile fleet which had so long blockaded their ports. De Winter's instructions were dated July 10th, a time when Wolfe Tone was daily expecting a military expedition to set out, under cover of the fleet, for the invasion of Ireland; but their terms would seem to imply that the Dutch plan was the far sounder one of striving to dispose of Duncan before allowing the troops to start. De Winter was instructed to destroy the enemy's fleet if possible; to carefully avoid a battle 'in the case of the enemy's forces being far superior to his own,' but at the same time to bear in mind 'how frequently the Dutch Admirals had maintained the honour of the Dutch Flag, even when the enemy's forces were sometimes superior to theirs'; and 'in the case of an approaching engagement, as far as circumstances permit to try and draw the enemy as near to the harbours of the Republic as will be found possible in conformity with the rules of prudence and strategy.' On October 5th he was ordered to put to sea 'as soon as the wind should be favourable,' and to act in accordance with these instructions.

Admiral Colomb holds that the battle of Camperdown was 'wasteful of naval force, and unmeaning as to any possible advantage to be gained. The Dutch fleet had landed all the troops and abandoned the idea of invasion, so that when it was determined to put to sea in the face of a known superior fleet of British ships, the enterprise was objectless.' The fact of the  
troops

troops having been landed can hardly be held to have militated against the success of De Winter's enterprise, since it is difficult to see how the presence of troops either on board or under the wing of the fighting force could in any way have added to its naval strength. So long as Duncan was, in Elizabethan phrase, 'on the jacks' of De Winter the latter could do nothing, with or without troops, until he had disposed of his adversary. This was what he was sent out to do. He was instructed to 'try and cause as much damage to the enemy as possible,' to fight him if he found him not so superior in strength as to destroy all hope of victory, but in the opposite alternative 'carefully to avoid a battle.' These instructions were, in our judgment, well conceived. They were foiled, not by Duncan's superior force, for on the day of battle the two fleets were approximately equal, but by his superior energy and his brilliant tactical intuition. The issue was by no means fore-ordained. The forces were equal and the Dutch enjoyed the advantage of position which had been contemplated in De Winter's instructions. The object to be attained, the 'possible advantage to be gained,' was the destruction of the fleet which for months had paralysed all his undertakings. Could he have compassed that end it might have been cheaply purchased by almost any sacrifice of naval force which left him master of the field. In war as in love—

'He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
That dares not put it to the touch  
To gain or lose it all.'

But it was not to be. The long conflict between the Dutch and the English at sea was destined to end at Camperdown in the final overthrow of the Dutch. De Winter put to sea on October 7th. Duncan with the main body of his fleet was still at Yarmouth. But some of his ships were on the watch, and by the morning of the 9th he was informed that the Dutch fleet was at sea. At 11 A.M. on that day he wrote to the Admiralty: 'The squadron under my command are unmoored, and I shall put to sea immediately.' The next day he was off the Texel with eleven ships of the line, and found that De Winter had not returned. What followed is best told in his own words:—

'At Nine o'clock in the Morning of the 11th I got Sight of Captain Trollope's Squadron, with Signals flying for an Enemy to Leeward; I immediately bore up, and made the Signal for a general Chace, and soon got Sight of them, forming in a Line on the Larboard Tack to receive us, the wind at N.W. As we approached near I made the Signal for the Squadron to shorten sail, in order to



connect them; soon after I saw the land between Camperdown and Egmont, about Nine Miles to Leeward of the Enemy, and finding there was no Time to be lost in making the Attack, I made the Signal to bear up, break the Enemy's Line, and engage them to Leeward, each Ship her Opponent, by which I got between them and the Land, whither they were fast approaching. My Signals were obeyed with great Promptitude, and Vice-Admiral Onslow, in the "Monarch," bore down on the Enemy's Rear in the most gallant Manner, his Division following his Example; and the Action commenced about Forty Minutes past Twelve o'Clock. The "Venerable" soon got through the Enemy's Line, and I began a close Action, with my Division on their Van, which lasted near Two Hours and a Half, when I observed all the Masts of the Dutch Admiral's Ship to go by the Board; she was, however, defended for some Time in a most gallant Manner; but being overpressed by Numbers, her Colours were struck, and Admiral De Winter was soon brought on Board the "Venerable." On looking around me I observed the Ship bearing the Vice-Admiral's Flag was also dismasted, and had surrendered to Vice-Admiral Onslow; and that many others had likewise struck. Finding we were in Nine Fathoms Water, and not farther than Five Miles from the Land, my Attention was so much taken up in getting the Heads of the disabled Ships off Shore, that I was not able to distinguish the Number of Ships captured; and the Wind having been constantly on the Land since, we have unavoidably been much dispersed, so that I have not been able to gain an exact Account of them, but we have taken Possession of Eight or Nine; more of them had struck, but taking Advantage of the Night, and being so near their own Coast, they succeeded in getting off, and some of them were seen going into the Texel the next Morning.'

Trollope's squadron, together with other reinforcements which joined before the action, brought the two fleets to an equality, but De Winter still had, on the whole, the advantage of position. He was nearing his port and drawing fast inshore, so that any attempt of Duncan to get between him and the land must prove a very hazardous undertaking. To do him justice he made no attempt to escape, but leisurely forming his line as soon as Duncan was sighted he ordered his ships to square their mainyards and awaited the enemy's onslaught. Duncan's ships, on the other hand, were in a very loose and scattered formation, caused by his bold but judicious order for a general chase at an early stage of the proceedings. A general chase signifies that the ships of a squadron no longer preserve their appointed stations, but proceed individually to the attack or pursuit of the enemy, the fastest sailers going to the front. It is a very hazardous proceeding, because it exposes the assailant to the risk of being overpowered in detail, but in certain circumstances it offers

offers the only means of bringing a flying enemy to action, and for this reason its judicious employment is a sure criterion of the tactical capacity of an admiral who resorts to it. Duncan employed it, but countermanded it as soon as he saw that De Winter was awaiting his onslaught. Then he 'made the signal for the squadron to shorten sail in order to connect them,' that is, to recover the order disturbed by the general chase. But while he was reforming his line with the evident intention of attacking in the orthodox fashion, 'each ship,' as he said in his signal, 'to engage her opponent in the enemy's line,' he saw that De Winter was gradually drawing closer and closer to the land, so that unless he acted promptly, and without waiting for his line to be accurately formed, he would lose the opportunity of getting inshore of the enemy and cutting off his retreat by forcing him out to sea. Accordingly, as Professor Laughton puts it, 'without waiting for the ships astern to come up, without waiting to form line of battle, and with the fleet in very irregular order of sailing, . . . he made the signal to pass through the enemy's line and engage to leeward.' Some of his captains were not a little perplexed by the rapid succession of apparently inconsistent signals. One of them threw the signal book on the deck, and 'exclaimed in broad Scotch: "D——," &c. &c. "Up wi' the hel-lem and gang into the middle o't!"' This was exactly what Duncan meant and wanted. With such followers, a leader so bold, so prompt, and so sagacious might make certain of victory. De Winter afterwards acknowledged to Duncan himself that he was undone by his adversaries' finely calculated but wholly unconventional impetuosity. 'Your not waiting to form line ruined me: if I had got nearer to the shore and you had attacked I should probably have drawn both fleets on it, and it would have been a victory to me, being on my own coast.'

The Dutch fought gallantly, but all in vain. Duncan's onslaught was irresistible, and its method was an inspiration which places him in the front rank of naval commanders. Had he waited to form his line with precision, De Winter might have given him the slip. Had he fought in the orthodox fashion, not yet abandoned in principle, though discarded with signal effect by Rodney at the battle of the Saints, he might have fought a brilliant action, but could hardly have achieved a decisive victory. De Winter, like Brueys at the Nile, never dreamt that his assailant would venture into the narrow and treacherous waters between his own line and the land. Like Villeneuve at Trafalgar, he had a safe port under his lee, and, more fortunate than Villeneuve, he had a lee shore close at hand.



hand. Manifestly his purpose was to make a running fight of it, without surrendering either of these advantages. The only way to defeat this purpose was to break through his line and to attack him from to leeward. There was no time to be lost, and at best the operation was full of hazard, for at the close of the action the British ships were in nine fathoms of water, and not more than five miles from the shore. Even with ample sea room the operation would have been novel, opposed to the tradition of the service, disallowed by the prescription of the 'Fighting Instructions,' and sanctioned by no recent precedent save that of Rodney at the Saints. In the actual conditions of wind, land, and soundings it was bold beyond example. But its boldness was reasoned and calculated, based on a clear grasp of the situation. The manifold disadvantages of the attack from to windward, especially when associated with the traditional British respect for the formal line of battle, had been forcibly pointed out by John Clerk, of Eldin, 'that celebrated apple of naval discord,' as Lord Camperdown aptly calls him. Duncan possessed a copy of Clerk's famous work, and to all appearance had studied it carefully. Yet the naval tradition was still so strong that, in spite of Clerk's teaching, it would seem that, had time permitted, he would have formed his line to windward and attacked in the orthodox fashion. But as soon as he saw that this might enable the enemy to escape he resolved at once to throw tradition to the winds and to attack in the only way that could make the action decisive.

Duncan's intuition was as rapid as was that of Nelson a few months before at St. Vincent—a like touch of that 'inspired blindness which at the moment of decisive action sees not the risks but the one only road to possible victory.' It is instructive to note and contrast the comments of Jervis on the two cases. Of the battle of St. Vincent and Nelson's share in it, Captain Mahan records that 'in the evening, while talking over the events of the day, Calder spoke of Nelson's wearing out of the line as an unauthorized departure from the method of attack prescribed by the admiral. "It certainly was so," replied Jervis, "and if ever you commit such a breach of your orders, I will forgive you also."' But of Duncan's action and its method St. Vincent wrote, 'Lord Duncan's action was fought pell-mell (without plan or system); he was a gallant officer (but had no idea of tactics, and being soon puzzled by them), and attacked without attention to form or order, trusting that the brave example he set would achieve his object, which it did completely.' Thus was judgment of the quarterdeck superseded by the formalism

formalism of the desk. There is a touch of littleness about this criticism of Duncan by his old comrade in arms which contrasts painfully with the large generosity of the rebuke to Calder. Duncan's inattention to form and order was the calculated means to an end clearly perceived, instantly pursued, and triumphantly attained. It was not the puzzle-headed impetuosity of the captain who shouted, 'Up wi' the hel-lem and gang into the middle o't!' It was the sure insight and splendid intrepidity of a commander who sees the only way to victory and takes it at all risks.

Eleven ships of the enemy surrendered to the victors, but of these two were lost at sea and a third was driven on shore and recaptured. The remainder, with the whole of Duncan's fleet, notwithstanding the serious damage the ships had sustained in their hulls, were brought safely into port, although for several days the wind continued to blow on to the Dutch coast, and the leeshore was only avoided with great difficulty. On October 15th Duncan, in the 'Venerable,' anchored off Orfordness, the ship 'being so leaky that with all her pumps going we could just keep her free.' On the same day he effectively, though quite undesignedly, disposed of St. Vincent's criticism beforehand in a letter to his kinsman, the Lord Advocate:—

'We were obliged, from being so near the land, to be rather rash in our attack, by which we suffered more. Had we been ten leagues at sea none would have escaped. Many, I am sure, had surrendered, that got off in the night, being so near shore. We were much galled by their frigates where we could not act. In short, I feel perfectly satisfied. All was done that could be done. None have any fault to find.'

We have said that Hotham in the Mediterranean and Bridport in the Channel were charged with exactly the same duty as was imposed on Duncan in the North Sea. Perhaps the best way to appreciate the brilliancy of his performance is to compare it with theirs. Hotham might have anticipated the Nile. Bridport ought to have destroyed Villaret and saved Ireland from Hoche. Duncan waited more than two years for his opportunity, he never relaxed his grip even at the height of the mutiny, and when at last the enemy ventured to sea, he pounced upon him at once and destroyed him. Well might Lady Spencer write as she did a year later to St. Vincent after the battle of the Nile:—

'I am sure it must be needless to attempt expressing to your Lordship my delight at the recollection of the last eighteen months. Lord Spencer's naval administration has witnessed during that period three victories, which, since naval records have been kept in this or any other country, are not to be equalled. Your magnificence



ment saved this Country ; Lord Duncan's saved Ireland ; and I must hope Lord Nelson's saves India.'

In that illustrious but not unmerited association we may well leave Duncan's name and fame to the tardy appreciation of his countrymen and of history. Nor can we part more impressively with a personality remarkable alike for nobility of presence and for splendour of achievement than by quoting a contemporary account of Duncan's conversation and demeanour at a banquet given on the first anniversary of Camperdown to celebrate the victory of the Nile :—

'I used the opportunity his affability afforded me, to enquire some particulars of his own state of feeling before and after the Action. He said he went upon deck about six o'clock, having had as sound a night's rest as ever he enjoyed in the whole course of his life. The morning was brilliant, with a brisk gale ; and he added that he never remembered to have been exalted by so exhilarating a sensation as the sight of the two Fleets afforded him. He said, however, that the cares of his duties were too onerous to allow him to think of himself ; his whole mind was absorbed in observing and in meeting the occasion by orders ; all other feelings were lost in the necessity of action.

'The night after the Battle he never closed his eyes—his thoughts were still tossing in the turmoil through which he had passed ; but his most constant reflection was a profound thankfulness to God for the event of the engagement.

'All this was said in so perfectly natural a tone, and with a manner so simple, that its truth was impressed at once, together with veneration for a man who could regard thus humbly an event in which much of human life had been sacrificed, so much of personal honour and so much of national glory and advantage attained. . . .

'When the moment arrived for the departure of Lord Duncan he rose slowly from his seat, drew himself up to his full height, and in a few simple words announced that he must take his leave. A dead silence ensued. He turned to the Russian Admiral, and folding his vast arms round him, expressed his farewell in this solemn embrace. It was then that the voices of his companions in arms broke forth, and he was saluted with three such cheers, so hearty, so regular, so true, that they vibrated through every fibre of my frame. The venerable man bent his head upon his breast for a moment, and seemed deeply impressed : he then bowed low and majestically, tucked his triangular gold-laced hat under his huge arm and walked gravely down the room to the door amid a silence so intense that his measured tread sounded like minute-drops. He stopped ; he turned ; he again reared himself to his noble height, took his hat from under his arm, waved it over his head, gave three loud, articulate, and distinct hurrahs in return for the former salutation, placed his hat upon his brow and closed the door. It was the last time I ever beheld him, but the vision still remains with me.'

ART. VII.—*Windows : A Book about Stained and Painted Glass.*  
By Lewis F. Day. London, 1897.

**S**TAINED and painted windows have been to beautiful churches that which rare jewels have been to lovely women. They lend to these buildings a charm which no other decoration can give, while they obtain in return that setting which only a great cathedral or church can satisfactorily and adequately afford. The brilliant colour which makes the cathedrals of Chartres, Bourges, Milan, or Florence a wonder and a joy is sadly contrasted with the chilly bareness of English churches, from which the ruthless fervour of Puritan or Ironside has banished their most pleasing and most costly decoration.

Many learned books and splendid monographs have been written on the subject of stained and painted glass. Yet notwithstanding these great works, Mr. Lewis Day has lately given us a book which was certainly needed by an intelligent public. He is comprehensive in his dedication :—

‘To those who know nothing of stained glass ; to those who know something and want to know more ; to those who know all about it, and yet care to know what another may have to say upon the subject—I dedicate this book.’

And yet he claims, and we think well substantiates that claim, to have entered the sanctuary, and not irreverently.

‘My earliest training in design,’ he writes, ‘was in the workshops of artists in stained glass. For many years I worked exclusively at glass design, and for a quarter of a century I have spent great part of my leisure in hunting glass all Europe over.’

The book has grown out of his experience, and makes no claim to ‘learnedness.’ Mr. Day tells his readers only what the windows have told him, but we are strongly of opinion that no traveller who has read his work can fail to enjoy, more intelligently than before, the exquisite creations of great glaziers and glass painters which they may encounter in their travels.

It is a sad fact, which Mr. Day points out, and our own experience largely corroborates, that so few travellers have any knowledge of the subject whatever. We quote Mr. Day to illustrate this fact.

‘The Cathedral at Strassburg,’ he writes, ‘is rich also in distinctly decorated glass, to all of which the tourist pays no heed. He goes there to see the clock. If he should have a quarter of an hour to spare before noon—at which hour the cock crows, and the church is shut—he allows himself to be driven by the verger with the rest of the crowd into the transept, and penned up there until the silly performance begins. To hear folk talk of the thing afterwards at the



the *table d'hôte*, you might fancy that Erwin von Steinbach had built his masterpiece just to house this rickety piece of mock old mechanism.'

Mr. Day divides his volume into three books. Of Book I. he says :

'I set out to trace the course of workmanship, to follow the technique of the workman from the twelfth century to the seventeenth ; from mosaic to painting, from archaism to pictorial accomplishment ; and to indicate at what cost, of perhaps more decorative qualities, the later masterpieces of glass painting were bought.'

In Book II. :

'I have endeavoured to show the course of design in glass from the earliest mediæval window to the latest glass picture of the Renaissance' ;

and in Book III. :

'I have set apart for separate discussion questions not in the direct line either of design or workmanship, or which, if taken by the way, would have hindered the narrative and confused the issue.'

We think that there is little fault to be found with a division which certainly enables Mr. Day to give to his last book great charm and interest. We strongly advise readers to work conscientiously through the first two books, however they may be tempted by the attractive headings included in the third book, 'By the way.'

We shall not attempt to take Mr. Day's book in very great detail. With most of what he has to say on this subject we so heartily agree that any criticism we may make will be on minor points ; but there is one suggestion we would offer, as to the weight of the book itself. Would it not be possible to make the second edition lighter for the hand to hold ? And could not Mr. Day make a real handbook on stained and painted glass, of a convenient size for travellers, which would not be of greater price than four-and-sixpence ? This, we are sure, would be a real boon to the more intelligent public, for whom nothing of the kind exists, even at South Kensington.

Stained and painted glass windows were essentially a decoration for Gothic churches. To a great extent, in France, England, and Germany, they took the place of the works of the Italian fresco painters, and conveyed the same lessons which the latter strove to teach. Italian churches are built to exclude the sun, and the small round or lancet windows, with a curtain of black or blue stuff drawn across them on a bright day, allow quite enough light for the worshippers to read the pictorial history of Christ and his saints with which the walls are adorned.

Stained glass looks best when the church is least ornamented, and we have always admired it more in the barn-like Duomo of Florence than even in the glorious but more richly decorated cathedrals of Bourges or Chartres. The gloom and plainness of the building add, by contrast, a brilliancy to the glass which seems to rival the ruby, emerald, or sapphire, and to give a dignity and meaning to the bare interior, which would, without its glass, be but an enclosure of sad-coloured walls. 'It is a woeful thing,' cried Kenyon, 'a sad necessity, that any Christian soul should pass from earth to heaven without once seeing an antique painted window with the bright Italian sun passing through it.'

There is no reason to suppose that glass painting, as we understand it, was practised by the Greeks or Romans. The first glaziers were very probably influenced by the work of the enameller, not, of course, by the enamel of the kind made at Limoges in the sixteenth century, but by such as is familiar to us in Byzantine work, and known as *champ-levé* or *cloisonné*. In the one, as Mr. Day explains, the design is scooped out of the metal; in the other its outline is bent in flat wire, and soldered to the ground. An early window may be likened to a magnified plaque of Byzantine enamel with the light shining through it. The jeweller's work may also have suggested or inspired the art of the glazier:—

'Just as white glass was called crystal, and no doubt passed for it, so coloured glass actually went by the name of ruby, sapphire, emerald, and so on; indeed, this wilful confusion of terms goes far to explain the mystery of the monster jewels of which we read in history, or the fable which not so very long ago passed for it. Stories of diamond thrones and emerald tables seemed to lead straight into fairyland; but the glass worker explains such fancies, and brings us back again to reality.'

We have no clear knowledge of the beginning of the art. The famous Cistercian Interdict of 1134, restricting that Order to the use of white glass in their churches, argues, however, something like over-indulgence in rich windows before that date. Until the twelfth century opens, we know little about coloured glass, and there are few authentic stained windows before the thirteenth century.

The third chapter, 'Glazing,' is worthy of close attention. Mr. Day tells us how, for some time, the coloured window was almost entirely the work and art of the glazier:—

'The early glazier, it was said, painted, figuratively speaking, in glass; it is scarcely a figure of speech to say that he drew in lead-work'; and, at the end of the chapter, 'Mere glazing has been here discussed



discussed at a length which perhaps neither existing work of the kind nor the modern practice of the craft (more is the pity) might seem to demand. It is the most modest, the rudest even, of stained glass; but it is the beginning and foundation of glass window-making, and it affects most deeply even the fully-developed art of the sixteenth century.'

Beginners should approach the subject by the study of the purest mosaic glass. Much that is false in art may be learnt from the accomplished glass painters of later ages. But the early mosaic glaziers can alone teach a true gospel, and Mr. Day takes us through the various processes by which the mere mosaic glass was improved or changed. The discovery of the art of flashing or coating glass, that is, the placing of one layer upon another, was important. Yet more important was the discovery of a pure transparent stain of yellow, varying, according to the heat of the furnace, from palest lemon to deepest orange, at the beginning of the fourteenth century. It is produced with a solution of silver, is absolutely indelible, and has done more to give brightness to windows than any other invention.

Mr. Day goes on to tell of other processes and discoveries, and shows how gradually the painter usurped the place of the glazier, or, in the best time, shared it with him, until finally he, or, worse still, the enameller, became supreme, and, by their processes, destroyed the beauty and peculiar characteristics of the material in which they were working, and so brought the art itself into decay and ruin.

At the end of his chapter on mosaic glass, Mr. Day emphasizes the fact—

'that there was a time when glazier and painter took something like an equal part in a window, or, to speak more precisely, there were for a time windows in which the two took such equal part that each seemed to rely upon the other—when, if the artist was a painter, he was a glazier too. If so, they must have worked together on equal terms and without rivalry, neither attempting to push his cleverness to the front, each regardful of the other, both working to one end—which was not a mosaic, nor a painting, nor a picture, but a window.'

This happy moment arrived, Mr. Day thinks, towards the end of the fifteenth century, but there is no doubt that it is difficult to define the periods of glass painting very accurately. A great artist could produce and combine his methods in such a way that the strongest adherents of the mosaic, the painted, perhaps even of the enamel method, would have to acknowledge that the artist was greater than his materials, and could produce masterpieces by any method that he chose

to employ. The aim of every great artist has been to make a beautiful window; to make it so that the material in which he worked, the glass, should not lose its special characteristics of brilliancy and durability. When the glazier became the painter he ran into the danger of diminishing that brilliancy, and the exquisite variety of shading which the chances of burning give to each separate piece of glass; and when the enamellist succeeded the painter, even the durability which the pot-metal glass gives to the picture was endangered, because the process of enamelling on glass is in its essence opposed to durability. The one thing necessary to the safe performance of the operation is that the various glass pigments shall be of such consistency as to melt at a lower temperature than the glass on which they are painted. That, of course, must keep its shape in the kiln, or all would be spoilt. The melting of the pigment is as a matter of fact made easier by the admixture of some substance less unyielding than glass, such as borax, to make it flow. This 'flux,' as it is called, makes the pulverized glass with which it is mixed appreciably softer than the glass to which it is apparently quite securely fixed by the fire. It is thus more susceptible to the action of the atmosphere, and in due course of time, perhaps no very long time, it scales off.

It is evident, in spite of his very judicial mind, that Mr. Day admires, though his admiration is mingled with sorrow, the admittedly magnificent work of the late sixteenth-century glass artists. He feels that the very splendour of their talent ruined the art. Their followers used their evil processes, but, not having their genius, fell into the slough, into which the mosaic glazier could never have tumbled. We have had sometimes to take the part of these great men, who, we think, have been rather neglected through that ecclesiastical turn of mind which has done so much to fill our churches and, alas! our cathedrals also, with wretched glass. These splendid artist-workers knew what they wanted and accomplished it as far as it was possible.

We hardly think that those who have placed coloured windows in the churches in our day have known, or even now know, what they want. They wanted, perhaps, something belonging to a certain century, something sufficiently out of drawing to be mediæval, and with plenty of colour, for their money. To appreciate the greatest work has been beyond their power or knowledge. But to return to our sixteenth-century masters. Bad processes in any art must be always bad, and therefore there can, we think, be little defence for bad enamelling, or for enamelling at all, except possibly to a certain limited degree. But that it is always  
evil



evil we do not think, and we believe that results prove the fact. For over-painting, as in the Munich glass, there is little to be said, and about Sir Joshua Reynolds' famous window at Oxford it is well to be silent. That great man was neither a glazier nor a glass painter; but that there can be any comparison, as between works of art, between the best windows of the thirteenth century and the best windows of the sixteenth century, from those of Arnaut de Moles at Auch, of Guillaume de Marseilles at Arezzo, to the Crabeth Brothers at Gouda, we cannot admit. Every art must come to its greatest achievement, at least so history tells us, and then there must follow decay and deterioration. The magnificent thought with which Michael Angelo inspired his marble will ever speak to those who have brains to read it, but he was copied by men who, having eyes, saw not, and, having brains, could not use them to noble purposes as he did; and Michael Angelo bears the blame for the follies, eccentricities, and excesses of his followers. So it was with painted glass: the moment came when the best was accomplished—Guillaume de Marseilles had worked at Arezzo, Rome, and other places, and Arnaut de Moles at Auch had given an immortality to a very commonplace piece of architecture, and had signed his name under the inscription '*Noli me tangere*' placed on the window of the Risen Christ; the Brothers Crabeth and their fellows had filled the whitewashed church of Gouda with works which it would be impossible to surpass, while at Brussels, Bernard Van Orley added a magnificence to a cathedral which much needed the help. Are they to be blamed because other and lesser men have been unable to use with reason and success the processes, of what kind you will, which have made these great masters immortal, and have enabled them to produce works which have stood, and are standing, the severe tests of time?

At the end of the fifteenth century the Gothic inspiration was exhausting itself, and was being transformed by the new breath of the Renaissance into a less ecclesiastically minded form than art had for centuries taken. It was the same with all the arts. Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I. brought back with them from Italy, and spread abroad, the breath which was to inspire the new century; Greece and Rome were in varied forms to live again and become as beautiful in their new birth as they had been in past time. Sculptors, potters, architects, and painters produced works which we of these days cannot even copy; and so it was with the glass painters. These varied processes, which, like all good things, may be abused, they knew how to use, and  
instead

instead of merely aiming at glory of colour, or pious but insipid conventional figures of saints in their canopies, they achieved pictures in glass glorious in colour—the work of real painters (who could have been great on canvas, had they so chosen), painting for us scenes which delight the intellect while they please the senses. In the sixteenth century, painted glass, like all other arts, reached its highest point, and it seems foolish to blame these greatest masters of their art because they introduced methods in using which their followers failed. Yet surely the glass painters of to-day may take courage from this failure, and, by avoiding very evident mistakes, produce in the future windows for our churches or town halls which will approach the glories of Brussels, Gouda, Auch, or Arezzo.

Mr. Day ends his chapter on Picture-Windows thus:—

‘Occur where it may, it (Painting) is a false note which stops our admiration short; and after all our enthusiasm we come back heart-whole to our delight in the earlier, bolder, more monumental, and more workmanlike mosaic glass. The beautiful sixteenth-century work at Montmorency or Conches does not shake the conviction of the glass lover that the painter is there a little too much in evidence—that something of simple, dignified decoration is sacrificed to the display of skill. The balance between glass decoration and picture is, perhaps, never more nearly adjusted than in some of the rather earlier Italian windows.’

The second book is on the course of design, which is traced downwards from its beginning. We select for a few words Chapter XIII., on Early Grisaille. The Cistercian Interdict of 1134, which only allowed white glass to be used in the churches of that Order, may have helped to improve or perfect these grisaille windows.

‘The one way of painting grisailles,’ writes Mr. Day, ‘in the thirteenth century, was to trace the design boldly upon the white glass, and then to cross-hatch the ground more or less delicately according to the scale of the work, and its distance from the eye.’

By this means the pattern was made to stand out clear and light against the background, which had now the value of a tint, only a much more brilliant one than could have been got by a film or wash of colour. ‘Of this beautiful decoration there is much to be seen in our own cathedrals—in York, Salisbury, Lincoln, and elsewhere,’ and abundance of it in French cathedrals, at least of the earlier periods. But in spite of the dictum of M. Viollet-le-Duc,\* who, we believe, objected

\* ‘Every bit of white glass,’ he said, ‘should be diapered with pattern traced with a brush; and, since this treatment is not possible in flesh painting, flesh ought not to be painted.’



to the use of grisaille for figures in pictorial glass, we would advise all who like beautiful things to visit the church of St. Alpin, at Chalons-sur-Marne, and see the grisaille windows there; or, should they be near to the interesting little town of Gisors, to admire the window in which the History of the Virgin is told by the same process; or, yet again, to study it in the church of St. Pantaleon, at Troyes, where they will find the grisaille windows by Jehan Macadre and Lutereau, glass painters of Troyes, representing the Legend of the Cross and the Life of the Virgin, for which Cardinal Richelieu offered eighteen thousand livres.

Mr. Day's Book III. begins with a useful and interesting chapter on 'The Characteristics of Style.' These, so far as is possible and within limits, he helps us to define. It continues with a chapter on 'Style in Modern Glass,' in which he impresses upon us that mere attempts to copy old glass are absurd:—

'To affect a style is practically to adopt the faults and follies of the period. . . . The archæologist and architect may claim too much. Why should the modern designer submit to be shackled by obsolete traditions? So far as technique is concerned, it can scarcely be questioned that the only rational thing to do is to do the best that can be done under the circumstances.'

Archæologists who admittedly know as much about old glass as Mr. Winston may fail as utterly even to direct design aright as he did at Glasgow. The Munich windows there are glaring evidence of the faults which a learned antiquary and devoted glass-lover can countenance:—

'We never wander so wide of the old mediæval spirit as when we pretend to be mediæval, or play at Gothic. True style, as craftsmen know, consists in the character which comes of accepting quite frankly the conditions inherent in our work.'

Then follow interesting chapters on Jesse windows and Story windows; and then a chapter full of wise advice on 'How to see Windows':—

'It is not always easy to see them well if you are only remaining in a place for a short time, and are only able to give one visit to the church. To appreciate them you must go at the right time of day, at the hour when the sunlight suits their particular position—else you will form very wrong opinions of their worth. A comparatively dark church is essential to the perfect enjoyment of rich glass, and you must not hurry your appreciation. You have not seen glass when you have walked round the church with one eye upon it, the other on your watch. You must let its charm take hold  
"on, and give yourself up to it.'

Mr. Day

Mr. Day illustrates the difference which the strength of the light makes in the appearance of a window by its effect on translucent alabaster, at Orvieto and San Miniato. These effects, or some of them, we have noticed in passing through Bologna, in the very interesting sevenfold church of San Stefano. The variations produced by different amounts of light and at different hours of the day upon the thin alabaster slabs are so remarkable that it is hardly possible to believe that the light is shining through the same medium.

Mr. Day's short chapter on needle-point in Glass-Painting, which is virtually a chapter on Swiss glass, is extremely interesting. It was the glass painters of Switzerland who, although latest in the field, produced some of the very best work in one particular department. "The Swiss glass artist depended almost entirely upon the point: his work is, in fact, a kind of etching." And it is as beautiful as anything that has been done in glass. In the Rath-Haus at Lucerne there is a very interesting collection—some thirty or forty pieces—which every lover of glass ought to see. The collection, which is the property of a Society, is only open for exhibition from May to October; but on explaining to some of the members how deeply the subject interested the present writer, the doors were thrown open in April, and he had ample time to study its beauties. He takes this opportunity to thank M. Boissard and M. Troxler for their courtesy and kindness in this matter.

The specimens range in date from 1598 to 1701; and it is interesting to know that, as produced by these skilful artists and workmen, even the much decried enamel work has stood the test of time. It has been durable. There is a 'Judgment of Solomon,' by Franz Fallenter (1598), which in colour and design is most pleasing. But in 1606 the new Rath-Haus, which had been commenced in 1602, was nearly finished, and the Mayor and Council of Lucerne invited their countrymen of the neighbouring towns and cantons to present them with their respective armorial bearings on coloured glass, to adorn the new building. There are, we think, fourteen pieces. Thirteen of them, dated 1606, are said to be by Josias Murer of Lucerne. The piece with the arms of Berne upon it was, it has been thought, painted by a Bernese artist, Meister Hans Jacob Häbschi, in 1607, the canton wishing to exhibit the skill of their own artist as well as the beauty of their armorial bearings. The cantons represented are—Lucerne, Zurich, Berne, Zug, Uri, Unterwalden, Schwytz, Glarus, Fryberg, Basel, Solothurn, Schaffhausen, Appenzell, and the Bishopric of Basel. Among these wonderful pieces of work, the finest is perhaps that



that which was given by Wilhelmus von Gottesgnaden, Bischof zu Basel, in 1609.

In these windows pot-metal glass is used as far as possible for the larger pieces of ruby or other colour; the detail being painted with enamel for the jewels of a mitre or for portions of the arms. But at a later date we come to windows in which, from the necessity of the case, enamelling is more largely employed. In one pane more particularly, where the Virgin and Child enthroned are surrounded by very small shields of arms, about the size of an ordinary watch, enamel is exclusively used. It bears the signature H. J. G., 1655 (Hans Jacob Geilinger).

In the cathedral, dedicated to St. Leodegar, are twenty pieces of coloured glass, but so far away from the eye that they are seen with difficulty. They represent scenes from the Passion and from the life of the Virgin. The treatment is heavy and not equal to those in the Rath-Haus collection. Behind the cathedral, in the *Église des Capucins*, are three windows—one very fine one representing St. Leodegar and St. Mauritius, the patron saints of Lucerne. The two others are much restored. There are also beautiful specimens in the museum at Basel and at Paris, both at the Louvre and in the *Musée de Cluny*, and some also at South Kensington.

With a pleasant chapter on 'Windows worth seeing' and with a wise word on 'Restoration' Mr. Day ends his book. Restoration is a word to make the artist shudder. Many windows have been ruined in this process—those, for instance, at St. Denis, at the *Sainte Chapelle*, and at *Notre Dame de Paris*. At St. Gervais, in Paris, for another example, the famous window representing the Judgment of Solomon now presents a commonplace washed-out appearance. Some day we may come to perceive what the great church restorers of the Gothic revival in England and France have done for us—those, even, whose honoured ashes repose in the national sanctuary at Westminster.

Mr. Day's book is eminently practical and thoroughly enjoyable. Its illustrations are excellent and valuable, and the publisher may be congratulated on its printing and general appearance. It is to be hoped that it may be read by a large number of persons, and especially by those who have charge of our churches and cathedrals, and who, as part of their great responsibility, should be anxious to learn how to fill them not only with coloured glass but with works of art.

ART. VIII.—*Simplification of the Law.* By Sir Henry Thring, K.C.B., the Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury. (Reprinted from the 'Quarterly Review' of January 1874.) 1875.

IN 1874 Lord Thring, then Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury, contributed to the 'Quarterly Review' an article, afterwards published separately as a pamphlet, in which he sketched the existing condition of the statute law and common law, as embodied in some eighteen thousand statutes and some hundred thousand reported cases, discussed some of the popular suggestions for improving the form of the law, and propounded some suggestions of his own. Of these latter, the most important was the establishment of a new Department of the Government, to be represented in Parliament by a Cabinet Minister, and charged with the special duties of supervising current legislation and improving the form of the Statute Book.

After the lapse of a quarter of a century it may be worth while to take stock of what has been done in the direction indicated by Lord Thring's pamphlet, and to consider what further steps towards improving the form of our law, more particularly of our statute law, seem desirable and feasible.

The unsatisfactory condition of the statute law has engaged the attention of Parliament fitfully for a good deal more than three hundred years. That precocious monarch, Edward VI., when a boy of thirteen, expressed a wish that 'when time shall serve, the superfluous and tedious statutes were brought into one sum together, and made more plain and short, to the intent that men might better understand them, which thing shall much help to advance the profit of the Commonwealth.' Sir Nicholas Bacon, when Lord Keeper under Queen Elizabeth, and his greater son, when Attorney-General under James I., both submitted schemes for reforming and recompiling the statute law. Francis Bacon proposed 'to repeal all statutes which are sleeping and not of use, and yet snaring and in force,' and to take steps for 'the reducing of convenient statutes heaped one upon another to one clear and uniform law.' King James, in a speech from the throne, spoke of 'divers cross and cuffling statutes, and some so framed that they may be taken in divers, yea, contrary, senses,' and desired that they might be 'maturely reviewed and reconciled.' Under the Commonwealth, the 'Rump' Parliament appointed Committees with instructions 'to revise all former statutes and ordinances now in force, and to consider, as well which are fit to be continued, altered,



altered, or repealed, as how the same may be reduced into a compendious way and exact method for the more safe and clear understanding of the people.' But though these Committees comprised such distinguished members as Whitelock, Hale, and Ashley Cooper, their labours came to naught, and the subject of statute law reform appears to have slumbered until the beginning of the present century.

In 1816 both Houses of Parliament passed resolutions that a digest of the statutes should be made, and that an eminent lawyer with twenty clerks under him should be commissioned to do the work. It does not appear that this resolution was carried into effect; but its results are to be indirectly traced in the numerous measures of consolidation which were passed between 1820 and 1830, and particularly in the series of Acts passed by Sir Robert Peel for consolidating and amending the criminal law.

The Reform Act of 1832 and the accession to office of Brougham as Lord Chancellor gave a new impetus to the cause of law reform; and one of Brougham's first steps was to appoint a Royal Commission with instructions to digest and consolidate the criminal law, and to inquire into the expediency of consolidating other branches of the law.\*

Brougham's Commission of 1833 sat till 1845, when it was superseded by another Commission, appointed by Lord Lyndhurst. Then came Lord Cranworth's temporary Statutory Law Board of 1853, superseded in the next year by a Statute Law Commission, consisting of all the greatest dignitaries of the law, with Mr. Bellenden Ker as the single paid Commissioner. Mr. Bellenden Ker was, in fact, the one continuous member of all the successive Commissions and Boards.

The Commission of 1833 and its successors spent a considerable amount of public money, published several volumes of learned reports, sketched out and left unfinished a large number of Bills, supplied legal dignitaries in Parliament with materials for ambitious programmes of law reform, squabbled a good deal about such questions as whether consolidation ought to precede revision or *vice versâ*, but did not produce much in the form of tangible results. At last the patience of Parliament was exhausted. Mr. Locke King made himself the mouthpiece of their impatience, and in 1857 moved an address praying Her

\* It may be interesting to note that Macaulay's Commission for digesting and codifying the law of India was appointed at about the same time as Brougham's Commission. It lingered on for many years after Macaulay's return from India: but its chief achievement was the Indian Penal Code, which, though drawn by Macaulay, did not become law till 1860.

Majesty to dispense with the services of the Statute Law Commission. Lord John Russell, while opposing the motion, practically threw the Commission over, and it was allowed to expire in 1859.

If the net results of the Statute Law Commissions that sat from 1833 to 1859 were to be summed up, they would, apart from a vast mass of reports, suggestions, and sketches, practically reduce themselves to three things: first, a measure of 1856, which, during its progress through Parliament was known as the Sleeping Statutes Bill, but would now be described as a Statute Law Revision Bill, and which repealed one hundred and twenty obsolete statutes; secondly, the seven Criminal Law Consolidation Acts which became law in 1861; and, lastly, a Register of Statutes of the present century, which served as a basis for successive Statute Law Revision Bills, and for the Chronological Table prefixed to the Index to living statutes.

It is to Sir Richard Bethell (Lord Westbury) that is mainly due the credit for practically initiating the systematic course of statute law revision which has now been pursued, with more or less activity, for nearly forty years. In 1860, when Attorney-General, he told the House of Commons that he had engaged two gentlemen to work on the obsolete Acts of Parliament, and that he intended to expurgate the Statute Book of all Acts which, though not expressly repealed, were not absolutely in force. A Bill framed on these lines was introduced by Lord Campbell, as Lord Chancellor, in 1861, became law as the Statute Law Revision Act of that year, and cleared away nine hundred obsolete Acts belonging to the period between 1770 and 1853.

In 1863 Bethell had become Lord Chancellor as Lord Westbury, and in that capacity himself introduced another Statute Law Revision Bill. In doing so, he took the opportunity of making a notable speech, in which he reviewed the history of attempts for the improvement of the statute law, and explained the principles on which the Bill of 1863 was framed:—

‘What he proposed was that the Statute Book should be revised and expurgated, weeding away all those enactments that are no longer in force, and arranging and classifying what is left under proper heads, bringing the dispersed statutes together, eliminating jarring and discordant provisions, and thus getting a harmonious whole instead of a chaos of inconsistent and contradictory enactments. . . . The statutes that were weeded out might be described as those which are no longer applicable to the modern state of society, enactments which have become wholly obsolete, enactments which have been



been repealed by obscure or indirect processes, but which, until extirpated from the Statute Book, would be constantly the cause of uncertainty. . . . The task was one of great difficulty and delicacy. The reason for every alteration would be found in the Schedule, given opposite to the description of the enactment to which it had been applied.'

Lord Westbury's Bill was taken charge of in the House of Commons by Sir Roundell Palmer, and was warmly supported by Sir Hugh Cairns. It expurgated the Statute Book from the twentieth year of Henry II. to the first year of James II., and has been taken as the model of all subsequent Statute Law Revision Acts. The principles on which all those measures proceed are that nothing should be left out of any authorized edition of the Statute Book except by express authority of Parliament; and that nothing should be included in a Statute Law Revision Act which can in any respect be considered as living law, except where the only rights depending on the enactment repealed belong to one or two existing persons whose rights are saved by the saving clause.

The plan for systematic improvement of the statute law thus initiated by Lord Westbury, with the sanction of Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne, involved a four-fold task: (1) Indexing, (2) Expurgation, (3) Republication, (4) Consolidation.

Active steps were soon taken to carry out these objects and to appoint a permanent body for the superintendence of the task. In 1867 and 1868 Lord Cairns, in conjunction with Lord Chelmsford, Sir John Shaw Lefevre (then Clerk of the Parliaments), and others, including Mr. Thring (now Lord Thring), who was then Counsel to the Home Office, and the late Sir Francis Reilly, worked out a scheme for the preparation of an Index to the Statutes and of a Revised Edition of the Statutes in force. The Index was to be accompanied by a Chronological Table of the Statutes, 'with a column showing those which had been repealed, and by what Acts, and showing also subsequent Acts containing important amendments and alterations of such as are not repealed.' The Revised Edition of the Statutes was to contain such statutes only as were still in force, and its preparation involved the simultaneous preparation of expurgatory Bills, clearing away the dead law. For the superintendence of this work the Lord Chancellor in 1868 appointed a Committee consisting of Sir J. Shaw Lefevre (Clerk of the Parliaments), Sir Thomas Erskine May (Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons), Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Rickards (Counsel to the Speaker), Mr. (afterwards Lord) Thring (Counsel to the Home Office), and Mr. (Sir Francis)

Francis) Reilly, who afterwards succeeded Sir G. Rickards as Counsel to the Speaker. They and their successors are the body which, under the name of the Statute Law Committee, has ever since 1868 continued to superintend the revision of the statute law by means of Statute Law Revision Bills, editions of Revised Statutes, successive editions of the Index and Chronological Table, and Consolidation Bills. Its members are unpaid, and it employs an officer of the House of Lords as its Secretary. The Lord Chancellor, who is now represented on the Committee by his permanent Secretary, may be regarded as its official mouthpiece in Parliament. Lord Thring is the only surviving member of the original Committee.

A body so constituted could hardly hope to perform satisfactorily the onerous task imposed on it without the kind of assistance which is supplied by a permanent Department of the Government. This assistance was supplied in 1869 by the new Office of Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury.

The machinery which has been employed for the manufacture of Acts of Parliament at different periods of Parliamentary history would form an interesting subject of investigation, but it is a subject which is involved in much obscurity. In a few cases, such as the Statute of Distribution and the Fines and Recoveries Act, the framing of some particular Act has been associated with the name of some eminent lawyer, and it is possible that an examination of the Treasury accounts would reveal the names of other lawyers to whom fees have been paid for similar services. But the majority of pre-Victorian statutes were probably drawn by Departmental scribes, more or less learned in the law. In the year 1837 a partial attempt was made to place under central control the task of drawing Government Bills, by the appointment of Mr. Drinkwater Bethune to a post in which he was charged with the duty of preparing Bills for Parliament under the directions of the Home Secretary. In 1848 Mr. Bethune became member of the Governor-General's Council at Calcutta, and was succeeded by Mr. Coulson, who was instructed to act under the directions of the Home Secretary in preparing Bills originating from any Department of the Government, and in revising and reporting on any Bills brought into either House of Parliament and referred to him by the Home Secretary for that purpose. In 1860 Mr. Coulson was in his turn succeeded by Mr. Henry Thring, now Lord Thring. Mr. Thring appears to have drawn all the most important Cabinet measures of his time, but it was found that as the number of Bills increased, different Departments employed independent counsel to draw their Bills,



Bills, while other Bills were drawn by Departmental officers without legal aid. The result of this system, or want of system, was far from satisfactory. The cost was great, for barristers employed 'by the job' were entitled to charge fees on the scale customary in private Parliamentary practice. There was no security for uniformity of language, style, or arrangement, in laws which were intended to find their place in a common Statute Book. Nor was there any security for uniformity of principle in measures for which the Government was collectively responsible. Different Departments introduced inconsistent Bills, and there was no adequate means by which the Prime Minister or the Cabinet as a whole could exercise effective control over measures fathered by individual Ministers. And lastly, there was no check on the financial consequences of legislation. There was nothing to prevent any Minister from introducing a Bill which would impose a heavy charge on the Treasury, and upset the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget calculations for the year.

In 1869 the acute and frugal mind of Mr. Lowe, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was much impressed with the defective nature of these arrangements. The remedy which he devised was the establishment of an Office which should be responsible for the preparation of all Government Bills, and which should be subordinate to the Treasury, and thus brought into immediate relation, not only with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but with the First Lord of the Treasury, who is usually Prime Minister. Mr. Thring was appointed head of this Office, with the title of Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury, and was given a permanent assistant,\* and a Treasury allowance for office expenses and for such outside legal assistance as he might require. The whole of the time of the Parliamentary Counsel and his assistant was to be given to the public, and they were not to engage in private practice. The Parliamentary Counsel was to settle all such Departmental Bills, and draw all such other Government Bills (except Scotch and Irish Bills), as he might be required by the Treasury to settle and draw. The instructions for the preparation of every Bill were to be in writing and sent by the heads of the Departments to the Parliamentary Counsel through the Treasury, to which latter Department he was to be considered responsible. On the requisition of the Treasury he was to advise on all cases arising on Bills or Acts drawn by

\* Mr. Jenkyns, now Sir Henry Jenkyns, K.C.B.

him, and to report in special cases referred to him by the Treasury on Bills brought in by private members. It was not to be part of his duty to write memoranda or schemes for Bills, or to attend Parliamentary Committees, unless under instructions from the Treasury.

The staff of the Parliamentary Counsel's Office still remains on the same modest scale as that with which it was established in 1869. The permanent staff consists of the Parliamentary Counsel and the Assistant Parliamentary Counsel, with three shorthand writers, an office-keeper, and an office-boy, and these together 'run' what may be called the legislative workshop. The amount allowed for payments to members of the Bar working under the direction and on the responsibility of the Parliamentary Counsel was originally estimated at an annual sum of 1000*l.*; but this estimate has since been increased to 1,500*l.*, mainly in consequence of the increase in Consolidation Bills, and the additional work involved in attendance on Standing Committees. Of the barristers employed, two at present attend regularly at the office, doing such work as may be required of them. But their attendance is purely voluntary; they are under no permanent engagement; they are paid by fees in accordance with the amount of work done by them; and they have their own chambers, and are at liberty to take, and do take, outside work. Such other assistance as is required by the Parliamentary Counsel is given by members of the Bar practising at Lincoln's Inn or the Temple. During recent years such assistance has been mainly required either for Consolidation Bills or for Bills with respect to which the advice of special experts is desirable.

The Statute Law Committee and the Parliamentary Counsel's Office work in intimate connexion with each other. The Parliamentary Counsel is a member of the Committee, its meetings are usually held at his office, and the work recommended by the Committee has been mainly done by draftsmen working under his instructions. In fact, the task of indexing, expurgating, and rearranging the Statute Book has for many years practically constituted a second charge on the time of the Parliamentary Counsel's Office, and has occupied all the time that could be spared from attending to current legislation and advising on questions connected with such legislation. Thus the Statute Law Committee and the Parliamentary Counsel form together the nucleus of a Legislative Department, such as has been established for India and has done such useful work in consolidating and codifying the Anglo-Indian law.

Such



Such being the machinery available, we are in a position to consider what it has accomplished during the last thirty years towards the improvement of the statute law.

The first edition of the Chronological Table and Index of the Statutes was published in 1870, the Index having been framed mainly by Mr. (now Sir Henry) Jenkyns, and the Chronological Table by the late Mr. A. J. Wood. This work has been improved and brought up to date by successive editions, and constitutes an indispensable guide to the labyrinth of the statute law. The last (thirteenth) edition has, for the sake of convenience, been divided into two volumes, one containing the Chronological Table, the other the Index.

The first volume of the Revised Edition of the Statutes was published in the same year, 1870, and the edition was completed in accordance with the original design in August 1878, by the publication of the fifteenth volume, comprising the statutes of the year 1868, the last year to which revision had then been carried by means of Statute Law Revision Bills. Further Statute Law Revision Bills were subsequently prepared and passed, and with their help three more volumes of the Revised Statutes were produced, comprising the Acts from 1868 to 1878. The last volume was published in 1885.

In 1886 Mr. George Howell, M.P., addressed a letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, calling his attention to the expediency of providing a cheap edition of the Statutes for the use of the public. This letter was referred to the Statute Law Committee, who recommended the publication in a cheap form of a new edition of the Statutes, as revised by expurgation of dead matter, and a further revision of the Statutes so far as it could be effected without unduly delaying the issue of the edition. The Government of the day approved of the recommendation, and steps were at once taken for carrying it into effect. The first volume of the new edition of the Revised Statutes was published in 1888, and included all the Statutes then in force to the end of the reign of Queen Anne (1239-1713). The second volume, published in 1889, brought the work down to the end of the eighteenth century. Three more volumes completed the pre-Victorian statutes; eight more, or thirteen in all, bringing the work down to 1875, have since been published. Each volume costs seven shillings and sixpence, and has an index of its own, and a chronological table showing how each enactment of the period to which it relates has been repealed. The progress of the work was for a time delayed by difficulties in passing through the House of Commons the Consolidation Bills necessary to its preparation,

but under the arrangements now in force the work has progressed as rapidly as is consistent with the exigencies of printing, and with the minute and laborious examination required for maintaining the proper standard of accuracy.

The saving of cost and labour which has accrued to the public from these revised editions of the Statutes may be made apparent by a very few figures. The first edition of the Revised Statutes substituted eighteen volumes for one hundred and eighteen. The new edition contains in five volumes the enactments down to the beginning of the present reign, which formerly occupied seventy-seven volumes. There are, indeed, two classes of persons whose needs the revised edition will not fully meet, and, it may be added, was not specially designed to meet. The judge who has to decide, the counsel who has to advise on, the construction of an obscure enactment, frequently finds it necessary to refer to the language of Acts or sections which have been repealed, either as dead law by Statute Law Revision Acts, or as superseded law by amending or consolidating Acts. To the historical student the law of the past is even more important than the law of the present. Both these classes of persons require an edition of the Statutes containing everything that has been repealed, either by way of statute law revision or otherwise. But both these classes may derive material assistance from the notes and tables in the revised edition, which show the reasons for each repeal or omission. And to the ordinary legislator, official, lawyer, or member of the public, it is surely an immense advantage to have an edition of the Statutes which contains only living law, which is comprised within a reasonable compass, and which may be purchased for a reasonable price.

It will have been seen from the foregoing review that the process of improving the statute law by expurgation of the dead and republication of the living law, after having been carried on actively and continuously for nearly thirty years, is now approaching its completion. It remains to consider what has been done, and what still needs to be done, in the direction of consolidation. The record of progress in this direction is less satisfactory. But then the difficulties involved are much greater. There is a common fallacy that the task of consolidating Acts of Parliament is mainly mechanical, and involves little more than the use of paste and scissors. There can be no greater delusion. In the first place it must be remembered that our statute law extends over six centuries of the national life, and that every statute speaks with the language and bears the colour of its time. What  
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would be the literary effect of placing in immediate juxtaposition sentences or fragments of sentences from Wyclif, Sir Thomas More, Bacon, Johnson, Macaulay? Or conceive a line of soldiers consisting of the Black Prince's long-bowmen, Cromwell's buff-coated troops, the grenadier of the 'March to Finchley,' and Mr. Thomas Atkins, marching shoulder to shoulder. Such a literary jumble, such a motley and ill-assorted array, would be produced by a congeries of extracts from Plantagenet, Tudor, Georgian, and Victorian statutes. Then, apart from considerations of language, every statute is framed with reference to, and presupposes the existence of, the law, the judicial and administrative institutions, and the social conditions, of its time. During the last sixty years, the leading judicial and administrative institutions of this country have been completely remodelled. The consolidator who did not carry his work further back than the beginning of the present reign would have to deal with a time when there were no Supreme Court of Judicature, no County Courts, no Local Government Board, no County, District or Parish Councils; when in fact the ordinary machinery referred to and implied in Acts of Parliament was wholly different. Nor can the consolidator afford to overlook the more subtle and elusive effects produced on the operation of a statute by changes in the rules of substantive law, in rules of procedure, or in social conditions. Again, enactments relating to the same subject-matter, even when belonging approximately to the same period, are not infrequently drawn in different styles, and employ, intentionally or deliberately, different phrases to express the same thing, and differences of this kind must be removed if ambiguity and inconsistency are to be avoided. Lastly, the comparison and recasting of different enactments are certain to bring to the surface obscurities and inconsistencies, some of which may have been made the subject of judicial or other comment, while others may have lurked unseen. It is difficult to justify the retention and stereotyping of these defects, and at the same time it is difficult to remove them without incurring the charge of altering, while professing to reproduce, the law. The upshot is that the work of consolidation requires intimate acquaintance with past as well as with existing laws and institutions, involves the re-writing and not merely the placing together of laws, the substitution of modern for antiquated language and machinery, the harmonizing of inconsistent enactments, and yet the performance of this work in such a way as to effect the minimum of change in expressions which have been made the subject of judicial decisions

decisions and on which a long course of practice has been based. The performance of such a task with the degree of accuracy properly required by Parliament requires minute examination and careful deliberation, and imposes a heavy burden, not merely on the draftsman but on numerous members of the official administrative staff.

And, whilst the preparation of Consolidation Acts is no easy task, their introduction and passage through Parliament is apt to be attended with considerable difficulty. Statute law reform is one of those things which everyone praises in the abstract, but about which, in its concrete form, no one is enthusiastic. No Minister expects to obtain much credit from passing a measure of consolidation. Such measures are not eagerly demanded by the constituencies, and do not figure as items in any political programme. The permanent official, to whom a Minister looks for advice, is often reluctant to alter the form of Acts with which he is familiar, and knows that the preparation of a Consolidation Bill may severely tax the time of himself and his subordinates. Hence a Minister is naturally unwilling to introduce such a measure except on an assurance that it will pass unopposed, and will not encroach on the scanty time available for proposals looming more largely in the public eye. And such an assurance cannot always be obtained. It is difficult to disabuse the average member of Parliament of the notion that the introduction of a Consolidation Bill affords a suitable opportunity for proposing amendments, to satisfy him that re-enactment does not mean approval or perpetuation of the existing law, or to convince him that attempts to combine substantial amendment with consolidation almost inevitably spell failure in both. Yet, notwithstanding these difficulties and obstacles, reasonable progress has been made since 1869 with the consolidation of various branches of the statute law. Among the groups of enactments which have been consolidated may be mentioned those relating to the Coinage, the National Debt, Stamps and Stamp Duties, the Customs, the Management of Taxes, the Slave Trade, Public Health, Weights and Measures, the Militia, Sheriffs, Coroners, Mortmain, County Courts, Commissioners for Oaths, Factors, Lunacy, Foreign Jurisdiction, Foreign Marriages, the Housing of the Working Classes, Municipal Corporations, Public Libraries, Trustees, Copyhold, Diseases of Animals, Merchant Shipping, Friendly Societies. Most of these Acts have been drawn in pursuance of recommendations by the Statute Law Committee, and through the agency of the Parliamentary Counsel's office. In some cases Parliamentary obstruction has been indirectly of use in suggest-  
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ing and stimulating improvements in the form of the statute law. Thus the Army Act, which forms a standing code for the discipline of the army, but in accordance with constitutional usage is annually brought into force by a short Continuance Act, owes its origin to the difficulties which were experienced in passing through Parliament the old-fashioned, cumbrous, lengthy Mutiny Acts. Under the new system the annual Continuance Acts embody, in a brief and technical form, such amendments of the law as are from time to time found requisite, and provision is made for periodically reprinting the standing Army Act with these amendments. There are other recent Acts, owing their initiation to the Statute Law Committee, and fashioned in the Parliamentary Counsel's office, which, though not falling precisely within the category of Consolidation Acts, serve the same useful purpose of shortening and simplifying the form of the statute law. The Interpretation Act of 1889 generalizes a number of definitions and rules of construction which had been in common use, and thus promotes uniformity of language, and supersedes a vast number of special clauses and provisions. The Short Titles Act of 1892 facilitated the reference to statutes, and has proved to be of much use in reducing the length and cost of legal documents involving such reference. It has now been supplemented and superseded by the Short Titles Act of 1896, which gives short titles to all Public General Acts passed since the Union with Scotland. The Public Authorities Protection Act of 1894 substituted a short general provision for the various and often unsatisfactory devices by which Departments of the Government and other public authorities had previously sought protection against unscrupulous litigants.

But if the amount already accomplished in the direction of consolidation is not despicable, the amount which remains to be done is great indeed, and would suffice to occupy for many years the spare time of the Statute Law Committee, the Parliamentary Counsel's Office, the Government Departments, and Parliament. The numerous groups of Acts which have to be administered by the newly constituted or remodelled local authorities—County Councils, District Councils, Parish Councils, Boards of Guardians—stand in urgent need of simplification. The provisions of the Poor Law are still embodied in a series of Acts beginning with the statute of Elizabeth and extending over a period of three centuries. The law of Public Health for the country outside London, though consolidated in 1875, has been much amended since, and requires not only consolidation but adaptation to the new machinery through which it is to be administered.

administered. The law relating to highways is even more fragmentary and obsolete. Had these and kindred branches of the law been consolidated, the task of framing the recent Local Government Acts would have been infinitely easier, and their form would have been far more satisfactory. But, as is usual in such cases, consolidation waited for amendment and amendment waited for consolidation. The enactments relating to the Supreme Court of Judicature are formidable in number and complication, and most of them could, without serious difficulty, be brought within the compass of a single Act. The law regulating some of the great public Departments, such as the Post Office, is ripe and over-ripe for consolidation. The Acts relating to the Government of India are more than forty in number, and some of them date from before the time of Warren Hastings.

What seems to be most needed is the formation of a body of public opinion which will encourage and stimulate the Government of the day in the introduction of Consolidation Bills, and the establishment of a practice under which Parliament will accept and pass them with a reasonable guarantee of their accuracy. The success which until a year or two ago had attended recent experiments in improving the machinery for carrying such measures through Parliament seemed to supply favourable omens for their easier progress in the future. In a long series of years Parliament had been in the habit of passing without question the successive Statute Law Revision Bills introduced by the Government. But in 1889 objection was taken to the Bill of that year, partly on the ground that enactments of the present reign could not safely be repealed by such measures. The Bill was reintroduced in 1890, and referred to a Select Committee, who reported that they desired to 'express their sense of the great caution and accuracy with which the Bill has been prepared, and their opinion that the Statute Law Committee and its assistants have fully justified the confidence which has been shown in them by both Houses of Parliament.' So far from being of opinion that the process of statute law revision had been carried too far, they came to the conclusion that it might be 'safely made much more extensive and valuable' by the repeal of preambles; and in accordance with this intimation of opinion the shorter expressions authorized by the Interpretation Act and the Short Titles Act have been adopted in the Revised Statutes, and authority has been given to omit preambles when merely of a formal nature. It was, however, thought prudent to strengthen the guarantees for accuracy by arranging that every Statute Law Revision Bill should be referred



referred for examination to a special Joint Committee of the two Houses.

It was subsequently determined to refer Consolidation Bills to the same Joint Committee, and the results of the determination were, on the whole, very successful. The Committee of 1894 examined and passed four Consolidation Bills, three of them of great importance and magnitude, including the gigantic Merchant Shipping Bill, with its seven hundred and forty-eight clauses and twenty-two schedules. The result of their labours was accepted by the two Houses, and the Bills became law, their passage through the House of Commons being materially facilitated by a ruling that amendments of substance are out of order in a measure professing by its title to be mere consolidation. The report of the Committee on the Merchant Shipping Bill explains clearly the principles on which they proceeded. The Committee express an opinion that the Bill 'reproduces the existing enactments with such alterations only as are required for uniformity of expression and adaptation to existing law and practice, and does not embody any substantial amendment of the law.' They state that they had in some instances removed ambiguities, made consequential alterations, corrected obvious mistakes, and struck out obsolete matter. They had heard representatives of the ship-owners and seamen, and carefully considered the views expressed by them as to the effect of the consolidating measure on their several interests. In point of fact the Committee performed their duty in the most careful and exhaustive manner. They required every departure from the existing text of the law to be explained and justified, every case in which the removal of an ambiguity or inconsistency seemed desirable to be submitted for express decision.

Sundry Consolidation Bills were introduced in 1895, but were all nipped in the bud by the early dissolution of Parliament. The work was resumed in the Session of 1896, but the results were disappointing. A measure for consolidating the enactments relating to friendly societies became law, thanks to the active support of the representatives of the principal societies. But another measure which had cost much valuable time and labour was sacrificed to opposition in the House of Commons. The Acts relating to the administration of the Post Office have not been consolidated since 1837. In their present form they constitute a complicated piece of patchwork representing legislation which has extended over the whole of the present reign. A Bill for consolidating these enactments into a single measure of ninety-three sections had been prepared, and was introduced into the House

House of Lords at the beginning of the Session of 1896. After second reading it was referred to the Joint Committee on Consolidation Bills, and there underwent a most careful and minute examination. As revised by the Committee it was passed by the House of Lords and sent down to the House of Commons, but on its arrival it was dropped, on the ground that the Post Office Acts required amendments of substance, and that no measure of consolidation would be satisfactory which did not embody these amendments. At the end of the Session there was no time to argue the matter out, and the Bill had to be dropped, much to the regret of the Lord Chancellor and of his predecessor in office, Lord Herschell, both of whom pointed out in forcible language that if Consolidation Bills were to meet with opposition unless they embodied amendment as well as consolidation, all prospects of proceeding with the important work of consolidating the statute law of England had disappeared.

The fears thus expressed have, up to the present time, been completely realized. The Post Office Consolidation Bill was again introduced in 1897, was again passed through the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons, but was again blocked in the House of Commons, on the ground, it is understood, that it was not, as it professed to be, a measure of consolidation, and amid the press of current business no time could be found for discussing and meeting the objections thus raised. Neither the Post Office Bill nor any other measure of consolidation was submitted to Parliament in 1898. It was doubtless felt that a body like the Joint Committee could not reasonably be asked to spend their time in examining the arid details of a Consolidation Bill if their labours were to be lightly set aside in the House of Commons, without due consideration for their care and good faith. Thus the work of consolidating the contents of the Statute Book, a work which has, under the direction and with the assistance of a succession of eminent Lord Chancellors, been carried on with more or less activity during the last thirty years, has for the present been absolutely suspended. This is not a state of things which can be contemplated with satisfaction. Can any remedy be discovered? Two things seem needed: first, such an expression of public opinion as would justify the Ministers of the Crown in undertaking a troublesome task; and secondly, a restoration of Parliamentary confidence in the work done under the authority of the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons.

Is consolidation of the statute law worth the trouble that it involves? This is a question which ought to be fairly and squarely



squarely met. There are some, including men entitled to speak with high authority, who would say that it is not. Doubtless, they would say, the existing statutes are numerous, fragmentary, and ill-expressed. But, with the expenditure of a reasonable amount of time and with the help of a decent Index, it is always possible to find what you want in the Statute Book. Consolidation in the form of verbal literal reproduction of existing enactments is, for the reasons referred to above, impracticable. Consolidation in any other form involves the risk of altering the law in ways not desired or intended by the legislature. New language raises new questions and means new litigation. And then the apparent simplicity of a Consolidation Act is illusory. If a question of construction arises it is often necessary to look beyond the words of the existing Act and to consider the effect of previous enactments. So that the old search is still necessary, and there is added to it the difficulty of becoming familiar with another statute, novel in language and arrangement. This is the kind of answer which might not unnaturally be given by a judge who is accustomed to hear questions of statutory construction argued out by eminent counsel on either side, or by a leading barrister who has through long experience acquired familiarity with the intricacies of the Statute Book or of such part of it as he is most likely to want, who has at his disposal 'devils' for hunting up out-of-the-way points, and who is apt to ignore the fact that the difficult questions with which he has to deal are rare and exceptional, and bear a very small proportion to the number of difficulties removed by consolidation. Whether it is the answer that would be given by the 'unlearned' Member of Parliament who is expected to understand and discuss a Bill intelligible only by reference to a score of scattered enactments, by the busy police magistrate who has to compare half-a-dozen 'cuffing statutes' before he can decide an apparently simple point, or by the member of or clerk to a local authority who finds that he cannot safely exercise his administrative powers without frequent tedious and costly references to counsel, is another question. It may be presumed that the conscientious legislator, the harried magistrate, and the worried official would prefer consolidation to chaos. Anyhow, if it is considered safer and easier to go on adding a new volume each year to the Statutes without taking any steps to reduce the bulk or simplify the contents of the existing mass of statute law, the Government must be content to turn a deaf ear to the public officials and private citizens who periodically relieve their feelings by describing the laws of England, in Cromwell's forcible language, as 'a tortuous and  
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ungodly jumble.' They must be content also to hear the amending Bills, which they have to introduce from time to time in order to keep our complicated administrative machine in gear; described as 'Chinese puzzles.' It is comparatively easy to amend a single Act. But when amendment of the law cannot be effected except by patching up several Acts, 'applying' or 'adapting' several more, and appending, in schedules, lists or fragments of others, the result is apt to be distracting to the legislator, the administrator, and the private citizen. Yet such is the inevitable result of piling Act upon Act without any attempt to weld into shape any part of the chaotic heap.

English laws, based as they are on an unrivalled store of legal and administrative experience, ought to supply models to our colonies and to foreign countries. But they are severely handicapped by their defective form. If they were better expressed and better arranged, they could be more readily and advantageously adopted by colonial legislatures. And if countries like Japan look to France rather than to England for their models in legislation, it is not because the law of France is better in substance, but because it is better in form.

If it should be deemed discreditable to a great nation to lay aside the task of simplifying the contents of its Statute Book, it may be worth while to consider whether there is not room for improvement in the machinery for effecting that task.

Parliament, and every Member of Parliament, is entitled to a reasonable assurance that what professes to be consolidation deserves that name and does not disguise and conceal alterations in the substance of the law. At the same time it is perfectly clear that Parliament cannot by its ordinary machinery, and through its ordinary committees, test the accuracy of an elaborate measure of consolidation. Somebody must be trusted to do the work. In whom can this trust be safely reposed? And what guarantees of fidelity and accuracy can reasonably be required? It may be that an assurance by a responsible law officer of the Crown that a measure is 'consolidation pure and simple' would satisfy the House. But what does the phrase 'consolidation pure and simple' imply? It has been said above, and it cannot be repeated too often, that consolidation in the sense of verbal and literal reproduction is impracticable. The law has to be re-written in modern language. The form must be changed in order that the substance may be retained. Existing statutes contain many provisions which, to use Lord Westbury's language, 'are no longer applicable to the modern state of society' and have been 'repealed by obscure or indirect processes.' Is the recognition of these changes and the adaptation  
of



of statutory language to these requirements to be treated as amendment of the law?

Even when the draftsman has done his work with the most scrupulous care, questions must almost always arise which he is unable to solve, and which demand the exercise of legislative discretion. There will usually be found, as has been remarked elsewhere, '*lacunæ* to be filled, obscurities to be removed, inconsistencies to be harmonized, and doubts to be resolved.'

In the case of Bills which have come before the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons, the practice has been for the draftsman to state these questions fully in the form of notes, supplemented by such verbal information as may be required, and to leave with the Committee the responsibility of determining how they should be settled. The particular form of solution adopted has not always been the same. In some cases of obscurity or ambiguity it has been considered safer to '*consolidate the doubt*.' In others the Committee have felt it to be their duty to save litigation by cutting the knot. When, as often happens, the existing practice is not consistent with the letter of the law, the question usually considered has been whether the matter related merely to the internal regulations of a Government Department or affected the rights and interests of the outside public. In the former case, common sense seemed to point towards what might be described as the natural and legitimate development of the law and against express revival of regulations which experience had proved to be unnecessary or inconvenient. But where outside rights or interests were concerned, the action of the Committee was strictly conservative, and great jealousy was shown of any suggestion that it might be convenient to smooth away administrative difficulties by slight alterations of the law. It was always felt that to do this was the proper function of the legislature at large by means of amending measures. Of course there is always room for argument as to where the line should be drawn between '*amendments of the law*' and '*alterations necessarily incidental to consolidation*,' or '*adaptations to existing law and practice*.' But if the work done by the Joint Committees is carefully examined it will be seen that their tendency has been to take a very strict view as to the limits of their powers.

If any one chooses to say that the procedure thus described is not consolidation, as he understands the term, he is perfectly justified in doing so. Only he must remember that consolidation in his sense of the term is not practicable.

The House of Commons usually takes a common-sense view of these questions, and, if its opinion were fairly challenged, it would

would probably say that it was quite willing to give its Committees a reasonable discretion as to what they did and what they did not think consistent with consolidation, provided always that it had some means of testing the grounds on which the Committee proceeded. Such a means could easily be supplied. In the first place definite instructions might be laid down as to the principles on which the Committee are to proceed. These instructions would probably correspond more or less to the lines of the report presented by the Joint Committee who settled the great Merchant Shipping Act of 1894. In the next place the report presented by the Committee on each Consolidation Bill might be specific instead of general, might deal with each of the questions submitted to the Committee for solution, and might explain the reason for the particular solution adopted. This would involve a certain amount of trouble and delay, but the amount of additional trouble would be trifling as compared with that necessarily involved in the preparation of a Consolidation Bill.

The problem is how to reconcile the control which the House ought to exercise over its Committees with the provision of facilities for passing measures which are not contentious but which may occasionally require a few words of explanation. Perhaps some slight amendment of the Standing Orders might be required. It might be expedient to let measures of this kind be taken on one day in the week either at the time allowed for private Bills or after twelve o'clock. In every case of a Consolidation Bill a very short discussion would suffice to settle the question whether the Committee who had considered a Consolidation Bill had done their work properly or not. The problem does not seem difficult to solve, but until it is solved in some way or other the work of consolidating the statute law must be indefinitely postponed.

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- ART. IX.—1. *Spain*. By H. E. Watts. London, 1892.  
 2. *The Cid Campeador*. By H. Butler Clarke. New York and London, 1897.  
 3. *A History of Spain*. By Ulick Ralph Burke. Two Vols. London, 1895.

THE courage and the misfortunes of Spain, the decayed but not dishonoured condition of a nation which led the world three hundred years ago, bring to mind the memory of her ancient glory. The history of Spain for the last three hundred years is one of decadence and senility, chequered by some gleams of ancient virtue. Down to the time of the destruction of the Moorish Empire and the Moorish people by Ferdinand VII. and Philip II., it is a story of conquest and re-conquest, in which the armies of three continents took part; of chivalry exhibited without the softness of Provence or the vanity of France, and of religion passing from wide toleration into an unpleasing but not ignoble sternness, which degenerated at last into a bigotry born from hatred of men rather than love of God.

Such expressions as 'national type,' 'national character,' 'national sentiment,' when we look into them, may appear at first to be metaphysical abstractions:—

'When we talk of national greatness, what does it mean? Why, it really means that a certain distinct definite number of immortal individual beings happen for a few years to be in circumstances to act together, and one upon another, in such a way as to be able to act upon the world at large, to gain an ascendancy over the world, to gain power and wealth, and to look like one, and to be talked of and to be looked up to as one.'\*

The preacher goes on to draw a religious moral from the individuality of the component atoms of the mass. He under-values, perhaps, the reality concealed in the illusion of a common personality. The most abstract of all such personalities is the Church. The Church commands, triumphs, suffers. She is represented as a kind of goddess, something compounded of a Muse, a Virtue, and an Institution, rather than a community of living souls. Yet this mythological figure has power to inspire and to console; it symbolizes a type of character and a rule of life, and creates a likeness among those who take it as an ideal. The belief in a common country, and

\* Newman, 'Parochial and Plain Sermons,' Sermon VI., vol. iv., p. 82, ed. 1896.

a common character suitable to it, rests on a more tangible though not more real foundation. The inhabitants of one country resemble each other naturally in origin, features, language, and dress. They share the same ideas, and to some extent the same interests. The illusion is powerful to work : it makes ordinary actions sublime, it raises men above material desires, it creates out of the mutual resemblance of a certain number of men an ideal of the virtue proper to the type in which they share, and thus grows into a rule of life stronger than that supplied by laws and ordinances. To the historian, national character is more than an abstraction : it explains facts, excuses excesses and defects, and justifies predictions ; and the wisest statesman is he who takes it into respectful account in dealing with those whose national type is different from his own. We wonder, perhaps, at the heroism of the Spanish sailors who sank the other day at Manila with colours flying, making a useless sacrifice to honour. We should wonder less, and admire more, if we remembered that the sacredness of the *pundonor* is a tradition inherited from centuries of courageous ancestors. In order to understand we must admire ; and it is worth while to study the nobler side of national character, if only to render to ourselves a reasonable explanation of national actions.

The Spanish type, as fixed in the Middle Ages, is based on personal dignity and *amour propre*. Effort is ungrateful to the Spaniard : he does not care to get hot over buying and selling. His whole set of mind has something of an Oriental character, both in repose and in excitement. He likes ceremony and splendour, and yet is tolerant of squalor and waste. He is contented with Spain as it is—' *Quien dice España dice todo* '—and has no impatient desire for the hurry of modern improvements. He cares little for dynasties, but much for persons. His moods are hard to calculate, and his obstinacy is as invincible as his adherence to the only religion which he deems worthy of the attention of a *caballero*. These characteristics are found in every page of the history of Spain ; and of the history of histories, the life and exploits of the ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha.

We are apt to conceive of Spain and the Spanish character as it is presented to us from the Elizabethan point of view : when Spain, having vanquished all the enemies within her own borders, aspired to universal dominion ; when the possession of the Indies had elated her to a belief in the omnipotence of gold ; and when the militant chivalry who beat down the Moors was transformed into a paid soldiery, sent to crush freedom in

Germany,



Germany, Italy, Holland, and wherever the power of the Habsburgs could reach. But to understand the Spanish nature, we should look rather at the mediæval history of Spain; and the key of this is the conflict between Spaniard and Moor—a conflict continued for seven hundred years, and none the less real because the details are monotonous to read, and repeat a round of adventures and deeds of champions, battles and sieges, triumphs and massacres, in which there seems to be neither distinction of centuries nor progress in the arts of peace and war, but only one result, the advance of the Christian frontier through infinite slaughter, till Granada alone remains, a tolerated neighbour, destined also to fall at length before the power of united Spain.

One incident of this monotony is that Spanish character runs easily into types, which have been fixed by uniformity of conditions in a permanence not to be found elsewhere in Western Europe. We do not expect in travelling through England to see such personages as are described in the 'Canterbury Tales,' or brought on the stage in the 'Merry Wives,' or the 'Histories' and 'Comedies,' though we may often recognize our contemporaries in reading Chaucer and Shakespeare. But enter a train in Spain, and you will see at every station the curate, the housekeeper, the squire, and half-a-dozen Dulcineas with baskets; and if the knight himself is not there (though you may chance to light on him, too), likely enough it is because he has gone to fight windmills, or more perilous giants, in some enchanted island of the Eastern or Western Sea, to win no prize but barren honour.

Another effect of monotony is to bring into relief the figures of the champions on both sides. It is impossible to keep in mind the surging and resurging of the tide of war. In Spanish history it has always been the same: armies march from sea to sea and meet other armies; multitudes of Carthaginians and Iberians, Moors and Christians, are slain; the story of Saguntum is repeated in a hundred sieges. The mind cannot take it in. But across the sameness of the historical landscape, symbolized by the richly-coloured but featureless tracts of middle Spain, ride the romantic or heroic figures of Pelayo, the Cid, Abderahman III., Almanzor, the two Ferdinands, James the Conqueror, and many other champions.

The history of the Spanish people has yet to be written. Spanish history has not advanced beyond the picturesque phase; and its interest is principally centred in the kings and warriors who led its armies. The ballads supplement it; but the ballads have no chronology, and what we read in the ballads as recorded

of the Cid may be only true of a *campeador* of three hundred years later.

The story of the Moorish rule in Spain has often been told, but never told by a historian. The Spanish and Moorish chroniclers are neither better nor worse than other chroniclers. The ballads are richer than those of any other country, and they not only deal with romance and adventure, but are the popular record of a passionately patriotic race. Less emotional than the Teutonic ballads, less fantastic than the unrealities of the *chansons de geste*, *fabliaux*, and *romans* of Brittany, France, and the South, the ballads of Spain deal with real facts, though in a romantic spirit, and serve as illustrations of the chronicles. What is wanted is a work based upon later researches than those accessible to Professor Dozy, whose history is the chief attempt made hitherto to read fact into the patriotic legend of the chronicle and the ballad. Mr. Stanley Lane Poole's book, 'The Moors in Spain,' gives a readable sketch of the period. Mr. H. E. Watts writes with a higher historical aim, and it may be hoped that he will give us a more complete work on the same subject as that dealt with in his clear and instructive book, 'Spain,' in the 'Story of the Nations' series. The story of the Cid has been re-written from the original authorities in an interesting work by Mr. Butler Clarke. Mr. Ulick Burke had a wide acquaintance with Spanish literature, ancient and modern, and his 'History of Spain' is by far the most complete work on the subject. Under the editorship of Señor Cánovas del Castillo, various periods of Spanish history are being treated by native writers, one of whom, at least, Don Juan Catalina García, is familiar with authentic sources of information,\* and the vast 'Coleccion de documentos inéditos' is turning the hundred in the numbering of its volumes. Nor are German books wanting; conspicuous among them are two volumes of Dr. Schirrmacher which treat of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Material is plentiful, and grows every day. But material is not history, nor virtue words, nor a wood timber. Let us wish for the appearance of some Frenchman or Englishman—for they are the nations which have the shaping touch—who will turn fuel into a flame, and make the dead Spain of the conquering age live again.

Spain—inhabited partly by Celts, but chiefly by a people

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\* 'Historia General de España, escrita por individuos de número de la R. Academia de la Historia, bajo la dirección del Ec<sup>mo</sup> Sr. D. Antonio Cánovas del Castillo, Director de la misma Academia: Castilla y Leon.' Por D. Juan Catalina García. Madrid, n.d.



whom the Greeks and Romans called Iberians and Celtiberians, visited in early days by Phœnician rovers, conquered many centuries later by Carthage, and, after that, again by Rome—was part of the Roman Empire for six hundred years, during which time the people adopted the Roman laws, customs, and religion, and became as completely a part of the Roman world as Italy itself. The wave of barbarian invasion in the fifth century after Christ brought many tribes over the Pyrenees—Alans, Sueves, and Vandals (whence the name Andalus, Andalusia), and among them the West Goths or Visigoths. These appear first as allies of the Romans against other barbarians, then as independent rulers over the Iberian and Roman inhabitants. As the Iberians and Celtiberians had been Romanized, so the Goths were Romanized. We see in them another instance of the truth that the more highly organized civilization absorbs its conquerors. The Goths of Spain lost their German and learnt to speak Latin, and accepted the law and religion of Rome. The West Gothic or Visigothic kingdom was strongly founded and well maintained. The Gothic kings assumed a Spanish nationality, and governed the most flourishing and civilized of the new Teutonic realms; they extended their power northwards as far as the Loire and the Rhone, but were defeated near Poitiers in 507, and driven out of Gaul by Chlodwig or Clovis the Frank. The Gothic kingdom of Toulouse was destroyed at a blow, and the question was decided whether Goth or Frank, Arian or Catholic, should prevail in Gaul. This was the first war of religion waged among Christians. The Visigoths, like the rest of their race, had received Christianity in the Arian form. A modern student may wonder whether barbarous Goths, Catholic or Arian, could comprehend the metaphysical abstractions which exercised the intellect of Alexandrian Greeks in the fourth century. But much charity may be destroyed by a little theology; and the Goths who, according to the legend, might not read the Books of Kings lest their savage passions should be inflamed, learnt the lesson of intolerance from their conquerors.

The concurrence of civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries in law-making is a common feature of mediæval history; but in Spain ecclesiastical synods took the place of parliaments, or were not distinguished from them; and in the body of Visigothic law which was codified in the 'Siete Partidas' of Alfonso X. the liberties of the Church were better cared for than those of the nation. We have indications of the same tendency in our own history. The first article of 'Magna Carta' runs: 'Quod Anglicana ecclesia libera sit.' When clerks were

the only scholars it was reasonable that they should make use of 'a very respectable instrument of power, intellectual superiority'; and whatever was done in the way of reducing barbarous customs to Christian legislation is greatly due to the clergy. Ecclesiastical domination was accepted in Spain as a national institution; and Spain has always been priest-ridden, unable, that is, to conceive of any form of religion but that put forward by authority. Hence it results that in no part of Europe was orthodoxy so carefully guarded, and hostility to infidels so strongly entertained. The masculine and somewhat gloomy character of the Spanish race is reflected in its religion. In no country is Catholicism more sombre and dignified. In none are its doctrines held with less elasticity. The stamp of bigotry was only deepened by the conflict with Mohammedanism; it was imprinted from the first; and the cruelties of the Inquisition are the natural result of an inflexible creed professed by a serious people.

If the Visigothic Church was among the most completely organized churches, the Visigothic code of laws was the most rational and humane of codes. It exalted the power of the king and the clergy, but it gave all subjects equal rights. We see in both these institutions the proud, ceremonious, punctilious character which has for centuries made Spain at once the most dignified and the least progressive nation in Europe.

The judicial system of the Goths, a mixture of Roman and native jurisprudence, must not be left out of sight in considering the origins of the Spanish national character. The Visigothic code or '*Fuero Juzgo*' (Forum Judicum), an adaptation to Teutonic customs of the Roman jurisprudence as established in Spain, is the foundation of Spanish law. Its penalties were distributed according to the social status of the offender and of the injured person. Social equality was not thought of; the privileged classes were the clergy and after them the nobles. Besides this, the only distinction was between freeman and slave. Here we have the national characteristic of universal gentility. All Spaniards since the Middle Ages are *caballeros*. The unfree class has disappeared; the remainder are all gentlemen. 'Every Spaniard,' says Ford, '(be his class what it may), considers himself a *caballero*, a gentleman, and an old and well-born Christian one, *Cristiano viejo y rancio*, and therefore your equal.'

Founded upon the '*Fuero Juzgo*,' and completing it, is the body of laws codified by Alfonso X. (1258), under the name of '*Siete Partidas*,' or 'seven sections,' a division based upon the seven-fold distinctions of Justinian's legislation. The '*Fuero Juzgo*' was a universal code, ethical, ceremonial, and judicial,  
like



like the laws of Moses, Menu, the Twelve Tables, and Solon. All misdoings were included in its scope: sin as well as crime, offences against morality as well as offences against society.

The author of the '*Siete Partidas*,' Alfonso X., El Sabio, the Wise, or rather the Scholar, was a bad manager of money, a thoughtless ruler, a vain and ambitious man, who cared more to be titular Emperor of Rome than a good King of Castile. But for learning and genius he stands, by the side of Frederick II., among the first men of that wonderful age. In his merits as well as in his defects he much resembled his contemporary, Henry III. of England. He was honourably distinguished from Henry III. by the fact that the reforms associated with his name were initiated by him; whereas the growth of national liberty which we date from the reign of Henry III. was due in the first place to his weakness, in the second to the organizing genius of his son, Edward I. Alfonso X. increased the prerogatives of the kings and diminished the power of the nobles, by bringing them into line with the Commons. The kings learnt henceforward to rest their power upon the Commons; and in course of time both clergy and nobles were excluded from the Cortes. An instructive parallel might be drawn between the growth of the Commons of England and the Commons of Castile. The Cortes and the *fueros* correspond to our parliaments and charters. But the principal difference is a fundamental one. In England the ancient principle of representation was never lost sight of; in Spain the elections were arbitrary, settled sometimes by lot, sometimes by royal choice. We must not expect to find in mediæval institutions a Republic of Plato or an American Constitution; but the principle of personal election and its influence on the national polity was established in Spain in the thirteenth century even more firmly than in England. The same may be said of the Cortes of Aragon. Whether a result of the national character or an element in its formation, we see in the popular institutions of mediæval Spain a balance of authority and liberty which existed in no country in which the feudal system was completely developed. In finance and in jurisprudence the voice of the nation was respected by the kings. The judges, as in England, could hold their own against the royal power; and their power was exerted both in checking royal caprice and in impeding legislation. If it is true that the English judicature has for centuries favoured individual liberty by exalting the common law at the expense of the legislature—in other words, has upheld custom, a native growth, above laws imposed by authority—it is also true that

in Spain the judicial system limited as well as legalized the power of the nobles, and acted as a check on feudal autocracy.

Another feature to be remembered, as helping to build up a strong national sentiment, is the independent attitude which the Spanish nation took up in the presence of the claims of Rome. The vast pretensions of the thirteenth-century Popes roused a proportionate resistance in England and France. But in neither country was the opposition so strong as in Spain. Edward I. and Lewis IX., Grosseteste and Gerson, upheld national liberties against the Papacy. But the Spanish resistance to the claims of Rome was more vigorous still. The Mozarabic ritual was upheld against the Roman use by wager of battle, by bull-fight, and by ordeal of fire; and though the King's will prevailed, the national sentiment survived in a determined opposition to the Papal claim of temporal jurisdiction. We have as the resultant of these forces an orthodox united religious sentiment, combined with national self-will; a temper ready to fight the battles of the Church against the Infidel, but not willing to surrender the right of ordering Spanish affairs according to Spanish ideas. This was an element in the strength of the conquering and crusading spirit among the Spaniards; a spirit which found no antagonist of equal power among the fanatical populations of Islam.

The sense of personal worth and the dignity of behaviour which accompanies it have been noticed by all who have had experience of the Spaniards, from the Roman times to our own. This made them, and especially the Cantabrians of the North, famous for their obstinate resistance to invaders. Their indomitable character is a commonplace of the Roman poets; and the desperate defence of their towns, from Numantia to Saragossa, illustrates the saying of the Arab general that 'though they were women in the field, behind walls they were lions.'

Personal dignity is the very foundation of chivalry; and we must not forget that though his reading was chiefly in French romances, Don Quixote, no less than the Cid and San Fernando, was a Spanish *hidalgo*. In no country were knightly challenges to single combat so common as in Spain. The Cid got his name *el Campeador* from one of these combats; a name justified by innumerable victories over Moorish and Christian champions. To Spain, too, belongs the harsh rule of war which bids the victor slay his vanquished opponent, and lay his head at his lady's feet. Heads hung at the saddle-bow of Christian or paynim knight are as common in mediæval Spain as in Morocco to-day. The natural hardness of the Spanish type of character was deepened by centuries of warfare  
between



between Spaniard and Moor, as in the story of our own Border. Thousands of prisoners were massacred and thousands sold as slaves. The courtesies of warfare were exchanged only between the chiefs; we anticipate in these early wars the cruelties of Mexico, Peru, and the Low Countries. It may be said that such hardness is inseparable from the virtues which make a conquering nation; but if so, they are dearly bought.

Akin to the love of prowess is that susceptibility to the personal influence of their leaders, whether native or foreign, which has often been remarked as an element in the national character. We need only mention the names of Mandonius and Indibilis in the Second Punic War, of Hasdrubal, Viriathus, the younger Scipio, and Sertorius, to recall to the memories of our readers this national trait. 'Law and order,' says Niebuhr, 'have not the least power over them, while personal qualities are everything.' We may add to this the remark of the same author that the Spanish soldiery are 'great in battles only at times and under great generals; under Hamilcar and Hannibal, in ancient history; in the Middle Ages and afterwards, under Gonsalvo de Cordova, who formed the Spanish infantry, down to the Duke of Alva, under whom it was still excellent.'

The Visigothic kingdom of Spain lasted three hundred years, until it was broken up by the new barbarians, the soldiers of Islam. The conquest of the West, as part of the conquest of the world, to the true religion, was part of the original idea of Islam.

The simple enthusiasm of the Arabian armies was guided by commanders to whom the government of the territories conquered was promised by the Prophet and his followers: and within one hundred years the successors of Mahomet 'extended their arms and their reign' over Persia, Syria, Egypt, Africa, and Spain. No statement of grievances, no mission of heralds, no announcement of claims, no *casus belli*, was required in these wars. Abubekr, the first Caliph or successor of Mahomet, makes proclamation in these terms: 'In the name of the most merciful God, to the rest of the true believers, health and happiness. I intend to send the true believers into Syria to take it out of the hands of the infidels. . . . To fight for religion is an act of obedience to God.' Obedience made discipline possible, and discipline gave unity. The Crusaders had equal religious fervour and equal greed; but they wanted the unity which made the Saracenic invasions irresistible, and established dominions more durable than the Frankish kingdoms set up by the Crusaders in the East. It was unity that gave strength to Islam. The Commander of the Faithful sends out his captains from Damascus or Bagdad, makes

makes and unmakes kings and emirs, demands and receives spoils and tributes, and rules from the Euphrates to the Indus in the East and the pillars of Hercules in the West. 'The fanatic cry of "Fight, fight! Paradise, Paradise!" drowned the uproar of the towns, the ringing of bells, and the exclamations of the priests and monks' in a captured city. Thousands of captives, the choicest of those who survived the battle or the siege, were sent, laden with treasure, to the slave market of Damascus—and when the conquerors could boast that at the expense of less than five hundred true believers who had exchanged glory for Paradise, fifty thousand infidels had been sent to hell, the battle was half won by the terror which preceded their advancing armies. 'He that labours to-day shall rest to-morrow' was the saying which stimulated the believers to fresh conquests. The beginnings of Islam afford a strange mixture of luxury and simplicity. Whilst making capture of inestimable treasures, Omar, the conqueror of Jerusalem, carried with him on his red camel a sack of corn, a bag of dates, a wooden dish, and a leathern bottle of water. The desert seems to be remembered in the city.

Moving on westward, the Moslems under Amrou took Cairo with its innumerable palaces, baths, and theatres; and, as Gibbon says, 'the fertility of Egypt supplied the dearth of Arabia.' Egypt was pacified by the restoration of order and the imposition of a not intolerable tribute; and that most patient of nations bowed to the mildest of its oppressors. The district of Carthage next fell under the Moslem power, and an Arabian colony was placed in what is now the holy city of Kairwan, and soon became the 'seat of learning as well as of empire.'

Confused fighting with Greeks and Goths went on for half a century along the African littoral, from Tunis to Tangiers, and as far as the wilderness in which the 'successors of Akbar erected the splendid capitals of Fez and Morocco,' and at length penetrated to the verge of the Atlantic and the Great Desert. The Moors, or Berbers—the name is merely the Greek *βάρβαροι* and Latin *barbari*, 'men of unknown language'—a hardy pastoral race, would not yield without a struggle. In order to divert the Arab invasions they are said to have destroyed their own towns, filled up their wells, and cut down their fruit trees. Those who would not submit fled to the valleys of the Atlas. But they were at length absorbed by the Eastern invaders. Many thousands of Eastern Arabs came in from Egypt and mingled their blood with that of the native Berbers; the creed of Mahomet and the Arabic tongue were adopted by the conquered tribes, and at the time of the invasion of Spain, Berbers and  
Arabs



Arabs ('al Maghreb' and 'Sharákim') are for all purposes of conquest and government the same people.

In the year 710 A.D. a small body of Moslems crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, and found no one to oppose their landing. The next year (711) Tárik with five thousand Arab and Berber followers landed at the rock which still bears his name, Gibraltar, *Gebel al Tárik*, the Mount of Tárik. Roderick (Don Rodrigo) the Gothic King of Spain, marched from Toledo, his capital, to meet the invaders, with a force of a hundred thousand men, and met the Moors with little more than a tenth of the number near Xeres. Roderick, borne in a mule litter of ivory, dressed in silk and gold, and crowned with a diadem of pearls, was prepared to witness the easy slaughter of the infidels. But though thousands of them fell, the survivors persevered. 'The sea is behind you, the enemy in front,' cried Tárik; 'whither would ye flee? Follow me! I will either die in the field or trample on the King of the Romans.' Dissensions broke out amongst the Christians; and after seven days' fighting the Gothic army was cut to pieces or disappeared. Roderick himself, according to one account, was slain by Tárik, and his severed head was sent to Damascus; according to another, he perished ignobly in the waters of the Guadalete. 'Such,' says the Arab historian, 'is the fate of kings who withdraw themselves from the field of battle.'

This is the story as told by the Moors. The legend of the Spaniards tells the more romantic history of Count Julian or Ilyan, the Spanish Governor of Ceuta, and his daughter, Florinda la Cava: how, to avenge her honour, Count Julian dissembled with her ravisher, King Roderick; 'I will send you hawks and horses' (he said), 'such as you never saw yet': how he then called in Musa and his Moorish army; how Roderick after his defeat at the Guadalete escaped with life, but not with honour, and went into a hermit's cell, and there was tempted by the Devil in the likeness of a reverend old man, and again in that of the beautiful Florinda; and having resisted all assaults, was commanded in a dream to shut himself up in a tomb filled with toads and snakes, and so died, contented that the serpents should gnaw the fleshly members wherein he had sinned. As Sancho Panza says, 'from his silks and riches was Rodrigo cast to be devoured by snakes, if the old ballads tell true; and sure they are too old to lie.'

Cordova soon fell before the victorious Tárik himself, a thousand horsemen swimming the Guadalquivir, each with a soldier behind him. Another detachment reduced Granada. Tárik marched north and took Toledo. Thence he subdued Castile

Castile and Leon, and even reached the southern shore of the Bay of Biscay. Immigrants from Egypt and the East occupied the conquered lands: and the Christians, protected in so much of their religion and their property as was left to them, became the contented tributaries of the Saracens. Their churches and services were respected. They were allowed to keep their own laws and the administration of them. They paid a land tax (*kharádj*) and a poll tax. The lands of the Church, and of those nobles who had fled to the North, were confiscated; but property in general was not disturbed. The poor of the land, and above all the slaves, were better off than under Roman, Frank, or Goth; and the Christians accepted their position without much murmuring. This wise toleration continued as long as the Moors were strong. Intolerance and persecution came in from the Christian side. The Crusade and the Inquisition went hand in hand.

The victorious Moors, looking for occasions of war and enterprise, besides those afforded by their own dissensions, crossed the Pyrenees within forty years of their first invasion, and carried their arms into Gaul, or as they called it *Afranc*, the Frankish land. All Aquitaine and Provence were overrun, and the victorious armies reached the Loire, and were intending fresh conquests, when they were met near Tours (732) by Charles Martel, Duke of the Austrasian Franks, the son of Pippin Heristal, and grandfather of Charles the Great.

'Abderrahman, the Emir of Andalus,' says the Arab chronicle, 'smote his enemies and laid waste their land, and took captives innumerable. Everything gave way before his scimitars, the devourers of men. Then came the people of *Afranc*, and told their king, *Caldus* (Charles), how the Moslems rode at their will through Narbonne, Toulouse, and Bordeaux, and how they had slain their Count. So the king bade them be of good cheer; and he mounted his horse and took with him a host that could not be numbered, and went against the Moslems. Now at Medina Tours' (the city of Tours) 'the Moslems were laden with their spoil, and they saw great booty in that city; and the king feared to vex them by bidding them leave the spoil and think only of their arms and their war horses. Therefore, in the desire of booty, they took the city of Tours and spoiled it, and slew the people thereof.'

'Now the Christians were drawn up near the city, and the men of Abderrahman were the first to fight. They fought till the going down of the sun, and in the morning they fought again, and this did they for seven days.'

'But one came to the Emir, and said to him that the Christians were plundering his camp; and many of the Moslems rode away to save their spoil. Then all the host was troubled, thinking that they fled



fled from fear. And the Christians prevailed against them, and smote them, and their king was pierced with many spears and died. Thus were the Moslems smitten before the Christians.'

Charles the Great, the grandson of Charles Martel, added all Gaul to his empire, and made a progress through Spain. But here too a limit was fixed, and his invasion, which ended in defeat, established the Pyrenees as the barrier between France and Spain. The 'dolorous rout' of Roncevalles has been as much sung by the poets as the tale of Troy. The Frankish power here received a permanent check. That is history; all else is fable. But the fable has kindled the poetic imagination of the world, and like the tale of Troy, is worth more to us than many historical facts.

According to the northern legend, Charlemagne, to give him the name which he bears in romance, after conquering the Saxons and their King Wittekind, determined to conquer Spain also and to drive the Saracens back to the sea. Another Abderrahman, Abderrahman I. the Omeyyad, was now (777) Sultan of Cordova. Alfonso, king of the Asturias, and some of the discontented Moslem chiefs, promised the Frankish king their help. But they fell to quarrelling among themselves. Meanwhile the Saxons rose in Germany, and Charlemagne had to raise the siege of Saragossa and march back his forces into Gaul to meet them. Charles's nephew, Roland the Paladin, the Orlando of the poets, was in command of the rear-guard of the Frankish host. Most of the army had re-crossed the mountains into Gaul, when the Basques fell upon the rear-guard in the Pass of Roncevalles and destroyed it, so that hardly a man escaped. Moslem and Christian fought side by side against the Franks, caring more for a common country than a common faith; and 'Abderrahman expelled the invaders from the mountains of Afranc.'

Roland had plied his good sword Durindana all that day, till his friends had fallen, and he laid him down to die. But first he spoke thus to his faithful sword: 'O Durindana, sword of brightness, temper, and sharpness, ivory-hilted, gold-crossed, beryl-crowned, engraven with the name of God, who shall wield thee now? Whom shalt thou call thy master?' And lest Durindana should fall into a weaker hand, he broke him in twain upon a rock. The cleft in the mountain is still called Brèche de Roland. Then he blew his dread horn so loud that the sword-cut on his head burst out bleeding and the veins of his heart burst; and Charlemagne heard him afar off. But the traitor Ganelon told him that Roland was a-hunting; and Charlemagne turned not back to help him. Only Alda,  
Roland's

Roland's mistress, had a vision of a vulture tearing a falcon, which warned her of her lover's fate. Thereafter came Baldwin, another of the twelve Peers of France, and told the king that Roland and Oliver, his brother, were slain; and Charlemagne returned to Roncesvalles, and there found Orlando dying, stretched out in the form of a cross, with his face towards Spain, and his broken sword and his horn at his side. Then Charlemagne mourned over him, and the army rested there, and they embalmed Roland with balsam, aloes, and myrrh.

This is the story, told in a hundred poems, of the 'Thermopylae of the Pyrenees'; but Leonidas was a patriot, and Charles an intruder. The German invader became the hero of French romance, and his Peers and Paladins are the heritage of poets of the North. Not so in Spain. There the hero of Roncesvalles is not Roland, but the Spanish knight, Don Bernardo del Carpio. Charlemagne is the invader who took the Christian city of Pampeluna, and King Alfonso the traitor who betrayed his kingdom to the Frankish Emperor. Bernardo del Carpio is even more mythical than Roland and Oliver. But one story is as well authenticated as the other; and the Spanish ballads are as good evidence as the 'Chanson de Roland,' which Taillefer sang before the Norman ranks at Hastings, tossing his lance in the air and catching it again, in his chivalrous glee. So well has the rout of Roncesvalles been remembered by the Spanish borderers, that when Wellington was pursuing the French marshals through the frontier passes, the Basque peasants sang songs of Bernardo del Carpio and how he slew 'Roldan' by lifting him from the ground and crushing him in his arms:—

'There is the sound of an army coming; our men have heard it from the mountain-tops; they bend their bows, they sharpen their swords.

'Count them well, boy; one, two, three, four, five, ten, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, nineteen, twenty. Twenty, and still thousands behind! Let us tear up the rocks, let us hunt the enemy from the mountain. Why came they to disturb our peace? . . . God made not mountains for men to cross. Down fall the rocks, down they fall—blood spurts, flesh quivers. Fly, fly, King Carloman, with thy black plumes and red mantle—thy nephew, thy bravest, thy beloved, Roldan, lies low. His valour could not save him. How many are they? Boy, count them well. Twenty, nineteen, eighteen . . . three—two—one. No, not one is left. . . . To-night the eagles will come and eat their flesh, and their bones shall whiten for ever.'

It is not to be supposed that the unity of Islam prevented all dissensions. The change of dynasty which came about by the overthrow



overthrow of the Omeyyad Caliphs at Damascus was felt in Spain. One of the Omeyyad house, Abderrahman I., escaped the general massacre of his family at Damascus, and fled into Africa. Here he lived among the Bedouins, a romantic hero, a lover of horses and hawks, one that feared not the lion when he roared at night. Abderrahman came over into Spain in 755. The adherents of the Ommiades in Spain gathered round him, and in less than a year he was king of Cordova and all Andalus. It was he who beat Roland and Oliver at Roncesvalles. He fought with the Abassides, who came over from Africa with their black standard, to overrun his kingdom. Abderrahman kindled a great fire, drew his scimitar, and flung the scabbard into the flames. Seven hundred of his comrades did the same; and by their valour the invaders were cut to pieces, and the heads of their leaders sent to Bagdad, to the Caliph Mansur, who exclaimed: 'Praised be Allah, that the broad sea lies between me and that man!' It was this Abderrahman who began to build the Aljama or Mosque of Cordova, the wonder of the world, the third sanctuary of Islam after Mecca and Jerusalem. It is thus described by the Arabian chronicles: 'The Aljama is 600 feet long, and 250 feet wide; the columns form 30 naves from side to side and 19 from end to end. It has 19 lofty and spacious gates; 1093 columns, all of marble, support the roof . . . 2700 lamps are lighted for the time of evening prayer.' Some of these lamps were bells taken from the Christian cathedral of Santiago. He also introduced palm-trees into Spain; 'exiles sighing for their home on the Euphrates,' he called them; for he was a poet too, and a lover of all learning and virtue; and it was said of him that he would not break his word for all the world.

Oriental history is full of sudden changes of fortune, of dynasties, and conspiracies, apparently without cause or effect. It is a succession of biographies, biographies of kings with names that cannot be remembered, and actions that lead to nothing. But the name of Abderrahman III., the Omeyyad Caliph of Cordova, deserves to be kept in memory. Abderrahman III. assumed the august title of Caliph, instead of that of Emir or Sultan, in 912 A.D., and under him Andalusia became the most prosperous kingdom in the West, or perhaps in all the world. He found the kingdom in a state of anarchy, divided among a crowd of chiefs of different race, and in danger of being absorbed either by the Christian kings of Leon or by the Fatimite Sultans of Egypt. He restored order and prosperity, repelled invasion, and extended his borders. We hear of his fleets and armies, his Slavic Janissaries, his successes in war against Egypt and  
Leon;

Leon; his bridges and aqueducts, his palaces and castles, his libraries and colleges. A king like Abderrahman III., or a minister like the vizir Almanzor, perhaps the most powerful ruler and warrior of all the Moorish race, is followed by a weak king or a succession of weak kings; the empire is divided; Emirates of Badajoz, Toledo, Valencia, Seville, Granada, menace and weaken the King of Cordova; rude African invaders take the place of the cultivated Arabs, the descendants of the first conquerors; birds of prey build their nests on mountain crags and harry the dwellers in the plain; Slavs and Berbers contend for the possession of the capital, and set up one Caliph after another. What remain to interest us are mainly some biographical details, principally speeches of the principal actors, wise or magnanimous or witty, accounts of the learning and splendour of the Moslems; or deeds of arms and chivalry—for the spirit of chivalry awoke among the Moors as early as among the Franks, or earlier. But through the whole story we note the rise of the Christian power in the North, and the preparation of a religious and martial enthusiasm purer, stronger, and fiercer than that of the Moors. If history is the account of the growth and character of nations, the rise of the Christian power should be more interesting than the decay of the Caliphate of Cordova, which is exalted by no cause and illustrates no principle.

But here again Poetry steps in. The reign of the Moors of Spain is part of the kingdom of Poetry. What can be less like the language of sober prose than the following description?—

‘Three miles from Cordova, in honour of his favourite Sultana, the third and greatest of the Abderrahmans constructed the city, palace, and gardens of Zahra. Twenty-five years, and above three millions sterling, were employed by the founder; his liberal taste invited . . . the most skilful sculptors and architects of the age; and the buildings were sustained or adorned by twelve hundred columns of Spanish and African, of Greek and Italian marble. The hall of audience was encrusted with gold and pearls, and a great basin in the centre was surrounded with the curious and costly figures of birds and quadrupeds. One of these basins . . . was replenished, not with water, but with the purest quicksilver. The seraglio of Abderrahman . . . amounted to six thousand three hundred persons; and he was attended to the field by a guard of twelve thousand horse, whose belts and scymetars were studded with gold.’ (Gibbon, chap. lii.)

Cordova from the ninth to the eleventh century was the eye of Europe: more splendid, more learned, and more civilized than any capital of the West. The Western renaissance, which began



began a century after Charlemagne, had hardly come to birth when the Moors were enlarging in every direction the limits of human knowledge. The mosques and palaces of Spain were shining with marble, mosaic, and Damascus tile-work at a time when our ancestors still dwelt in wattled huts, or were only beginning to imitate in ponderous vaults and gloomy cloisters the ruins of Rome. The orange groves, the fountains and cisterns, the luxurious pavilions of Andalusia, would have seemed like fairy-land to the rude inhabitants of Winchester and Paris. Poets were highly honoured at Cordova. There were poetesses too, of whom Ayesha or Aixa was the most renowned. The common life of the people was full of poetry. The boatmen of the Guadalquivir, like the gondoliers of Venice, recited verses as they rowed. It is to Andalusia, as much as to Provence and Languedoc, where also the Moors had borne rule, that we must look for the rise of romantic poetry, the 'gay science' of the Troubadours and the Courts of Love. The Arab element is as much a part of the history of Christian poetry as the Celtic and Roman elements. The ballad of love and war is Moorish; Moorish too, or at least Oriental, is the skill in metre and rhyme which reached its highest perfection in the Provençal poetry. In Spain the ballad, both Arabian and Christian, is the characteristic form of literature. The history of Spain is written in ballads, sung and repeated by all classes. Sancho Panza, who had no taste for romances, knows as many ballads as proverbs. No speech or address was complete without poetical allusions: and the language of poetry was adopted even by the chroniclers. Cordova (says one of them) is to Andalus what the head is to the body. The groves that fringe her river are tuneful with the voices of birds. Her fields are flowers. Her soil is rose-coloured amber. 'Come you from Cordova?' says an exile; 'let me smell the air of Cordova wafted from your garments.' The walls of Toledo are her turban, the river her girdle, the trees her stars; the river of Seville is more lovely than the Tigris and the Nile. The imagery of all this poetry is of the simplest kind, and the imagination gorgeous rather than inventive, as is the common character of Oriental art. Architecture, pottery, metal work, are all of the highest order, and far beyond what the Christians could produce, but lack the Gothic invention and variety. The Moors were as incapable of designing the portal of Valladolid or the cloister of St. John at Toledo as were the Christians of building the mosque of Cordova, the Court of Lions at Granada, or the Giralda of Seville.

Music too was held in high honour. Abderrahman II., the patron

patron of learned men and founder of numerous libraries, rode out in person to the gates, to meet Ziryab the musician of Bagdad. Ziryab, a pupil of Isaac, the favourite musician of Haroun al Rashid, had added a fifth string to the lute, and invented a new method, delivered to him, it was believed, by genii in his dreams. On his arrival at Cordova he found a sumptuous house ready for him, and a monthly pension of two hundred pieces of gold. What was enough honour for the man who knew by heart ten thousand songs? Ziryab became the sovereign of fashion and *arbiter elegantiarum*: music, literature, courtly manners, dress, cookery, were regulated by him; and if he abstained from politics, it was because the Caliph himself left such cares to the Sultana Taroub and the eunuch Nasir.

Philosophy, and especially the books of Aristotle, geometry, algebra, astronomy (the native science of Eastern skies), medicine, chemistry and its bastard child alchemy, were studied by the Arabs. We do not find that they invented much, except in medicine and chemistry; but they preserved the learning which the Christians neglected, and we owe principally to Arabic translations that knowledge of Aristotle and Plato which formed the staple of mediæval scholasticism. Averroes and Avicenna are mentioned with honour by Dante, and set side by side with the sages of antiquity in the *limbo* or painless region outside the limits of hell; and the names of Mesua and Geber, the physicians, and Al Beithier of Malaga, the botanist, were well known in the medical school of Salerno.

It might seem that the institutions of Islam were inconsistent with gallantry. But it is also not easy to reconcile the 'gay science' with the precepts of the Gospel. However this may be, the Christian code of chivalry and gallantry owed much to the Moors. As the Eastern crusades stimulated art, poetry, and the worship of woman, so in the wars of the Christians with the Western Arabs was learnt much of the lore of honour and gallantry of which we read in Fouqué and Scott, and which was nowhere carried to greater perfection than among the *hidalgos* of Spain. The palace of Zahra was built for the pleasure of Abderrahman's Moorish slave. The cypresses still stand in the garden of the Generalife at Granada, where the Sultana Zoraya received the visits of her lover. The Moorish ladies are as exacting as their Christian sisters. If the lady in Browning's poem threw down her glove into the lion's den, the fair Sevilla demands the heads of Roland, Oliver, and Rinaldo as the price of her favours; and Calaynos, less fortunate than de Lorge, loses his life in the quest. The ladies veil their faces only to enhance their charms; no lady can live without a lover,



lover, few with only one; 'a cavalier without love is a sky without stars'; but the night of Andalusia is full of stars: they shine from all the balconies. The ladies of Granada shared in the gaieties of the Court. They were present at bull-fights and tournaments, they listened to minstrels and troubadours. In some frescoes, painted by Italian artists, which remain at the Alhambra, we see Moorish cavaliers riding down Christian knights, hunting and hawking, and leading tame lions in chains; whilst ladies with unveiled faces sit among them in the gardens.

Courtesy was the common mark of the Moorish and Spanish *hidalgos*. If the *Cid* was a barbarian, *Don Quixote* was a gentleman—and anyone who will read Lockhart's 'Spanish Ballads,' or the notes to Southey's 'Don Roderick,' will feel that the Arab was equal in courtesy to the Christian, if inferior in arms. 'Kindness, valour, knightliness, gentleness, poetry, courtly speech (*bien hablar*), strength, skill with the lance, the sword, and the bow,' these are the accomplishments of a knight according to the Moorish rule; and Christian chivalry can add little to them, except devotion to Our Lady, and courtesy to all ladies and to one lady above all.

But the Moors had reached the highest point of civilization which is possible to Islam. In the poems of Hafiz, in those of Omar Khayyám, and in the Arabian and Indian romances, the same level is reached; a delicacy of sentiment, a subtlety of philosophy, a refinement of sensuousness, an enjoyment of luxurious life without sense of sin or incompleteness, which is unlike the Greek ideals, because it is bounded by what is experienced, and does not aspire to perfection. If we set against this the rugged strivings of the North, the hard justice of William of Normandy, the angry seriousness of Henry II. and his sons, the saintly sin-laden philosophy of Anselm and Bernard, the stubborn liberty of Norman barons and English freemen, the romantic enterprise of Godfrey and Tancred, we become aware that the Mohammedans had done all that was possible to them, and that promise and hope, invention and change, were on the side of the Christians. Christianity was the force which moved the nations of the North and West; Mohammedanism, though it has accepted European inventions, remains to-day where it was in the Middle Ages. If you cross from Gibraltar to Tangier, you find yourself in three hours transported from modern Europe to the Arabian Nights and the Bible. The judge still sits in the gate; the prisoners walk about clanking their chains in the dungeons and asking for alms; the muezzin calls to prayer from the minaret; lines of

camels pass to and fro as they did in the days of Haroun al Rashid, a thousand years ago; the men sit cross-legged in the streets, silent and idle, as if time were not; the snake-charmer, the schoolmaster who teaches the Koran and nothing else, the waterman, the pilgrim with his green turban, the scribe, the slaves, the mutes, the barred harems, are all there. Nothing has moved; and if the Frank would leave the African shore and come no more to break the peace of Islam, Islam would go on for another thousand years unchanged, unchangeable, generation after generation living as their fathers lived, with no desire for improvement, no learning, no sense of the future. The Christianity of the crusading age fixed its gaze forward.

Of that combination of gentleness and ferocity, fraud and holiness, honour and bad faith, humility and pride, which is characteristic of the Middle Ages, so that we may see the most inconsistent qualities combined not only in one age, but even in one person, no better example can be found than the Cid, the very flower of Spanish chivalry, according to the romances; according to the rule either of the Gospel or of modern civility as much below the Black Prince as the Black Prince is below Sir John Lawrence: not indeed in mere greatness of nature, but in greatness of nature combined with such and such opportunities and hindrances.

'In his character,' says Mr. Watts, 'are united all the best qualities of his race with the worst defects of his age. He was generous, crafty, magnanimous, brutal, merciful, and cruel . . . capable of feats of noble self-denial, such as amazed and puzzled that barbarous age, and descending to acts of blood-thirstiness such as shocked even contemporary opinion. He was, on the whole, of an amiable mood; and though he burnt his enemies alive, he was tender of their women and children. Insatiable in his appetite for plunder, he could be liberal of his largesses to the poor and needy. In his relations to the other sex, he was a Galahad, never swerving from his fidelity to his faithful Ximena. . . . His King Alfonso, his life-long rival and jealous adversary, he would serve and betray by turns, as it seemed good to him . . . and in excuse for the Campeador's breaches of loyalty and offences against patriotism . . . we should consider . . . that Alfonso was a Leonese and the Cid a Castilian, with little claim on the one part for loyalty and small duty on the other to patriotism.'

The Cid, like Cœur de Lion and the Black Douglas, is a glorious savage, with all the noble and some of the base qualities of a savage; at once reprovèd and exalted by the ideal which the soldier of the Cross, with the example of Christ and the Saints before him, must acknowledge, whether or not he confess



confess it in his deeds ; more like Front-de-Bœuf than Galahad, but capable of better deeds and higher thoughts than the more polished Moorish cavaliers whom he hacked and hewed.

Don Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, el Campeador (the Champion), 'El Cambitur' ('whom may Allah confound'), the Cid (el Seyd), 'my Cid,' as the ballads call him, was in fact, and still more in fable, the ideal Spaniard. The plain historical facts about him are that he was the best soldier of his time ; that he did great deeds of valour and of cruelty, fought indifferently against Christian and Saracen, broke and kept his faith, made himself King of Valencia and held it against all comers. In poetry he is Roland and Bayard in one. His love for Ximena, his mighty deeds of arms, his gaiety and valour, his love of song and feast, are all described in the language of two or three centuries later, when chivalry was perfected.

The finest stories of the Cid are those told in Lockhart's 'Spanish Ballads': how the Cid in charity took a leper into his bed, and how the leper was St. Lazarus ; how, to do a deed worthy of Ximena's love, he took five Moorish kings and set them free, and prized his victory more than all the booty, which he gave to his soldiers ; how he won the love of Ximena by his prowess, though he had slain her father and she had cried to the king for vengeance ; how he broke the Pope's chair at Rome because the lilies of France were blazoned upon it above the Spanish castles (we may doubt whether in the Cid's time the shields bore either lilies or castles), was excommunicated, repented, and was absolved ; how he made Don Alfonso thrice swear that he had no hand in the murder of his brother Sancho ; how he fought indifferently, according as he was treated, for Christian and infidel ; how he made a great fire in the square of Valencia, and burnt his prisoners alive in it ; how he did desperate feats of horsemanship on the back of his famous charger Babieca, broke his rein and guided him without it, like Charles I. at Carisbrooke, so that the king would not accept the present of that horse, and said that none but Ruy Diaz should ride him—'Mount, mount again, my Cid !'—and how, when the Cid was dead, they set him once more on Babieca in full armour, with his sword Tizona in his hand, and so bore him to the church of San Pedro de Cardena, where he now lies ; or else, as his own epitaph tells the story, his armed corpse led his soldiers for the last time to victory over the Moorish hosts.

The stories of the Cid are not historical ; but they are more valuable than history, if history is only the record of facts, for they give us a living picture of the time in which they were written, as the plays of Sophocles and Shakespeare give us the

image of Periclean and Elizabethan times, pictured under the names of heroes of romance.

The advance of the Christians, from the time when Pelayo was left with his thirty companions in the mountains of the Asturias, to the fall of Malaga and Granada in the fifteenth century, is the history of a single purpose prevailing against divided counsels. The Christians deserved to win, by all the rules which set one nation above another.

Alfonso VI., King of Leon, Castile, and Asturias, the Cid's king some nine hundred years ago, was the first Christian sovereign who made head against the Moors. He profited by their dissensions, terrified them with sudden raids, like those of the Douglas and the Bruce, penetrating as far as Cadiz, and even Gibraltar and Tarifa—where he rode his horse into the sea and cried: 'Here is the boundary of Spain!'—laid tributes upon them, and established castles in their territory, from which he burnt and harried their country. Unable to combine against him, they called in foreign aid, like the stag in the fable. The Berber invaders who came over to Spain could not prevail against the Cid. But the Cid died in 1099 (the year in which the Crusaders took Jerusalem), and in 1102 Valencia fell, and all Andalus was again united under a Moorish sovereign.

When we speak of the Cid as the champion of the Spanish nation, we are using the language of a later age. We might in a like sense speak of Leonidas as the champion of the Greek nation. Greece as opposed to Persia was one; Christian Spain as opposed to Islam was one. But Leon, Castile, Aragon, and Navarre were as little united as Sparta, Argos, and Athens. The Moorish wars and the marriages of sovereigns welded them together at last; but till Ferdinand of Aragon married Isabella of Castile, there was no political unity in Spain. How strong then must have been the national character, which in all that length of time was growing into a national unity superior to all political differences. Islam was weak without unity; and disunion prevailed among the Moors during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The Christian power grew year by year, headed by the Templars and Hospitallers, and by the Spanish orders of Santiago and Calatrava.

The loss of Toledo, 'the pearl of the necklace,' in 1085 made the Moors look for help to their old country. The Almoravides ('the consecrated') had run a career of conquest in Africa under a chief named Yusuf. To him the Moors of Spain applied for help, and he came over the Straits, met the armies of Leon and Navarre at Zallaca near Badajoz, and defeated them with much slaughter. Yusuf then retired



to Africa, but returned, not to help but to conquer. He subdued the Moorish kings of Seville and Granada, took Valencia, and established his dynasty as Caliphs of Cordova and sovereigns of all Southern Spain.

A century of confused fighting follows, at the end of which, in 1212, Alfonso VIII. (the Noble) won the famous battle of Las Navas de Tolosa near the Sierra Morena. The Moors never again made head against the Christian power. The fortune of Las Navas was repeated in 1340 at the battle of the Salado near Tarifa, in which Alfonso XI. with the kings of Aragon and Portugal encountered Abul Hassan, Emperor of Morocco, and sent him 'with a vengeance post' to Africa. One result of this battle was the siege of Algeciras (1343-4) an exploit which brought adventurers from all parts of Europe to win the reward of knight errantry and the pious repute of crusaders. Among them were Henry Earl of Derby—afterwards first Duke of Lancaster, reputed one of the best knights in Europe, and already a crusader in Prussia, Rhodes, and Cyprus—and the Earl of Salisbury; and among their men-at-arms was Chaucer's Knight:—

'In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be  
of Algezir.'

The good Lord James Douglas, too, was a fellow-soldier of Alfonso XI., and was slain in battle against the Moors, covering the Bruce's heart with his body:—

'Pass to the front, as thou wert wont:  
I follow thee, or die.'

In Granada the Moorish refugees gathered and formed a compact state, 'no further compressible,' says Hallam—but Granada, too, became tributary to Castile, and the continuous wars of Moor and Spaniard came to an end.

For two centuries the two nations lived, if not in peace, yet without crusading; there was a good deal of intercourse between them: visits of ceremony, jousts and bull-fights, even marriages. Granada took the place of Cordova as the capital of the Moorish dominion. Here Mohammed the Red built the beautiful 'Red Castle,' the Alhambra, with its towers and palace, its orange groves and vineyards, its gardens of roses and myrtles, its brawling streams and fertile Vega, and the hills sloping up to the snow-clad Sierra Nevada. No description can give an idea of the beauty of the Alhambra, which remains to this day empty and lonely, but so untouched by time that if the Moors came again they would find ready to receive them all that the greatest Sultan could desire. Half a mile distant

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is the summer palace of the Generalife, with its airy arcades and marble conduits, and its closed garden of oranges, myrtles, and oleanders, and ancient cypresses, tuneful with the sound of rushing waters and the songs of nightingales.

Ferdinand and Isabella 'the Catholic' united by their marriage (1469, being then Infante and Infanta), the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon. The King of Granada (Muley Abon Hassan) chose this moment to refuse tribute. 'Tell your master,' he said, 'that the mint of Granada coins only iron.' In mid-winter, in the midst of a violent storm, he assaulted and took the town of Zahra, and drove away its inhabitants, like a herd of cattle, to Granada.

But the Christians, though surprised, were not beaten; Don Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, Marquess of Cadiz, took the strong fortress of Alhama and held it, in the midst of the Moorish territory. 'Ay de mi Alhama!' was the lament of the Moorish poets; and the King of Granada threw the letter that brought the news into the fire on the hearth, and slew the messenger.

Malaga came next. That ancient city, whose red towers and walls climbing up to the lofty citadel still tell of its former magnificence, was now, in the fifteenth century, the second city and the strongest fortress of the Moorish kingdom, shrunk to the narrow limits of Granada. Ferdinand, keeping to the plan, as he said, of eating up the pomegranate (Granada)\* grain by grain, prepared to attack Malaga.

We now come to the name of Boabdil and to the last scene of Moorish story. Abu Abdullah (corrupted by the Christians into Boabdil) was the son of Muley Abon Hassan, king of Granada, and had been taken prisoner by the Christians. Boabdil was called the 'Unlucky.' The most unlucky action of his life was his consenting while a prisoner at Cordova to become the vassal of the Catholic sovereigns. A Spanish faction and a patriotic faction arose in Granada, whose disputes were mixed up with the jealousies of two queens—Ayesha, and Zoraya, a Castilian lady, the mother of Boabdil—and the feuds of two families, one of them a Cordovan race, the Abencerrages (Beni-Sarái). Thus were two Moorish kings at feud with each other in Granada itself.

One tragic incident of this quarrel was the massacre by Boabdil of the whole family of the Cordovan Abencerrages, in that Hall of the Alhambra which is known by their name, and in which the blood-stains of their slaughter are still shown, an instance of those sudden outbursts of ferocity which form part

\* Granada (*manzana granada*) is 'pomegranate'; but the name is the Arabic *Karathia*.



of the domestic history of all Eastern dynasties. In the ballad of Alhama (a ballad forbidden to the Moors after the conquest, sung both in Arabic and Spanish) a white-bearded Moor rebukes Boabdil for this deed, which brought the judgment of the loss of Alhama.

‘Out then spake old Alfaqui,  
With his beard so white to see;  
Good King! thou art justly served;  
Good King! this thou hast deserved.  
(Woe is me, Alhama!)  
By thee were slain in evil hour,  
The Abencerrage, Granada’s flower—  
And strangers were received by thee,  
Of Cordova the chivalry.  
(Woe is me, Alhama!)’

To fight abroad and conspire at home is an impossible combination; and the nobles of Granada could never agree as to who should be their king, Boabdil, the vassal of Spain, or his patriot uncle, Ez-Zagal, ‘the Warrior.’ The Christians had only to go on and conquer. They took Cártama, the rocky fortress-town of Ronda, Loja, and other places, helped by a force of three hundred English archers under Lord Rivers, who did brave deeds of arms at the second siege of Loja. Ez-Zagal was banished, and Boabdil reigned with the help of Spanish troops.

The Spaniards advanced to the siege of Malaga. The Hill of the Beacon (Gibralfaro) on which the Castle stands, was assaulted by Ferdinand’s cannon, called the ‘Seven Sisters of Ximenes.’ The besieged poured down hot pitch and resin, stones and arrows, and many times beat off the storming parties. Mines, wooden towers, and other engines were tried in vain. The garrison still held out, till famine compelled them to surrender, and the miserable inhabitants, fifteen thousand in all, ‘old men, and helpless women, and tender maidens, some of high birth and gentle condition, robbed of all they carried with them as earnest of their ransom, were sent to Seville as slaves, to be released only when the ransom should be completed; which never came about. As they left their homes, they smote their breasts and wrung their hands. . . . O Malaga (they cried), city renowned and beautiful! Where now is the strength of thy castles, where the grandeur of thy towers? . . . Behold thy children driven from thy pleasant abode, and doomed to live and die in bondage in a foreign land! . . . O Malaga! city of our birth! Who can behold thy desolation and not weep bitter tears?’

Granada was still divided into two kingdoms, the seat of  
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one under Boabdil being at the Alhambra, of the other under his uncle, Ez-Zagal, at Baza, to the north-west of Granada. Boabdil prevailed, and Ez-Zagal was banished. By one of those sudden reverses so common in Eastern history, he ended his days (it is said) a blind beggar at the gate of Fez, wearing a badge on which was written 'The King of Andalus.'

Boabdil thought his luck had turned. He was (as we have said) a vassal of Ferdinand, who claimed the town of Granada under a compact. But while Boabdil hesitated what to answer, the *caballeros Granadinos* told the King of Aragon to come and fetch their arms, if he wanted them.

Ferdinand laid waste the Vega or plain of Granada in two successive years. In 1491 the two Catholic sovereigns set out on their final crusade, with forty thousand foot and ten thousand horse, the most famous captain of the time at their head, Ponce de Leon, the Marquess of Cadiz. The Moorish general Musa disdained to close the gates of Granada, and feats of knighthood were done on both sides, the Moorish and Christian knights challenging each other. It would seem as if the crusading spirit kindled the ancient chivalric feeling, now overlaid by ceremony and heraldic shams. Ferdinand, though he knew how to break a lance, was no knight-errant; but rather, as Bacon calls him, 'one of the *tres Magi* of kings of those ages,' as treacherous as he was cunning. It suited him better to starve his enemies than to beat them in the field. He constructed, not a camp, but a stone-built town near Granada, and called it Santa Fé or Holy Faith, and there sat down to await the fall of the city. Isabella, who was regarded by her subjects as a saint as well as a queen, a perfect example of a severe and royal if not attractive virtue, was during the whole war the idol of the army, as she has been the admiration of all succeeding generations of Spaniards.

At length, in November 1491, King Boabdil came out of Granada and gave the keys of the town to the Catholic sovereigns. The traveller sees represented in the carvings of the Capilla Real at Granada, where Ferdinand and Isabella lie beneath their tombs of pompous marble, the sad procession coming out of the castle gate, and the king surrendering the keys of his kingdom. The terms were moderate. The Moors were to have the use of their religion in their own mosques, and retain their property, laws, institutions, manners, and dress; and all facilities were to be afforded to those who should wish to emigrate into Africa.

'There was crying in Granada when the sun was going down,  
Some calling on the Trinity, some calling on Mahoun;

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Here passed away the Koran, there in the Cross was borne,  
 And here was heard the Christian bell, and there the Moorish horn;  
*Te Deum laudamus* was up the Alcala sung,  
 Down from the Alhambra's minarets were all the crescents flung;  
 The arms thereon of Aragon they with Castile's display;  
 One king comes in in triumph, one weeping goes away.

'In the meanwhile the Moorish king, traversing the route of the Alpujarras, reached a rocky eminence which commanded a last view of Granada. He checked his horse, and, as his eye for the last time wandered over the scenes of his departed greatness, his heart swelled, and he burst into tears. "You do well," said his more masculine mother, "to weep like a woman for what you could not defend like a man!" "Alas!" exclaimed the unhappy exile, "when were woes ever equal to mine?" The scene of this event is still pointed out to the traveller by the people of the district; and the rocky height from which the Moorish chief took his sad farewell of the princely abodes of his youth, is commemorated by the poetical title of *El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro*, "The Last Sigh of the Moor."

Like Ez-Zagal, the unfortunate Boabdil could not endure to remain, a shadow-king, in the country which he had once ruled. The next year he sold his kingdom to Ferdinand, went over to Africa, and there fell in battle.

"Such was the immutable decree of destiny. Blessed be Allah, who exalteth and debaseth the kings of the earth according to his divine will, in whose fulfilment consists that eternal justice which regulates all human affairs." The portal through which King Abdallah for the last time issued from his capital was at his request walled up, that none other might again pass through it. In this condition it remains to this day, a memorial of the sad destiny of the last of the kings of Granada.'

The terms of the capitulation were not kept. 'Santa Fé' did not mean faith to be kept with the infidel. The new Archbishop of Granada tried, and with some success, to convert the Moors to Christianity. But Cardinal Ximenes, the great minister of the 'Reyes Católicos,' persuaded the Queen to decree that the Moriscos must choose between baptism and exile. The mosques were closed, the manuscripts burnt, and thus, with the monuments of the past, the promise of future learning was destroyed. Most of the Moors submitted to necessity; but some of them showed at the Rio Verde what despairing men can do.

Don Alonso de Aguilar, head of the noble house of Cordova, and brother of the 'great Captain' Gonsalvo, was sent into the Sierra Bermeja (Red Mountains) near Granada in 1501, and was trapped by the Moors in the gorges of the Rio Verde, the  
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Green River, turned that day (says the ballad) into a stream of crimson; and there was slain with all his chivalry.

‘Beyond the sands, between the rocks, where the old cork-trees grow,  
The path is rough, and mounted men must singly march and slow;  
There, o’er the path, the heathen range their ambuscado’s line,  
High up they wait for Aguilar, as the day begins to shine. . . .  
Not knightly valour there avails, nor skill of horse and spear,  
For rock on rock comes rumbling down from cliff and cavern drear;  
Down, down like driving hail they come, and horse and horsemen die,  
Like cattle whose despair is dumb when the fierce lightnings fly.’

Another revolt took place before the complete subjugation of the Moriscos or half-converted Moors of Granada. Charles V., in spite of the priests, did not press them hard; but Philip II., here as often elsewhere his own enemy, attempted to enforce the regulations of Ferdinand, and closed the baths of Granada, the peculiar institution of Islam.

The revolt lasted two years. ‘The records are full of ruthless bloodshed, of torture, assassination, treachery, and horrible butchery on both sides,’ mixed with deeds of heroism, such as that of the friar who crossed the plank over a ravine in the face of the Moorish archers, leading the army by his example to follow. The war was no longer a war of chivalry. It was a war of despair and revenge. No quarter was given; prisoners were massacred, fugitives smoked to death in caves, and women and children found no mercy. Three millions of Moors are said to have been sent into exile in the century succeeding the fall of Granada, chained together, driven like herds of cattle to the shore, where they were stripped of all their possessions, and delivered over to the captains of the Christian ships. Some were drowned at sea, some sold for slaves in the Moorish markets, many massacred by the Arabs to whom they fled for protection. The pious Mohammedans said: ‘Verily to God belong lands and dominions, and He giveth them to whom He will.’ The pious Christians accepted the deeds of their rulers by praising the ‘just sentence’ of the Catholic king which ‘banished to Africa the last relics of the Moors.’

The Spaniards repeated the crime of Rome in destroying Carthage. They blotted out a nation; and they have paid the penalty in the decay of four centuries.



ART. X.—*Autobiography and Political Correspondence of Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, K.G.* From hitherto unpublished documents in the possession of his family. Edited by Sir William R. Anson, Bart., D.C.L., Warden of All Souls' College, Oxford. London, 1898.

TO the majority of the reading public, even to such as are fairly well acquainted with the politics of the eighteenth century, the Duke of Grafton is little more than a name. They know that among the numerous shortlived Ministries which followed each other in such rapid succession during the first ten years of the reign of George III. one is called the Grafton Administration; and that the character of its chief has been handed down to us by Junius in colours of exceptional blackness. But few except professed students have troubled themselves to enquire into its truth. The world at large has accepted the portrait; and though historians may have placed his character in a somewhat different light, it is still the Duke of the great satirist who is most familiar to us. The 'Autobiography' which he began to write in 1804 for the benefit of his son Lord Euston, together with the correspondence attaching to it, has been largely drawn upon by subsequent writers, but as yet we have had only their inferences to depend upon, fortified by such passages as they chose to select in support of them. We have now the whole of it before us in a connected form and can judge for ourselves. Now for the first time the Duke, in the words of Sir W. Anson, 'tells his own story.'

The outrageous attacks of Junius, of which it is difficult to say whether the finished style, the exquisite satire, or the audacious mendacity is the more to be admired, are only gross exaggerations of what much more sober writers have supposed to be the truth: and what it is really important to ascertain is how far the Duke's 'own story' shows that political transactions on account of which he has been harshly judged by comparatively impartial critics have been misunderstood. The 'Autobiography,' which is admirably edited, seems to throw new light on more than one such passage in his life; and though we have no intention of trying to whitewash him, or to present the public with a 'real Duke of Grafton' after the fashion of a modern school of artists, still, in the interests of historical truth it is well that the correct version of certain affairs, in which he played a leading part, should be placed on record. His own letters published in this volume bear the stamp of truth on them, and our conviction

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is after reading them through that at some critical points in his career he was more sinned against than sinning.

The Duke was born on the 9th of October, 1735. His great-grandfather was a natural son of Charles II., and his grandfather, the second Duke, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1721 to 1724, and Lord Chamberlain from 1727 to his death, thirty years afterwards. The father of the third Duke was Lord Augustus Fitzroy, son of the above, who died in 1741. His wife, the mother of the future Prime Minister, was Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Cosby. Contrary to the usual practice of the English aristocracy, and perhaps owing to the early death of his father, Augustus Henry was not sent to either Eton or Westminster, but was educated at a private school at Hackney. Thence he proceeded to Peterhouse, Cambridge, and on leaving the University travelled for a time on the Continent. On his return to England he married Anne Liddell, the only child of Lord Ravensworth, from whom he was separated in 1764, and divorced in 1769, on account of her misconduct with Lord Ossory. The same year he married Lord Ossory's cousin, Miss Wrottesley, which, in the opinion of Junius, showed great want of delicacy. He sat in the House of Commons for a short time, having been returned for Bury St. Edmunds in 1756. But in the following year he succeeded to the title, and took his seat in the House of Lords. He was Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III., and took Ministerial office for the first time as Secretary of State in the first Rockingham Administration, from which he retired early in 1766. He became First Lord of the Treasury in Chatham's Government which succeeded it, and Prime Minister when Chatham was disabled by sickness. He remained in this position for two years, and resigned in 1770 to make room for Lord North, with whom he served as Lord Privy Seal till 1775. He re-entered the Cabinet with Rockingham and Shelburne in 1782-3, and though he was not yet fifty, and lived nearly thirty years longer, never took office again.

That he should have filled it so often is rather strange when we reflect on his tastes and habits. He had neither Parliamentary talents nor political ambition; he was no orator; he hated business; and, when he was wanted by his colleagues, had usually to be summoned from Newmarket or Wakefield. There is a passage in Junius which might be thought to afford some explanation of this seeming incongruity. In his first letter, written in January 1769, he refers to the Duke as "a young nobleman ruined by play." Of course, if Grafton was



distressed for money, we have the key to much of his conduct. He had a great fortune; but a pack of hounds, a racing stable, and a fashionable mistress are not to be kept for nothing; and were there any other reference to such embarrassments in any of his contemporaries, we might accept the statement of Junius as a key to the riddle. But we have found none; and the problem must remain unsolved, except as one of the knots in a somewhat singular character. The Duke himself says that he did not wish to take office in 1765; he thought he could have served the Government better as an independent supporter. But he was overruled, as he often was afterwards, a weakness on which, of course, the worst construction was placed by his implacable enemy. On the 10th of July he kissed hands as Secretary for the Northern Department.

And here, perhaps, it may not be out of place to notice that whether Grafton was eager for office or not, all parties in turn seem to have been eager to have him. If he was such as Junius painted him, what bitterer satire could there be upon English parties and public men at the period in question—the days, be it remembered, of Chatham, Burke, and Camden—than that they should have courted his support and considered him a valuable colleague? Yet it is evident that they did so; and, to anticipate a little, we may add that the younger Pitt in 1783 asked Grafton to join his Administration.

The Duke's connexion with Lord Rockingham did not last very long. He had entered public life as a devoted admirer of the elder Pitt, between whom and Lord Rockingham there was no love lost, and he did not believe that any strong Government could be formed without him. To obtain his co-operation was Grafton's one object throughout. This was the secret of his reluctance to join the Ministry in 1765, and was the secret of his leaving it in 1766. He belonged neither to the Rockinghams nor the Bedfords nor the Grenvilles. He was brought up as a Whig, and formed his political opinions on Locke. But he was not a member of the great Whig connexion, the Junto of Revolution Families, with whom George III. waged incessant war. He never recognized their claims; but he did not regard them with the positive dislike which they inspired in Mr. Pitt, and at a very critical moment desired to obtain their assistance, a project which his chief discouraged. Pitt, as Sir William Anson truly says, was, in the eyes of the recognized Whig leaders, 'a disturbing element in party combinations.' To a great extent, he stood aloof from all parties, cliques, or groups whatever. He could not act cordially even with his natural connexions,  
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the Grenvilles. Had he done so, it is by no means impossible that a strong Government might have been formed in 1765. But the Great Commoner would not aid them in the realization of their dream, which was the formation of a purely Grenville Ministry, strong enough to set the Old Whigs at defiance. Pitt, in fact, carried this principle of total independence rather too far. 'The time came,' says Walpole, 'when he found the disadvantage of keeping all connexions at a distance.' What might have happened had his health, strength, and intellectual powers remained in full vigour till he had completed the allotted term of human life it is of course impossible to say. Sir W. Massey, whose excellent 'History' is but too little consulted, thinks that in that case he might have anticipated the triumph which twenty years later crowned the courage and genius of his son. Whether his character and his peculiar powers were equally well fitted for the task may perhaps be doubted. But had he made the attempt, he would have found a loyal ally in the Duke of Grafton.

Without a brief glance at the state of parties between 1763 and 1783, we cannot appreciate the whole of the 'Autobiography,' or the principal points in it to which the editor calls attention. But the ground has been so frequently travelled over that we need only touch its salient features.

The voice of party had been almost hushed, and the divisions of party half forgotten for the moment, during the famous Administration of which from 1757 to 1762 Mr. Pitt was the presiding spirit. When that Administration was broken up the old divisions reappeared, and new ones sprang up at the same time, creating a political maze through which it is not always easy to thread one's way. The Old Whigs, who styled themselves 'the Revolution Families,' and still considered that the government of the country belonged to them of right, were always jealous of Pitt, and only submitted to his ascendancy as a matter of necessity. The Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford, and Newcastle opposed him in the Cabinet and thwarted his Imperial policy. The time came, however, when the Woburn family set up a separate standard, and, without deviating from the Whig theory of prerogative, took a line of their own on foreign and colonial questions and some others. This detached group, however, was never considered to represent the Old Whig party, of which, as the Duke of Newcastle gradually retired into the background, Lord Rockingham became the leader. The Rockingham Whigs and the Bedford Whigs now accordingly come before us as two rival sections, whom we hear enough before the end of the chapter to be hearti



heartily tired of both. Next to these came a third group of very able men comprising the personal adherents of Pitt, and a fourth in the shape of the Grenvilles, of whom the head was Lord Temple, Pitt's brother-in-law. Sometimes these two groups acted together, and sometimes stood aloof from each other. Could they have cordially agreed, much might have happened differently. They both called themselves Whigs, though placing a very different meaning on the word from that which the Rockinghams and Bedfords attached to it. Shelburne, indeed, the son-in-law of Lord Carteret, the brilliant statesman who had done his best to deliver George II. from the oligarchy, we can hardly classify as a Whig, though we suppose he would scarcely have called himself a Tory. Grafton, of course, was a Whig by birth, though preferring Revolution principles without the Revolution Families.

The Grenvillites, perhaps, were not very easy people to get on with. They were the Peelites of that day. They considered themselves the salt of the earth, and regretted that there were not enough of them to fill all the offices of Government. When Temple and his brother, George Grenville, were reconciled in 1766, and when Rockingham finally broke down, they thought that a pure Grenvillite Government was the only thing to save the country, and refused to join Pitt or Grafton on that very ground. Pitt, or Chatham, as we must now call him, never gave in to this idea. He may have thought that a Grenvillite Administration, immediately inspired by the two brothers, would be as much of an oligarchy as the Rockinghams, and quite as willing to reduce the Crown to a cypher. It is said that a scheme somewhat similar to that of the Grenvilles was entertained by Sir Robert Peel himself after 1846; and it is certain that, after his death, the idea of a purely Peelite Government, distinct from both Whigs and Tories, was cherished for a time in high quarters. But this would have been a Government favourable to the authority of the Crown, and not opposed to it.

There still remains the Tory party to be considered, who are sometimes apt to be overlooked in our political surveys, because they had for the time being no very prominent leader at their head, and their weight was felt on divisions more than in debates. They must not be confounded with 'the King's friends,' a term that technically applied only to a small number of men holding offices of state and more or less pledged to support the Crown, even, if necessary, against the head of the Government. The great bulk of the Tory party was then composed of the English country gentlemen, elected by far  
more

more independent constituencies than the borough members who constituted the strength of the Whigs. Their animating principle now, as it had been in the seventeenth century, was loyalty. They were devoutly attached to the principle of monarchy, and they wished to see a real king. They were, says Lord Shelburne, 'the landed interest of England, who wished to see a dignified honourable Government, conducted with due regard to order, economy, and subordination.' It was only by the fidelity of this party that the King was able for a moment to withstand the borough interest of the Whigs, which as soon as the younger Pitt obtained power it was his first object to destroy. The Tory party was numerous and united in the House of Commons, and is described by Lord Stanhope, by no means a Tory himself, in highly eulogistic terms:—

'Men without a thought or wish of office for themselves, but who loved and revered the Crown with all their heart, with all their mind, with all their soul, and with all their strength. Not freer from any selfish taint was the spirit—such as Ormond felt, such as Clarendon describes—the spirit with which the ancestors of many among them had stood by the Crown in its days of danger and distress—in the days of the rout at Marston, or of the watch and ward at Carisbrooke. Then the flame of loyalty beamed far brighter from the surrounding darkness—now it was as pure, though it paled before the day! Nor was it a blind unreasoning ardour of loyalty alone. Many of them throughout this reign fixed their faith on the personal integrity and upright intentions of the Sovereign, and felt more reliance on his character than on that of any of his Ministers—the younger Pitt alone excepted.'

With this brief summary of the political situation, as we should now call it, when Grafton entered public life, we may proceed to those transactions of which the 'Autobiography' seems in any material respect to qualify the received version, helping us to understand more clearly than we did before the full significance of the part taken by the Duke, with the natural results which flowed from it. The connexion between the two does not seem to have been fully recognized by either Lord Stanhope or Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice or Lord Macaulay, or any other writer of our own times with whom we are acquainted who has given his attention to the subject.

The Duke of Grafton has been charged with 'betraying' three persons and 'deserting' one. The three are Lord Rockingham, Lord Chatham, and Mr. Wilkes; the one is George III. On these four questions the 'Autobiography' is full of interest for us, whether we are convinced by it or not. We have said that the Duke of Grafton had at all events sufficient

sense



sense and discernment when he was a young man of two-and-twenty to appreciate the genius of the elder Pitt and to take him for his political master. He rode to a lead, as they say out hunting, and if the line given him by his chief occasionally brought him into difficulties from which he perhaps did not extricate himself in the best possible manner, he ought not to be too harshly judged on that account. It may be remembered that when George Grenville's Administration came to an end in the summer of 1765, it was at first contemplated that Mr. Pitt should be a leading member of the new Cabinet. Grafton never concealed his opinion that no strong Government could be formed without him. And when it was found that, owing to circumstances not material to the present point, Pitt's accession to the Rockingham Government had to be deferred, Grafton only took office on the distinct understanding that renewed efforts should be made at no distant date to secure the Great Commoner's services. On this condition alone he agreed to take the post of Northern Secretary, who then divided the duties of the Foreign Office with his colleague of the Southern Department, at this time General Conway.

'Despairing of receiving Mr. Pitt's assistance at our head, a new plan for establishing a Ministry was proposed to His Majesty by H.R.H. and accepted, several with myself understanding that it came forward (*sic*) with the full declaration of our desire to receive Mr. Pitt at our head, *whenever* he should see the situation of affairs to be such as to allow him to take that part. My concern afterwards was great when I found before the conclusion of our first session that this idea was already vanished from the minds of some of my colleagues. I always understood this to be the ground on which I engaged, and it will be seen that I adhered to my own resolution to the last.'

We see from the 'Autobiography' that Grafton frequently reminded Lord Rockingham of the terms on which he had consented to serve under him, and that for some time he was met with evasive answers. Now it was not Grafton only, but the public generally, who had been led to expect that Pitt's recall to office was only a question of time, and that a very short time. This expectation was founded to a great extent on the known fact that the Duke of Grafton had only joined the Government upon that assurance.

'Men's minds,' he says, in April 1766, 'were not at rest while no prospect was open to bring forward Mr. Pitt, nor any step taken to gratify on that head the expectation of the public. Many of my friends spoke to me under great concern, lamenting that this desirable object bore too much the appearance of being laid aside.'

My uneasiness on this matter was equal to theirs; and was increased by feeling that my character was at stake, and that I was called upon to prevent the present favourable moment from slipping ineffectually by. It became incumbent on me to come to a full explanation on the subject with Lord Rockingham.'

Writing to General Conway, his brother Secretary, the next day, he says:—

'I found Lord Rockingham and Lord Albemarle together, without any third person. They had din'd, and as the House of Lords had sat till seven, I believe Lord Rockingham expected no one on business; and after some digressions came more to the point, and with more openness as to one than I had ever known him do.

'There was now no hesitation in him to declare that he *would never advise His Majesty to call Mr. Pitt into his closet*; that this was a *fixed resolution to which he would adhere*. He added that he saw no reason why the present Administration (if they received assurances from the King that people in offices were to hold their posts at the goodwill of the Ministers) should not carry on very well, and with honour to themselves, the King's business. The first of these I must consider as an absolute opposition to Mr. P. coming into the Ministry at all. We know that it is with the King alone that he can settle it, and I can feel Mr. Pitt's reasons to be strong on that head. I also feel very well that there is no quarter from which that advice can come to the King if Lord R. does not make a part. . . .

'I own to you I have been deluded by the expectation that no such determination had been taken by L<sup>d</sup> R. I was deceiv'd, my eyes are now open, and I shall probably take that step on Monday (at least, to acquaint the King with my resolution upon it)—that step, I say, which nothing but a different idea of L<sup>d</sup> R.'s conversations with me had prevented my taking as soon as the Stamp Act was repealed, and which I have every hour repented that I had not done.'

Rockingham's statement was of course decisive, and after this interview the Duke felt that he had no alternative but to retire from the Government. But how it can be said that he betrayed Lord Rockingham we are at a loss to understand. Grafton's story is confirmed by Lord Albemarle, editor of the Rockingham memoirs; and if blame rests on anyone it should surely be on the statesman who, when he formed his Administration, said one thing while he meant another, and accepted a colleague on conditions which he never intended to fulfil.

There is, of course, another side to the story, though it leaves Grafton free from blame. It may be observed in the above extract that Lord Rockingham does not say he will *never* accept Pitt as a colleague, but only that he would '*never advise his*



his Majesty to send for him.' This distinction, shadowy as it may seem to ourselves, was a very real one in 1766, and touched a question going to the very root of the whole Whig system. The Whig contention was that it was for the Whig leaders to name the King's Ministers and submit them to His Majesty for approval. Against this contention George III. had struggled from the first, and in his resistance to it he now had the concurrence of Mr. Pitt, who had abandoned the ground on which he stood in 1763, when he told the King that the Government could not be carried on without the 'Revolution Families.' Sir William Anson notices this change, but does not attempt to account for it. The probability is that as the sentiments of the 'Revolution Families' towards himself became more fully revealed to him, he began to see their pretensions in a different light. He now positively refused to join the Government simply on Rockingham's nomination. He would be called in by the King and receive his instructions directly from the royal lips. On this rock the negotiations split. And as Grafton had never adopted the Family theory he was evidently quite justified in resigning. Whether Rockingham did or did not know in 1765 that Pitt would only come in upon the above-mentioned terms we cannot positively say. But it is very unlikely that he did not, and Grafton was certain that he did. On this conviction his whole defence rests.

The reader must now judge for himself of the relations between Grafton and Rockingham. The former resigned office in April 1766, and the latter in the following July, when the curtain rises on another act of the drama. Rockingham's conduct had no doubt strengthened the aversion with which Pitt had now begun to regard the Old Whigs, and confirmed him in his resolution to withstand their unwarrantable demands, as Sir W. Anson allows them to have been. Had his health and strength lasted he might have carried his point and his second Administration have been as favourably remembered as his first. But as matters turned out all went wrong from the beginning. And now for the second time Grafton was drawn into difficulties not of his own creation, and found himself before long in a very tight place—to use an expressive vulgarism—from which no satisfactory escape seemed open.

Lord John Russell says that Grafton 'abandoned' Chatham; Junius says that he betrayed him. Let us see how the matter stands. The Chatham Ministry, as it was at first designated, was formed in July 1766. After his first session Pitt's health gave way, and for the next three years he never

appeared in his place either at the Cabinet Councils or in Parliament. Grafton, convinced of the necessity of his being at the head of affairs, tells us that he only took office because Pitt threatened to throw up the cards unless he did. Accordingly, much against his will, he became First Lord of the Treasury; but 'he took the situation,' as he records in the 'Autobiography,' 'merely for the sake of acting under Pitt, and not to be Minister himself'; and he more than once threatened to resign unless his chief would come forward and assume the responsibility which belonged to him. These threats were met by counter-threats of resignation on Pitt's part, which always had the effect of silencing Grafton for the moment. At last, however, his situation became intolerable. He could neither act with Pitt nor without him. The Lord Privy Seal, who was to have been the inspiring genius of the Cabinet, remained in his gloomy retirement, professing his total inability to take any part in public affairs, or to give any advice to his colleagues. He had begun by treating them all, so says Lord Hardwicke, 'as Lord Peter does Jack and Martin.' He had taught them to lean upon himself exclusively, and that his word was to be law. And now no word was forthcoming. The staff on which they had leaned was struck from under them, and the Ministry showed signs of breaking up. But Grafton held on. He was convinced that the name of Chatham alone was a tower of strength, and that as long as he was popularly supposed to be a member of the Ministry the nation would support it. The state of parties, the real situation of affairs, the weakness, the intrigues, and the personal animosities which make that period one of the most discreditable in our annals, were little known out of doors. At the present day they would be known in every market town in the United Kingdom. But it was not so then: and in studying the party history of that time this difference should always be borne in mind. It is well illustrated by the fact that in spite of the internal weakness of the Administration, they could count on 'a large and independent majority in the House of Commons which gave them credit with the public.'

But, for all this, it seemed indispensably necessary that the Treasury Bench should be strengthened in some manner, and Grafton was naturally anxious to do it in the manner most acceptable to Chatham, and least likely to afford him any pretext for resigning. There were two quarters from which additional strength might be obtained, the Rockingham Whigs and the Bedford Whigs. Grafton was in favour of the former, because they shared his own views and Lord Chatham's on the subject



subject of the Colonies, while the Bedford party were all for 'firmness,' meaning by that word coercion. And now comes the strange part of the story. In spite of this difference of opinion, Chatham preferred to negotiate with the Bedford party. He had neither forgiven nor forgotten the obstinate adherence of Lord Rockingham to the Old Whig doctrine in the previous year, and perhaps foresaw that fresh negotiations with that party for the same purpose would only have the same result. The King chose to try the Rockinghams first; and some attempt was made in that direction. But Rockingham, with whom communications had been opened at the King's desire, whose unpleasant recollections of the Duke of Bedford seem to have weighed more with his Majesty at the moment than the question of the Colonies, was found impracticable. He had no idea of coming to the assistance of the Government. He would only consent to form a new Administration on the assumption that the old one was dissolved. To this, of course, it was impossible for either Grafton or Chatham to assent. Grafton's object was to hold his own Government together so as to keep the way open for Chatham's return. This was the advice given him by Lord Camden. But this was the last thing of which the Lord of Wentworth was dreaming. And the Duke could now only fall back on the alternative which his leader had originally suggested. It is evident, in short, that after all that had occurred, it was impossible for Rockingham and Chatham, in spite of their agreement on the American question, to act together. The latter, in his interview with Grafton in May 1767, had no doubt allowed his lieutenant to see this pretty plainly. Chatham saw in Rockingham the head of the oligarchy with which he was now at open war. Rockingham, according to his friend Lord Albemarle, saw in Chatham a Tory and a King's friend. Even had Chatham and his interests been out of the way, the two sections of the Whigs could not agree among themselves. Bedford and Rockingham were unable to put their horses together, and it is out of the question to suppose that the Marquis and 'the King's friend' could have done any better.

Now because the Duke of Grafton, against his own better judgment, adopted Chatham's suggestion and recruited his Government from among the Duke of Bedford's friends, he is said to have 'betrayed' Chatham—to have 'abandoned' Chatham! And the surprising part of the whole business is that Chatham in almost as many words said so himself. Unless we accept the theory, which still has its advocates among us, that all the time he was in retirement he was really crazy—he

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must have known what would be the consequences of a coalition with the Bedfords. Yet when these naturally followed, Chatham, on the recovery of his health, took the lead in denouncing them. He declaimed in the bitterest terms against the policy which had resulted from his own advice, and roundly abused the Government for their perfidy because they had taken it. Truly may Horace Walpole say that Grafton had as much to complain of in Chatham as Chatham ever had in Grafton, if not indeed a good deal more.

Sir William Anson is of the same opinion:—

‘Chatham, in the last interview which he accorded to Grafton before the cloud of illness wholly overshadowed him, exhorted the Duke to retain office, and counselled an alliance with the Bedford Whigs. In both matters the advice was taken, but when Chatham recovered he denounced the Duke, in language wholly unjustified by anything that had passed, as a traitor to himself and to the liberties of his country.’

The editor still thinks that Grafton was to blame for the admission of this party to the Government. But that is only to say what has never been denied—that Grafton was too pliant an instrument in the hands of Chatham, and too easily overruled by a chief of whom he stood in awe. This may be true. But this was no offence against Chatham. Had Grafton not been Grafton, but somebody else instead, he might have resigned office rather than unite with the Bedfords, have thrown over Chatham altogether, and have formed new connexions for himself. That he did not do this is no reproach on his honesty or fidelity. He still hoped that Chatham might recover and resume his place in the Ministry. It was with this object in view that he remained in office. Nor was he mistaken in thinking his recovery possible. But when that wished-for event took place, to Grafton’s infinite disappointment and chagrin, he appeared not as a friend, but as an enemy! Then he resigned, because the only motive which had prevented him from resigning before had ceased to exist.

It is to be noted, moreover, that, Chatham’s preference notwithstanding, an attempt had been made to obtain the co-operation of Lord Rockingham. We have seen why it failed. And what reason had Grafton for supposing that at overtures which had been rejected in 1767 would fare any better in 1768? Besides, the union with the Bedford party had been settled before Lord Chatham’s resignation, though the details were not finally completed till afterwards, and this alliance was effected for the express purpose of showing him that his colleagues were still anxious to consult his wishes in all respects.



respects. On the 9th of October, 1768, the Duke saw Lady Chatham at Hayes. He had by this time been obliged to act as the real head of the Ministry, though Chatham continued a member of it.

'I began my discourse,' says he, 'by assuring Lady Chatham that, notwithstanding the King had now for so long a time, by Lord Chatham's dreadful illnesses, been deprived of all assistance from him in his Councils, his Majesty did not despair of seeing soon his return to the head of affairs, which I was expressly commanded to deliver, as the King's particular hope and expectation. I ventured to add my own declaration, namely, of being ready and anxious to return to him that lead in administration to which his experience and ability had just claim, and which had been imposed on me at his lordship's earnest request, and was considered by myself as a painful and temporary possession. I added, that every man whom Lord Chatham had left in the Cabinet desired as earnestly as I did his return to power; and that I had taken care, in bringing those into Ministry whom his lordship had more especially pointed out as the most desirable accession to support it, to have it plainly understood by them that his Majesty and his Ministers were looking out with impatience for the day on which Lord Chatham could again take the lead in the King's Councils.'

This letter is quoted by Lord Stanhope, who does not, however, seem to have felt its full significance, nor does he take any notice of the final interview between Grafton and his leader the year before, when Chatham 'pointed out' the Bedfords 'as the most desirable accession to the Ministry.' On this conversation with Lady Chatham Sir William Anson has a note which we do not perfectly understand. He says Grafton was 'misled' by the advice given him in 1767. How was he misled? The advice was plain. Nothing had occurred in the interval to make it less expedient, if indeed the failure of the negotiations with Rockingham had not made it even more necessary.

Chatham's resignation took place only a few days after this meeting with the Countess. He based it entirely on his health, but expressed himself to Grafton as much annoyed by the removal of Lord Shelburne and Sir Jeffrey Amherst, two circumstances which may be briefly referred to hereafter. It is enough to say here that the dismissal of Lord Shelburne followed as a natural consequence on the admission of the Bedford party, which was Chatham's own doing. If Chatham had only waited a little longer Grafton fully believed that the war with the Colonies might have been avoided. The interview with Lady Chatham took place, as we have said, in October 1768. In the same month the Earl resigned, on the score of his health; yet within a few weeks only it began to mend, and in

two or three months he was quite well enough to have resumed his part in public business.

'I shall ever consider Lord Chatham's long illness, together with his resignation, as the most unhappy event that could have befallen our political state. Without entering into many other consequences at that time which called for his assistance, I must think that the separation from America might have been avoided; for in the following spring Lord Chatham was sufficiently recovered to have given his effectual support in the Cabinet to Lords Camden and Granby and General Conway, with myself, who were overruled in our best endeavours to include the article of teas with the other duties intended to be repealed. There can be no doubt that the favour would have been gladly received by the Colonies, especially if it was held out to them that their former constitutions, with their different charters, were no longer suited to their condition, and that Great Britain was ready to confer with them on establishing a free government, dependent on the mother country, and exclusively possessed of the full right of taxing themselves. When I advance these sentiments with so much confidence to my belief, I assure you that it is the result of mature deliberation.'

This passage, too, is quoted by Lord Stanhope without comment, and in seeming unconsciousness of its value as evidence in Grafton's favour.

We have so far endeavoured to keep the thread of our argument distinct from the labyrinth of intrigues, ambitions, and jealousies through which it winds its way; and to confine ourselves exclusively to what concerns the Duke of Grafton. Of course his path comes into contact with so much of the general party history of the period that some of it must necessarily be interwoven with our narrative. But we have been anxious to avoid entangling it with extraneous matter, in order that the eye might rest with greater concentration on the particular object for the sake of which the 'Autobiography' is published. It is quite right that justice should be done to the memory of any statesman who has been wrongfully defamed. But the Duke of Grafton was not of sufficient importance in himself to make it worth while to reopen the controversies connected with him, and to ask public opinion for a fresh trial. What helps to make it worth while is the fact that his history has been written by political opponents, and that the popular estimate of him shows what can be done by persistent misrepresentation when combined with either literary ability or political eminence. We say nothing of Junius. But in Burke, Lord John Russell, and Lord Macaulay we have the three Whig advocates who have made it their business to paint an opponent of the oligarchy in as unfavourable colours as possible. To

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these may be added the numerous Whig editors and biographers whose statements for a long time governed public opinion. Of Chatham they were obliged to speak gently. But they have pounced on his two chief followers, Shelburne and Grafton, and have punished their unpardonable offence with unscrupulous severity. Lord Beaconsfield was the first to set the character of Lord Shelburne in its proper light, and for a very sufficient reason. The purgation of Shelburne was necessary to his own theory of the Venetian Constitution. But it has been nobody's interest to take up the cudgels for Grafton. The Tories never recognized him as one of themselves. The King and the King's friends thought he had behaved badly in resigning when he did. He had enemies all round. The Stowe interest, the Woburn interest, and the Wentworth interest were all hostile; and as he was vulnerable on the side of his private character, no wonder he has come down to us with scarce a rag of respectability about him.

After Chatham's resignation Grafton struggled on for another session. But with his former leader in active opposition, and bringing charges of treachery against him which were eagerly backed up by other parties, it was morally impossible for him to continue in office. He might have retorted Chatham's reproaches with perfect justice, but he never did. He had neither the inclination nor perhaps the ability to play the part of Lord North. And after Chatham's bitter attack upon him at the opening of Parliament on the 9th of January, 1770, when his old friend and colleague Lord Camden, still on the woolsack, turned against him, he lost no time in informing the King of his intentions. Whenever the resignation of a Minister seemed to threaten George III. with the restoration of the oligarchy, he called it desertion. And he now accused Grafton of deserting him, as he afterwards accused Lord Shelburne. He might with more justice have censured those who had brought the Prime Minister into an utterly false position, in which it was impossible for him to remain, with any regard either to his own self-respect or the benefit of the King's cause. He sincerely disapproved of the policy into which he had been dragged by the Bedford party. But had he been really the renegade which his enemies asserted him to be, he might easily have continued in office, and have carried out the Colonial policy of the Court, as Lord North did, with the help of a steady majority in the House of Commons. His resignation was the proof not of his treachery but of his honesty. Lower motives might have had their share in determining his action. He had now got his Divorce Bill through the Lords (one of his objects, according to Walpole,

Walpole, for remaining in as long as he did). He was about to be married, and was glad no doubt to shuffle off all political cares and official responsibility. But nothing in all this justifies the diatribes of Chatham.

The relations between the two men remind us in some respects of those between Addington and Pitt; but whereas Addington never chose to regard himself merely as a *locum tenens*, Grafton wished to be nothing else. In fact, he was not formed to be a leader or master; and, when he called in the Bedford group, he soon found himself in the condition of the horse in the fable, 'Non equitem dorso, non frenum depulit ore.' Shelburne, who chafed under the yoke more than his easy-going colleague, soon began to make himself very disagreeable. The Bedford party gave him fresh offence by refusing to appoint his nominee to the embassy at Turin, and sending a friend of their own instead. As this appointment belonged to Shelburne's department, the slight was very marked. As Grafton was now completely under the thumb of the Bedford party, who were Shelburne's bitterest enemies, he could not prevent many things of which Shelburne disapproved. But they agreed on some important points. They were both for assisting Corsica against France; they were both against coercion in America. But the Bedford party in the Cabinet prevailed on both points; and, though it seems that Grafton in the end rather weakly acceded to their policy, Shelburne must have known that he disapproved of it. The First Lord complained to Chatham of Shelburne's great want of cordiality, and of his uncivil behaviour to himself, yet it seems at the same time that he did not resolve on his removal without considerable reluctance. He was 'perpetually urged,' says Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, 'both by the Bedford party and the King,' to dismiss Lord Shelburne. But solicitations which are constantly renewed must also have been frequently resisted. And it is easy to understand that the Duke of Grafton did not wish either to weaken still further the Chathamite element in the Cabinet, or to offend Lord Chatham by expelling his pupil and *protégé*.

On the other hand, it is clear that, in spite of their agreement on some points, the two colleagues were, for the time being, personally distasteful to each other. In what proportions pressure from without and personal feeling from within contributed to Grafton's final resolution, it is difficult, if not impossible, to decide. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice says that the Duke 'hated' Shelburne, and this because he was jealous of the favour shown to him by their common chief. We know not what evidence his lordship has for this statement. It is much more likely, we should



should say, that Shelburne had given offence to Grafton by affecting airs of superiority towards him, and showing, especially after the inclusion of the Whig contingent, that he regarded himself as the head of the Chatham party in the Cabinet. This attitude would certainly have been warmly resented by the First Lord of the Treasury, who supposed himself to have been acting in complete accordance with the judgment of his great leader when he sought the assistance of the Woburn interest. As he still looked forward to seeing Chatham resume his place in the Government, it would have been useless for him to purchase the assistance of Lord Rockingham on the only terms which the Marquis was willing to accept. When Chatham regained his health, only to find that his Government, instead of being strengthened by the accession of Lord Rockingham as a colleague, had been formally dismissed to pave the way for him as chief, he would hardly have thanked the Duke for his share in the transaction.

Sir William Anson seems to think that if the Duke, on finding himself outvoted in the Cabinet by a majority of one on the American question, had at once threatened to resign unless his own policy were adopted, his colleagues must have given way. We are not so sure of this. They would have had the support of the King, and from what we know of that party we should not think it likely that they would have refused to act with Lord North. The great question of the day was the taxation of the American Colonies. They were agreed on this point. The King had a clear majority in the House of Commons. It is quite as likely that the Bedfords would have held on; and that the system over which North presided for twelve years would have been floated one year earlier. Finally we repeat that whatever Shelburne had to complain of in Grafton was due to the original error committed at Chatham's suggestion in 1767. Grafton had not sufficient force of character to arrest its natural consequences; but of anything like treachery or falsehood towards that statesman he was entirely innocent. Sir William Anson says, and says truly, that 'the difficulties which Grafton experienced in dealing with Shelburne were common to all who had to do with a man who seems to have been almost universally mistrusted.'

Two other persons to whom Grafton is said to have behaved badly are John Wilkes and George III. We will defer the King's affairs till the time comes for glancing at George III.'s scheme of government in general, and Sir William Anson's remarks upon it. Wilkes falls into his place between Shelburne and Junius. Whether the action of the Government in the

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case of Wilkes was wise or foolish, legal or illegal, constitutional or unconstitutional, the responsibility for it rests on the Cabinet as a whole, and not on any single individual. We know that some members of the Government disapproved of it. Conway, the leader of the House, refused to vote for the expulsion of Wilkes. But as he kept his place he cannot be acquitted of all complicity with it. No doubt, however, Grafton and Lord North were among its principal supporters. But their conduct at the worst was only an error of judgment; whereas the charge against which the Duke defends himself in this 'Autobiography' was one of moral turpitude—'Was he not,' says Junius, 'the bosom friend of Wilkes, whom he now pursues to destruction?'—his alleged motive being to curry favour with the King. Now the Duke, as he assures his son in this statement, so far from having been a bosom friend of Wilkes, had never once in his life been in a room alone with him. 'He may have dined with me once or twice,' says he, 'and I may have met him at clubs and private parties.' But that was the extent of their acquaintance. When Wilkes was first arrested and sent to the Tower, the Duke of Grafton, not then in office, thinking he had been hardly used, called at the Tower, but was not allowed to see him. On the strength of this visit Wilkes applied to the Duke to become bail for him in conjunction with Lord Temple. This the Duke refused to do, on the ground that Wilkes, whatever might be thought of his imprisonment, had been guilty of an insult to the King, which he shrank from any appearance of condoning. Five years elapsed between this time and the Middlesex election, during which he saw nothing of Wilkes; but he assures us that if, when Wilkes returned to England in 1768, he had been content to remain quiet, the Government would not have interfered with him, and thus he might have remained unnoticed as long as he lived. Wilkes chose rather to throw down the gauntlet to the Ministry, and to become an abettor of riot and outrage. Grafton and North both believed that they had no alternative but to act as they did. Their resolution may have been a very unwise one, but we do not see that Grafton was a traitor for adopting it, simply because many years before Wilkes had been once or twice his guest or had supped with him at a friend's house, and perhaps thrown a main at the same table with him afterwards. On this count also then it seems that he must be acquitted, and that the charge of his betraying Wilkes must go along with the others we have already disposed of—the charge of betraying Rockingham and the charge of betraying Chatham.



Sir William says that he will not rake up the ashes of the Junian controversy, and we shall follow his example, by passing on to the remaining accusation which has been brought against Grafton—that of betraying the King.

Probably no one but George III. himself ever thought that Grafton had not behaved well to him. 'Non hæc in fœdera veni,' the Duke might have said with perfect justice. For, though he was in complete agreement with his chief on the subject of the royal prerogative, he had never undertaken to defend it against the whole power of the oligarchy without the assistance of Lord Chatham. This in his eyes was an indispensable condition of success. But there can be no question of the principle on which he was prepared to act when the Ministry was first formed. In the fragment of autobiography prefixed to Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice's 'Life,' Lord Shelburne frequently speaks of the 'false government' adopted at the accession of the Hanover family. He says also that the Ministry of 1766, in which Grafton was First Lord of the Treasury, was 'formed of those who recognized that the Hanover family was become English and that the old false system of government was worn out and seen through.' The Duke of Grafton then, though he called himself a Whig, was among those who held these opinions, and he carried on the King's Government for two years under very trying and distressing circumstances, rather than see it handed over to the King's enemies. Grafton was no hero. He could not have won the great battle of 1784. But he did all that honour and all that loyalty required of him when he fought as long as he did without the support of an ally on whom he had confidently reckoned. He was in much the same position as Wellington would have been in if the Prussians had failed him at Waterloo.

Shelburne seems to have wavered in his views more than Grafton ever did. Writing between 1800 and 1804, Shelburne says, in reference to George II. and Lord Carteret, that the King 'did not choose to try the experiment which his grandson is about'—though what the grandson was doing at this time was only just what Shelburne had advised him to set about gradually ten years before. In 1792, in consequence of some negotiations then set on foot, Shelburne, then Marquis of Lansdowne, wrote a letter to the King, declaring himself strongly in favour of what he calls 'the new principles,' one of which was that the 'executive should be kept independent of the legislative' part of the Constitution. We can only conclude that schemes, which would have been highly commendable if carried

carried out by the Marquis of Lansdowne, appeared in a different light when represented by the Ministry of Addington.

It does not appear that Grafton, however, receded at any time from the principles of 1766. He objected strongly to Mr. Pitt's foreign policy and the war with France. But he was quite ready to take office with Mr. Pitt in June 1784, immediately after the young statesman's great victory over the Coalition, and from the manner in which he speaks of Fox's India Bill it is plain that his objections to placing any further restrictions on the power of the Crown were quite unchanged. All these men, Chatham, Grafton, Shelburne, and the younger Pitt, conceived themselves to be the true representatives and interpreters of the traditions of 1688. If the overthrow of the 'Families' gave more power to the King, it only restored what the Revolution had intended him to retain. This was a modified form of what is now called personal government, and which lasted in this country from the accession of George III. to the Reform Bill of 1832.

'We read, not unfrequently,' says Sir William Anson, 'in these memoirs and elsewhere, of the principles of the Revolution, and the departure from them by George III. and the group of politicians which formed itself round him. It is reasonable to ask what these principles were, and in what respect George III. departed from them. So far as the constitution of the eighteenth century is discoverable it must be sought in the Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement, and the conventions of government which grew up on the basis of these enactments.'

And these, he adds, did not 'involve the withdrawal of the King from all control over the policy of the country.'

If we want to know what Revolution principles meant, we must go back to the Revolution. We find that for nearly thirty years after that event, while its genesis and its objects were still fresh in the public mind, nothing was heard of the doctrines which the Whigs in later days pretended to derive from it. The Whiggism of the middle of the eighteenth century was so far the exact counterpart of the Romanism of the fifteenth, which the Popes professed to have inherited from the primitive Church, but which in reality was unknown to it. William III. chose his own Ministers, and took them indifferently from either party. He himself was his own Foreign Minister, a nearer approach to personal government than George III. ever made, and was never told that his conduct was unconstitutional. Queen Anne pleased herself about her Ministers. It was not till the accession of George I., when  
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the Whigs got the game into their own hands, that the divine right of the 'Revolution Families' began to be asserted. This political popery was carefully instilled into the King's ear, and then ensued that policy of proscription, or persecution, as it may be called, which is the theme of some of Bolingbroke's most eloquent invectives. All Tories were studiously represented as Jacobites, and excluded from public employment and Court favour. The system was matured during the reigns of George I. and George II., and was only strengthened by the unsuccessful revolt against it in 1743; and by the time George III. came to the throne it was so completely organized that it taxed all his powers to make the slightest impression on it. It was ten years before he gained any substantial advantage over it, and nearly a quarter of a century before he finally overthrew it. The statesmen who stood by him believed that they were only reverting to the original principles of the Revolution. They were the constitutional Protestants, appealing to the primitive Church against the gross imposture by which those principles had been so long overlaid. George III. never set himself against the Settlement of 1688, but only against the abuse of it, loudly declared by interested parties to be the only orthodox creed.

In his speech on the Maynooth Grant, April 1845, and again on the labours of the session in August 1848, Mr. Disraeli has some very striking remarks on the subject of party government. Some of those who object to that system, he says, may be capable of forming an opinion, and know to what their objections point. 'But there are others who are not exactly aware of this: and they should understand that in objecting to party government they are in fact objecting to Parliamentary government.' But it was not with the party system, as we understand it now, that George III. was contending. When Lord Chatham avowed his detestation of 'that thing called connexion,' he meant something very different from the thing called party, which indeed in its modern sense hardly existed during the first thirty years of George III.'s reign. The connexions, or factions, sometimes united, sometimes at open war, did duty for it: and one beneficial result of George III.'s victory, at all events, was that, the connexions being broken up, a healthy and useful party system was welded together out of the fragments.

Of Grafton's private life a curiously blended picture has come down to us. His natural tastes seem all to have been rural and agricultural. He was a keen sportsman, hunted his own hounds, and was a stern disciplinarian in the field. He was devoted

devoted to farming, and seems to have loved country life in all its aspects. But becoming his own master, with a splendid fortune, at the age of twenty-two, it is not wonderful that he gave himself up to the pleasures of the town as well, played high, and frequented the society of ladies more notorious than virtuous. He shared Lord Rockingham's passion for the turf. But, unfortunately for himself, in the heyday of his youth he had political importance thrust upon him. He fell to the ground between two stools. His pleasures might have escaped notice had he not been Prime Minister, and his administration might have been far more successful had it not been for his pleasures. Whether the Duchess drove the Duke into the company of 'Nancy Parsons,' or the Duke drove the Duchess into the arms of Lord Ossory, are questions of which the world must be content to remain in ignorance. But a husband who is 'profligate without gaiety,' as Junius describes Grafton, gives his wife as good an excuse for infidelity as any woman could desire. It was said by some who knew him that his want of 'gaiety' arose only from shyness. But the man who, when he was Prime Minister, handed his mistress out of the Opera House in the presence of both the Queen and his own Duchess could hardly have been troubled with much of that complaint. In fact, there is a kind of cynical bravado in such an action not at all in keeping with the general character of Grafton, unless we are to suppose that his wife had provoked him beyond all endurance, and that this was his revenge. Walpole hints at something of the kind.

His second marriage, with Miss Wrottesley, was apparently a happy one, and closed the Duke's career as a profligate. Later in life he took to religion, became a Unitarian, and gave the lie to one part of Junius's description. But it seems to be conceded on all hands that he was never thought an amiable man. He disliked children, and children were afraid of him. The late Lord Albemarle remembered him at Euston—a thin old man in a long peach-coloured coat, with leather breeches, butcher boots, and a three-cornered gold-laced hat. The Duke died in 1811, when young Keppel, whose father's seat was at Elden, four miles from Euston, was twelve years old. The sixth Earl of Albemarle only died in 1891, so that boys now in their teens may have talked with one who had known the colleague of Chatham, the victim of Junius, and the statesman who retired from public life before the death of Dr. Johnson.

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ART. XI.—1. *The Evolution of France under the Third Republic.* By Baron Pierre de Coubertin. Translated from the French by Isabel F. Hapgood. Authorized Edition with Special Preface and Additions, and an Introduction by Dr. Albert Shaw, Editor of the American 'Review of Reviews.' London, 1898.

2. *Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy.* By Edwin Lawrence Godkin. Westminster, 1898.

MEMORABLE and deserving of study for many reasons, the last thirty years of the nineteenth century will in no respect demand closer examination from future historians than with regard to the light which they throw upon the working of democratic forms of government in the sphere of foreign affairs. Before 1870, there was comparatively little material for such a study outside the histories of Greece and Rome. The circumstances under which the foreign policy of the first French Republic was framed and conducted were so entirely exceptional, and that *régime* passed in so very short a time into a military despotism, that to attempt to build any kind of general conclusions on those events, striking and dramatic as they were in the highest degree, would be altogether futile. It would be rash to say that even now we are in possession of a body of facts adequate to form the basis for anything like a philosophy of the subject. But at any rate we have enough to justify a slight survey, and an attempt to gather the nature of the principal tendencies which have so far been revealed.

Since 1868 what is the practically sovereign assembly in the United Kingdom has rested, as to its urban representation, on household suffrage, and since 1884 that franchise has prevailed in the counties also. Since 1870, France has been a Republic with universal suffrage. In Italy the right to vote for members of the Chamber of Deputies, on whose confidence the King's Government depends for its existence, has been enjoyed since 1882 by all male citizens of full age who pay taxes to the amount of about twenty *lire*, or in the case of certain tenant farmers so small a sum as eighty *centesimi*, or who have an elementary educational qualification. In Greece, since 1864, the single Legislative Assembly has been elected by manhood suffrage. In Spain, since 1890, all males over twenty-five, with a certain residential qualification, have possessed a vote for the Deputies, whose Chamber wields the usual powers of the popular branch of the Legislature in constitutional monarchies.

It need hardly be added that the Constitution of the United States, on both its executive and its legislative sides, rests upon a broadly democratic basis.

Each of the countries named has had external problems of great interest and difficulty to deal with within the period under consideration. A year ago this remark would hardly have applied to the last two countries on our list. No one will deny that it is applicable now. Let us pass briefly in review some of the principal foreign and imperial questions which each of the States mentioned has had to face.

And to begin with England. Since 1868 she has been required to consider, with a view to subsequent action, the old Eastern Question under almost all its aspects, including the Egyptian Question, and that of the Soudan; the South African Question in many aspects; the Venezuelan Question, with several other matters bearing upon the vital subject of Anglo-American relations; and lately the new and extremely difficult Question of the Far East. She has also had to review her position as the central and sovereign State in that world-wide fabric, the British Empire.

This list, which makes no pretence to be exhaustive, may be accepted as showing that the tendencies and aptitudes of the United Kingdom, on the Imperial side, have been subjected to very varied and searching tests since the popularization of the electorate. In the first instance there seemed to be some reason to believe that the great democratic infusion into the voting body had brought about a tendency to accept a reading of international ethics which would alter the traditions of British foreign policy in an altruistic sense, while underrating the requirements of national security and dignity. This tendency was by no means altogether ignoble, but it was ill-instructed, and lacking in regard for practical perspective.

The first, as indeed it has proved the only, General Election since 1868 that turned mainly on foreign affairs was that of 1880. On that occasion the popular mind was deeply moved by the passionate persuasiveness with which Mr. Gladstone denounced the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield's Government. The public condemnation of that policy was in the main the result of a moral movement—the determination of the voters to punish what they considered had been a use of the power of this country for unworthy ends. It was not a well-informed movement, and it resulted in placing in power a Government which for a time very seriously injured British prestige. At the same time it may be admitted that there were points in Lord Beaconsfield's tone and bearing with regard to the  
outrages



outrages committed by Bashi-Bazouks in suppressing the Roumelian insurrection, and features of the treatment meted out to the unfortunate Shere Ali, Amir of Afghanistan, that lent themselves to the unfavourable construction which, doubtless with much exaggeration, was placed upon them. But whatever measure of justice there may have been in the onslaughts made on Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy, there can be little doubt that the majority of the voters in 1880 intended to convey that too exclusive attention had been given by the Conservative Government to what they claimed to be British interests, and too little to British obligations.

The continued prevalence in the people at large of the kind of temper to which we refer, received even more striking, though negative, illustration from the absence of any manifestations of popular resentment on the occasion of the surrender to the Transvaal Boers after their victory at Majuba Hill. No such proceeding would have been tolerated by the public opinion more or less closely represented in the limited electorate which held power from 1832 to 1868. That electorate always supported Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, as expounded by him—and denounced by Mr. Gladstone—in the celebrated 'Civis Romanus sum' speech in the Don Pacifico debate, and only failed him on the occasion when he was thought to have truckled to Louis Napoleon and the rampant French colonels, by bringing in the Conspiracy to Murder Bill.

No doubt it may be argued that the great body of the nation came for several years under the sway of Mr. Gladstone's eloquent exposition of the duties of national humility and altruism, only the upper and upper middle classes escaping the spell. In illustration of this view reference may be made to the enthusiasm with which the Nonconformists, whose numerical strength lies among the lower middle, not the working classes, supported the Bulgarian Atrocity agitation, and the cordiality with which they accepted the Liberal Prime Minister's refusal to incur the 'blood-guiltiness' of vindicating the supremacy of British arms in South Africa. We are not at all concerned to dispute the justice of the contention thus enforced. But granting that the smaller manufacturers and tradesmen went with Mr. Gladstone in the years 1878-82, we maintain that it was his enormous popularity with the great body of urban and semi-urban voters of the artisan class, especially in the north of England, which gave him his overpowering strength at that period. This point is energetically, and as we think justly, brought out by Sir Wemyss Reid in a very interesting recent magazine article

on 'Mr. Gladstone and his Party.' The same writer maintains further that in the North Mr. Gladstone's popularity among those whom he mischievously marked off from their fellow-countrymen as the 'masses,' continued to the end of his public life. With regard to Yorkshire, at any rate, we imagine that Sir Wemyss Reid is right, though the General Election of 1886, and even that of 1892, told a different story in regard to other parts of the North, and Scotland. Our point is, however, that during the time when Mr. Gladstone's position as the exponent of a specially altruistic and humble policy was prominently in view, he obtained a very large majority in the House of Commons from the democratized electorate, and that at that time he himself enjoyed the highest personal consideration among a large part, at any rate, of its most popular section.

That was the beginning of the treatment of foreign affairs by our enfranchised artisans, but only the beginning. For—and this is the important point—that which had been the peculiar quality of Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy ceased, within a few years, to be its peculiar quality. It took on quite a different colour. From the beginning of Mr. Gladstone's short term of office in 1886 down to his retirement from public life his foreign policy was that of his Foreign Minister, Lord Rosebery. Now people may differ as to the effectiveness with which Lord Rosebery conducted the business of the Foreign Office—the opinion of the present writer is a favourable one—but there can be no two opinions as to the aims which he set before himself, or the tone which he held, alike in his speeches to his countrymen and in his communications with foreign Powers. They were those of a statesman in whom the sense of England's Imperial mission is not only alive, but dominant.

From the failing hands of Mr. Forster, whose influence in the closing years of his life of admirable public service was powerfully exerted to mitigate the worst features of the foreign policy of the Government of 1880, Lord Rosebery took up the great work of educating the public mind on the subject of the need for Imperial consolidation. He it was who used the striking phrase that the Federation of the Empire was a cause for which a man might be glad to live, and if need be might be glad to die. It was recognized on all hands that in his management of foreign affairs when in office, and in his exercise of the influence upon their management always at the disposal of an ex-Foreign Secretary, he invariably sought to maintain alike the material interests and the dignity and authority of this country, not by bluster, but by unmistakable though quite courteous firmness. And we may say with confidence that the presence of such



such a personality in the highest quarters of the Liberal party was felt to be a new source of strength to that party.

Accordingly when, after the elections of 1892, Mr. Gladstone returned to office, and his Cabinet was being made up, the majority of his supporters were undoubtedly glad to hear that Lord Rosebery had not only been again appointed to the Foreign Office, but had received assurances that in the discharge of its duties he would be able to carry out his own general views, as distinct from those held by the section of the party headed by Sir William Harcourt, a politician once described by Mr. Balfour, perhaps rather unkindly, as possessing a 'disinterested aversion to the British Empire.' And when the two opposing tendencies came into direct conflict, as happened on the question of the treatment of Uganda, after the breakdown of the East Africa Company's authority there, the triumph of the Imperial policy, as represented by Lord Rosebery, was welcomed by much the larger number of Radicals, both in Parliament and in the constituencies.

That may be regarded as a test case. The theoretical, indeed the practical, arguments against the assumption of large territorial responsibilities in a tropical country more than six hundred miles from the sea, with at that time no early prospect of being reached by a navigable river, were by no means slight, and they were energetically put forward both in public and in private. But their effect was entirely overborne in the country at large, and in the Radical party in particular, by the combined force of three considerations—first, that it would be highly injurious to British prestige and unworthy of the British character to abandon to a sanguinary and heathen reaction a country which had in some substantial degree been civilized and Christianized by British effort; secondly, that it was of great importance not to let slip the opportunity of keeping open any potentially considerable market for British trade; and thirdly, that British interests and obligations in Egypt forbade the idea of allowing the sources of the Nile to come under the control of any possibly hostile Power. The British democracy stood then at the parting of the ways, and, so far as could be judged, it definitely and without hesitation took the road leading towards Imperial expansion.

In this we find nothing surprising. The hatred of being beaten is deeply rooted in the British working man. It shows itself in the intense interest excited by the rivalry between one town and another in open-air games. The inhabitants of neighbouring towns, whose picked players at football or cricket have struggled desperately to win for their respective communities

communities the county championship, join in the ardent desire that their common county may win and hold the palm of victory in contests with all other counties. And not far otherwise do the dwellers in various counties combine to hope, with lively eagerness and persistency, for the success of the country which embraces them all, in any contests, whether athletic, commercial, or political, which it wages with other countries. The instinct, in part indeed, is a sporting one. Like other instincts it is spontaneous, and its operation is by no means necessarily accompanied or guided by thought.

But it is a great force, and it is a fact of undoubted importance that its tendency is to operate in one direction. It is often accompanied by—and, if ‘men of light and leading’ exercise their legitimate influence, it may be more and more constantly associated with—the desire that the power of Great Britain and of the British Empire should be exercised not merely in furtherance of the material interests of the nation, but for the advancement of civilization, justice, and freedom among mankind at large. A sentiment of that nature, in our belief, had much to do, as we have already indicated, with the popular acceptance of national responsibility for Uganda. It also accounts for a large part of the satisfaction almost universally felt at the progress of British policy in Egypt, and at the gradual re-conquest of the Soudan. The difficulties created by a complex network of international agreements in the path of Lord Cromer, and by nature and fanaticism in that of Lord Kitchener, have been immense, and they could hardly have been surmounted—as they have been, to the admiration of the world—had not the British Government been able to give to both its distinguished representatives the most resolute and unflinching support. This it could never have done unless it had been assured that the British people, while perhaps comprehending only in outline the nature of the problems to be grappled with, were heartily and intelligently in sympathy with the aims in view. No surprise need have been felt if, in view of the obvious fact that the occupation of Egypt was plainly the cause of much embarrassment in our foreign affairs, and especially in our relations with France, there had sprung up a movement against the continuance of an enterprise the Imperial advantages of which, though on a wide view real and great, could with difficulty be brought into focus. But no; the job, however troublesome, had been undertaken, and it would not be becoming in England to back out of it, and let all the blood and effort she had given for Egyptian regeneration go to waste, even if it were prudent, as  
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it was recognized not to be, to let the gateway of the East fall into weak, and thence possibly into hostile, hands. Such was the feeling of the English people, and in the consciousness that it prevailed, Governments of the Queen were able to sustain Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener and their subordinates in their arduous and unintermittent work, until the economic revival of the country on the one hand, and the development of manhood (as Sir Edward Grey has put it) among its people on the other, had made the gradual recovery of the lost provinces a rational and practicable undertaking. Even then it would not have been wonderful if the remembrance of all the desperate struggles of the expedition which failed to save Gordon had prompted the thought that the blood-stained desert and the City of Murder might be left alone, England's present duty being fulfilled, and her interest, in the protection of the road to India, secured, by helping to make Egypt, up to Wady Halfa, or Dongola, economically and morally impregnable against fanatic assault. But again no; as it was under the British protectorate that the Soudan had been lost to Egypt, so in due time under British leadership and with British aid it must be recovered, and at the very place where Britain's honour was wounded by the ghastly triumph of Mahdism in 1885, there that abominable Power must be for ever crushed. Such was the attitude of the British people. If it had been otherwise, the British and Egyptian flags could not now be flying at Khartoum, over the ruins of the palace in which Gordon ruled and died.

A candid consideration of these facts must, we think, lead to the acknowledgment that, as far as they go, they stand to the credit of democracy in England, and that they go a long way to illustrate its capacity to work well in the sphere of foreign affairs. The artisans and the peasantry, endowed with and conscious of constitutional power, have in no respect impeded, but on the contrary have facilitated the prosecution of a most complex and arduous Imperial undertaking, necessarily protracted over many years. No limited electorate, not even any aristocracy, could conceivably have comported itself in such fashion as to create fewer hindrances to an enterprise such as that which we have been considering. Nor could any other system of government than a popular one have afforded to those in command of the nation's resources the support and encouragement derived from the well-grounded conviction that the nation itself was at their back.

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the value of that conviction, as possessed by Her Majesty's Ministers and brought home

home to all the world, during the grave crisis created by the appearance of the Marchand expedition at Fashoda. Several members of the British Government have, as was fitting, gratefully acknowledged the aid which was afforded to them by the patriotic utterances of Lord Rosebery and many other leading members of the Opposition through the anxious period when the decision of the French Cabinet was in doubt. Great credit is due to the prominent Radicals who thus strengthened the position of their country at a time of very serious national emergency. But the circumstances under which they so acted reflect credit not on them alone but on the British democracy. The sober but genuine enthusiasm which, at public meetings of all kinds, greeted the declarations of public men of both parties as to the necessity of acting up to the warning given, through Sir Edward Grey, on behalf of the Radical Government in 1895, illustrated in a high degree the intelligent apprehension, spread through all ranks, of a momentous Imperial issue. The virtually complete absence of any indication of hesitation or divergent opinion as to the national duty, through weeks when the probability of a great war was constantly present to all minds, bore, if possible, still more striking evidence in the same direction. The explanations put forward, apparently more or less on authority, of the reasons of policy lying behind the retirement of Sir William Harcourt from the leadership of the Opposition in the House of Commons—in addition to the grounds of personal complaint which bulked so largely in the letters publicly exchanged between that statesman and Mr. John Morley—all go to confirm the view that it is the growing Imperialism of the Radical party which has made its leadership increasingly difficult to an unconverted child of the Manchester School. If it is so with the Radicals, the temper of Unionists can need no laboured proof. The great majority of voters, in both cases, is of those who work with their hands.

Another point of great importance to which we should like to draw attention, in connexion with the popular character of the electorate, is its teachableness on Imperial questions. This quality has been shown in several ways. It was quite conceivable, for example, that the working-class voters would be attracted by the aspiration for an artificial and indeed impossible equality of races embodied in the agitation for making the Covenanted Civil Service of India accessible to natives trained only in India. But when, in consequence of a snatch vote in the House of Commons, an inquiry was held into the subject, and as the result of that inquiry Sir Henry  
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Fowler, to his lasting honour, pronounced resolutely and earnestly against the proposed innovation, his decision was loyally accepted by the House of Commons, and the subject was hardly so much as raised in the constituencies.

Like good sense characterized the popular attitude on the Opium Question. A persistent and unquestionably well-meant agitation, conducted by well-known philanthropists for many years, issued at last in the assent of the Government of 1892 to a Royal Commission to investigate the reiterated allegations that the Indian Government was deliberately maintaining, and to a large extent subsisting on, an essentially immoral industry, which ought to be prohibited. But when the Commission reported, as it did, in a sense entirely adverse to the main contentions of the leaders of the agitation, and showed moreover that any attempt to put down either the use or the production of opium in India would be contrary to native opinion, and likely to bring about grave political results, the danger of any popular support to such a policy in this country absolutely disappeared. These were matters of first-rate importance in regard to the government of our magnificent Asiatic heritage. But of still more vital moment to the welfare of the Empire at large was the development, and at length the absolute triumph, of the reaction against the feeling bred by the Manchester school on the subject of the Colonies. We doubt if that temper ever penetrated to the artisans and peasantry, and are disposed to believe that it was never more than a passing aberration of the middle and part of the governing classes. Yet among them it went dangerously far, and it is quite credibly reported that in the mid-century there existed in the Colonial Office the draft of a Bill for facilitating the pacific detachment of the Colonies from their connexion with the Mother Country.

What statesman of the present day, with the slightest interest in his own political future, would venture to confess the remotest association with such a project? What great journal of to-day would care to risk the angry contempt of its readers by avowing such sentiments with regard to the connexion of Canada with the Mother Country as those which called forth Tennyson's splendid protest? 'Is this the tone of empire?' indignantly asked the patriot Laureate, when the 'Times,' commenting upon Canadian dissatisfaction with the result of negotiations between the Home Government and the United States, had suggested that Canada might 'take up her freedom,' her term of apprenticeship being over. The tone of empire is to be heard everywhere now, strong, clear, and unmistakable, and  
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it has grown and spread and obtained its mastery during the reign of household suffrage. As we have said, there is no reason to suppose that the working classes ever looked with anything but disfavour on the thought of 'shedding' the Colonies. But they did not realize for some time that in this, as in so many other human spheres, not to move forward was to move backward, and that while anything like formal steps towards federation may possibly need to be long deferred, everything possible should be done, both administratively and unofficially, to multiply and strengthen the ties binding together the different members of the Empire. The recognition of these truths was not evolved out of the consciousness of the English people. It was the fruit of earnest and persistent and enlightened teaching, by men profoundly possessed by the principles which they proclaimed. Among the most notable of those who thus promoted the growth both of a genuinely Imperial temper and of an intelligent apprehension of Imperial needs, was that distinguished Canadian, Mr. George Parkin, now head of the Upper Canada College. For several years Mr. Parkin was, with the possible exception of Lord Rosebery, the most powerful speaker in connexion with the Imperial Federation League. His eloquent appeals and closely reasoned arguments fired the emotions and convinced the understandings of audiences of every type. The writings and personal influence of the brilliant and revered author of the 'Expansion of England' contributed, both directly and indirectly, in an important degree to the education of the public mind on the same great subject. Other workers, some of them, like the late Professor Ransome, with large gifts and knowledge, toiled in the same field. And so it was that a movement went on which, when the celebration of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee was reached, culminated in a demonstration of Imperial thought and feeling so striking as to command the attention of the world.

But we must pass from England. It is difficult to write of France immediately after the close of a dangerous passage in the relations between that country and our own, the occurrence of which was entirely due to an amazing series of blunders in the conduct of the foreign policy of our neighbours. For the purposes of the present discussion we are bound, of course, at this stage, to look at the Fashoda incident from the French point of view. Doing so, we are deliberately of opinion that the despatch of the Marchand expedition to the Nile, after Sir Edward Grey's celebrated declaration, unless French Ministers were clearly assured either of the Republic's ability  
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to wage war single-handed with England, or of the aid of a powerful ally in a war arising out of such an occasion, was one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of levity recorded of responsible statesmen. Again, the failure to recall or repudiate the expedition, as by steady degrees probability grew into certainty that it would find itself in presence of a victorious British force of overwhelming strength, afforded a hardly less signal illustration of ineptitude or moral cowardice on the part of French Ministers. We grant all this fully. More than that, we are prepared to allow that it seems unlikely that under a Monarchical or Imperial *régime* a line of policy could have been pursued leading so inevitably and at the same time so gratuitously, to a situation in which national disaster could only be avoided at the cost of a severe blow to national self-esteem. But it does not in the least follow that democracy, or even democracy under Republican forms, stands condemned as a system of government for the conduct of foreign affairs on the part of the French nation. That would be a hasty judgment indeed. Nations, like individuals, learn through and by their blunders, and generations must be allowed for a nation's education in the use of new methods of government. But, even as things are, the presumption as to the fitness of democracy to manage foreign affairs in France is, on a broad view, by no means unfavourable.

Baron de Coubertin, in his volume on 'The Evolution of France under the Third Republic,' and in a remarkable article published early last summer in one of our monthly reviews, has afforded welcome aid towards a fair study of this interesting question. He brings out in a very effective fashion the way in which the French democracy has taught itself, we do not say all, but certainly some of the lessons which it was most important that it should learn, with a view to the recovery of the position which was lost through the disasters of the war of 1870-71. He shows how France has known how to emerge from a foreign policy of reserve and abstention, necessitated by those crippling calamities, into one of imperial activity and international influence. The difficulties of the task were enormous, and the sacrifices involved not less so. The latter—the tremendous burdens of the conscription, together with the great pecuniary charges of the army, as well as the cost of developing a navy of considerable power, have been borne not only without a murmur, but with glad cheerfulness. The difficulties have been grappled with resolutely one by one, and, if writing only a few months ago, we should have maintained, on the whole with conspicuous success. Even now, notwithstanding the

the curious light thrown, by the Czar's Peace Encyclical, and its reception by the French press, on the nature of the Franco-Russian alliance, and notwithstanding the melancholy Fashoda chapter, it appears to us that a large measure of success in the imperial sphere must, in common justice, be allowed to have been secured by the third French Republic.

Not, of course, without serious mistakes and breaches of decorum, altogether apart from the question of the Upper Nile. In the case of Egypt, in 1882, the nerve both of statesmen and of ordinary politicians across the Channel completely failed them. England found herself left, through no fault of her own, to go through alone with a warlike enterprise, flowing originally from that financial and diplomatic intervention into which she had been drawn a few years before by the invitation of M. Waddington on behalf of France, and proximately from the diplomatic action against the 'National' movement in Egypt, which was joined in by Lord Granville under pressure from M. Gambetta. The surprising weakness and vacillation shown by M. de Freycinet, and by French public opinion, when the situation on the Nile became really dangerous, are dealt with quite clearly and candidly by M. de Coubertin. So is the extraordinary outbreak of furious and unreasoning resentment which swept M. Ferry (the ablest of the French statesmen who survived Gambetta) for life out of politics because of a reverse, of no first-class consequence and easily repaired, in Tong-King. This incident was wholly inexcusable, except in a nation in which the memory of crushing disaster and humiliation still nursed an altogether morbid susceptibility. The frankness and acumen with which M. de Coubertin treats these unsatisfactory features of the first half of the span of life thus far attained by the third French Republic establish for him, in our opinion, a strong claim to respectful attention when he leads us on to recognize, during the latter half of that period, evidences of steadily growing continuity of public policy. Foremost among those evidences is the development of the Russian alliance. Whether that bond will stand the strain imposed upon it by the Czar's startling Rescript may be open to question. But it is hardly fair to blame democracy in France for the consequences of the action undertaken, apparently with limited calculation of its probable issue, by a generous but inexperienced despot. And in any case it cannot be reasonably disputed that for several years the Russian connexion very materially strengthened the position of France in the world. If any one is sceptical on that point, we are confident that his doubts would not survive five minutes' conversation with any leading



leading member of any of the principal Foreign Offices in Europe. We are not in the least concerned to contend that there was nothing incongruous in the alliance. Rather does the incongruity, which indeed is manifest enough, emphasize the bearing of the relationship upon the point which we are considering. Many persons would have contended that an effective understanding, even for a limited number of years, between a Republic based upon universal suffrage and an absolute Monarchy was impossible. But the Parliamentary representatives of a democratic electorate have known with remarkably fine instinct what to do and what not to do in order to enable their country to enter into relations greatly enhancing, if not doubling, the power wielded by its diplomatists. To make the Russian alliance possible, three things were necessary—popular manifestations of approval, hearty support in the legislature, and—quite equally important—a careful abstinence from asking inconvenient questions as to the nature of the engagements incurred. The two first conditions, it may be said, were easily supplied in the circumstances. The right hand of fellowship, publicly proffered by the Power whose possible combination with France had constrained Bismarck to form the Triple Alliance, was obviously a thing to be welcomed with enthusiasm. But for a democratic Chamber of Deputies to give a practically complete discretion to the Ministers of the day in regard to undertakings which might involve issues of incalculable moment, and to leave them entirely untroubled by awkward enquiries, argues an amount of self-restraint which could hardly have been expected, and which has certainly not been shown by the same persons in other directions. It is perhaps true that French statesmen have not made the best use of the trust and the backing thus accorded to them. But if the Russian Alliance is not as useful an arrangement as it might conceivably have been to France, the fault lies in the capacity of French diplomatists and Ministers, not in the system of government under which they have worked.

Nor is it only in Europe that much has been achieved towards the re-establishment of the position of France, by the exercise of qualities which critics have commonly thought that a democratic system of government would be unlikely to develop. Concurrently with that line of events, there has taken place the growth of a colonial empire on a very large scale. Tunis, a Dominion in Eastern Asia, Madagascar, and, with the exception of Morocco, the whole of North-West Africa down to the Middle Niger and to the back of several of the British Coast Settlements, are surely considerable acquisitions to have  
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made within twenty years. We doubt if, at the most brilliant periods of English history, when our command of the sea was undisputed, the British Empire ever received such vast and varied accessions of territory within a like space of time.

Of course it may be questioned how much these additions to French territory are worth to France. There are eminent men to whom the value of India to England is matter of doubt, apart from the glory of the imperial position which such a heritage implies, and the grandeur of the civilizing mission which it involves. But views of this kind are not accepted by the common opinion of Europe. Not only are the glory and the grandeur regarded as worth winning and keeping, but wide tracts of territory, even in tropical and semi-tropical zones, are held to have economic value to their European possessors. By all the standards, therefore, by which the world judges success, the third French Republic has achieved, from the imperial point of view, very considerable and even striking results. And they have been secured, as they could only be secured, by a combination of what is called a 'free hand' given to adventurers and explorers, together with moral, and, when needed, material support on the spot, and of steady, resourceful diplomacy in face of rival Powers. No doubt, as sensible Frenchmen have lately recognized, the policy pursued towards this country has been of a gratuitously irritating quality. That was a grave error, but yet if it had not been for the culminating provocation afforded by the Fashoda expedition, the 'pin-pricks' might never have recoiled inconveniently for France. It remains the fact that a popular system of government in France has been compatible with the building up of a great empire, and that in that process, as in the conduct of the European policy of France, qualities have been displayed which keen observers have been apt to regard as the special characteristics of monarchical or aristocratic forms of government. This view is at least suggested in Sir Henry Maine's acute and powerful essay on the 'Nature of Democracy,' republished in his volume entitled 'Popular Government' (see pp. 62-3).

'The defects which are defects in individual men, and perhaps venial defects, are faults in States, and generally faults of the extremest gravity. In all war and all diplomacy, in every part of foreign policy, caprice, wilfulness, loss of self-command, timidity, temerity, inconsistency, indecency, and coarseness, are weaknesses which rise to the level of destructive vices, and if Democracy is more liable to them than are other forms of government, it is to that extent inferior to them. It is better for a nation, according to an  
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English prelate, to be free than to be sober. If the choice has to be made, and if there is any real connexion between Democracy and liberty, it is better to remain a nation capable of displaying the virtues of a nation than even to be free.'

Put aside Fashoda, and we are prepared to contend, on the facts which we have passed in review, that the weaknesses to which, in the passage just quoted, Sir H. Maine plainly suggests that democracy is 'more liable' than other forms of government, are just those which have, for the most part, been remarkably and increasingly absent from the general conduct of the external affairs of France under the Third Republic. We are aware that some thinkers are disposed to maintain that, in so far as democracy abstains from asking inconvenient questions in public, from 'pulling up the plants of international understandings to see how they are growing, and other like *bêtises*, it is untrue to its fundamental principles. But that line of argument does not seem to us tenable. Sir H. Maine, we are sure, would not have adopted it. As he truly says, democracy is only a form of government, and as such it must be judged. It must stand the same tests as those to which other forms of government are subjected.

But it is neither fair nor reasonable to subject it to others. If a monarchy or an aristocracy had within much less than a generation raised a country like France from the lowest pit of humiliation and distress and ruin to a position of high consideration, and had added to its transmarine possessions, without any first-class war—but not without difficulties with Great Powers, which, with but one exception, were creditably surmounted—vast tracts of territory largely peopled by semi-civilized races, with important possibilities of development, every fair-minded man would have claimed that the great potentialities of the system of government in question had been strikingly illustrated. That is all that we claim—but we do claim it—in regard to democracy as exemplified in French history since 1870.

The special virtue of democracy, so far as foreign affairs are concerned, is in our judgment most likely to be shown in dealing with national problems of a comparatively simple character, but requiring great national qualities for their solution. Where a great lifting power has to be evolved and exercised, there is, we think, a strong presumption that the most favourable conditions are likely to be afforded among a free self-governing people. It may well be that there are some special dangers apt to be associated with this good working of democracy, and that we see those dangers exemplified at the present

present time in France. When, by their own devotion and self-control, a great people have created out of their own flesh and blood a mighty instrument, by the mere possession of which they have gone far to re-establish a ruined position and prestige, it is not perhaps altogether surprising that they should develop a morbid nervousness upon any question affecting the repute and efficiency of that weapon. There has been too much in France during the last few months of something like an idolatry of the army, and the existence and manifestation of that sentiment have perhaps promoted some of the ugliest developments of the Dreyfus scandal. It seems probable that just that kind of scandal would be less likely to occur in a country where, while the army was a not less important feature than it is in France, the supreme executive authority was in the hands of an absolute monarch. This admission, however, though it may be regarded as considerable, in respect of the stability of democratic Governments and their efficiency in some departments, does not bear directly on the main subject of the present article, which is the fitness of democratic government to deal efficiently with foreign affairs. We hold, however, no brief for democracy, and we are quite prepared to recognize that in the south of Europe its working in the sphere of the foreign relations of the countries wherein it prevails has been by no means conspicuously successful. Space will not allow of our dealing at length with the illustrations which will at once occur to the reader's mind of the truth of this observation. In the case, however, of Italy, in which Englishmen have always taken a sympathetic interest, it seems to us very doubtful indeed whether the form of government can be in any large measure held responsible for misfortunes which we all deplore. It is admitted that membership of the Triple Alliance has imposed upon the Italian people crushing burdens, the pressure of which had probably a good deal to do with the recent serious disturbances in various parts of the country. But it must be remembered that the alliance with Germany and Austria was entered into by Italy purely with defensive objects. It was not, like Cavour's participation in the Crimean War, undertaken with a view to an improvement of the national position and prestige, but simply for the security of the national territory. The hostility of France was deeply feared, and nothing but a powerful alliance could afford security against it. It has been commonly supposed, and may be true, that the Italian Government from time to time obtained assurances that England would not be unmoved to action if the French navy attacked the ports of the peninsula. But a peninsula



peninsula is not an island, and Italy is accessible to a land attack from the north-west. If, therefore, Italian fears of France were well founded, and if there was no reasonable means of disarming French unfriendliness, it is difficult to see how the policy of the Triple Alliance can be condemned, though doubtless, when it had been adopted, prompt measures should have been taken to distribute the burden of taxation with the utmost possible equity.

But the questions to be asked here are: first, Would Italian Governments resting on a less popular, or non-popular, basis have been likely to form different conclusions as to the elements of danger in the temper of France? If not—and there seems to be no reason for giving an affirmative answer to that question—then, secondly, would a less popular, or a non-popular, system of government have been less likely than that which has been in existence in Italy, to regard an alliance with Germany and Austria as the best protection for the young kingdom? To that question we should return, without hesitation, a negative reply. *Cæteris paribus*, an irresponsible monarchy, or an oligarchy, would have been more, rather than less, likely to welcome the prospect of an alliance with the great military monarchies of Central Europe, and less, rather than more, likely to take care that the conditions under which Italy entered such a combination should place no intolerable strain upon the masses of the Italian people.

The want of success which has attended the Colonial policy of Italy, again, can hardly with any justice be traced to the working of democratic institutions. The greatest nations, however governed, are liable to be afflicted by spells of combined administrative incompetency and bad luck. We suffered from that complaint in a very pronounced form during the unhappy conflict with the American Colonies; but the fact cannot be held to have proved either that the country was then ripe for the Reform Bill of 1832, or that George III., or even a much wiser sovereign than he, would, if left alone by Parliaments, have settled the difficulty in a satisfactory manner.

On the other hand, there is plausible ground for the view that two of the most ill-judged and disastrous wars ever waged—that by Greece in 1897 against Turkey, and that by Spain last year against the United States—might never have been entered on if the weaker State in those struggles respectively had been governed by a firmly established monarchy or oligarchy. In both these cases the Government must have been perfectly well aware that, barring accidents, on the probability of which no sober rulers would be justified in

counting, the odds were hopelessly against the success of their country. But they allowed themselves to be forced into a position in which war was inevitable, through fear of the domestic consequences of adherence to a pacific policy. Since the disasters of Spain, one or two of her statesmen have recognized that what was wanted before the war actually broke out was a Minister with the courage to tell the Spanish Parliament and people the truth as to the inevitably calamitous issue of a struggle waged with a nation possessing the resources of the United States. But it may excusably be doubted whether even those who have discerned retrospectively the desideratum which was not forthcoming, would have supplied it if the principal responsibility had been theirs.

Granted a certain weakness of fibre in public men, such as it is not unreasonable to regard as prevailing in Spain and in Greece, and it can hardly be denied that Parliamentary institutions and a low suffrage provide conditions in which that weakness may cause the maximum of mischief in the domain of foreign affairs. For a governing people, and the representatives through whom a people governs, are more liable to waves of ignorant and uncalculating sentiment than a monarchy or an oligarchy. It was such a wave, not devoid by any means of elements of chivalry, which brought about the war into which Greece flung herself, with the practical certainty of defeat, against Turkey, on behalf of Cretan emancipation. Not the actual appearance, but the fear of such a wave prevented Señor Sagasta and his colleagues from recognizing that at all costs they must not go to war with the United States about Cuba. At the same time fairness requires the acknowledgment that at the end there was that in the bearing of the United States which made the avoidance of war by Spain extremely difficult.

And so—for space will not allow of detailed consideration of the cases just touched upon—we are brought to that most interesting question, the working of American democracy in the sphere of foreign affairs. It has peculiar interest from its practical novelty, as well as its wide-reaching issues. Beyond the difficulties which from time to time arose with Great Britain, and which may for the most part be described as of a next-door-neighbour character, the people of the United States, until the other day, had no foreign questions of a kind to exercise their minds at all seriously. It was not therefore by any means surprising if, when confronted by the question of entering upon a policy which had as its logical issue the forcible extrusion of Spain from the West Indies, their conduct presented evidences of inexperience and want of study of the  
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full bearings of a policy of active intervention. Few Americans, we imagine, would now deny that they were very greatly deceived as to the character of the Cuban insurgents, and that if they had known in the early months of last year what they know now with regard to those upholders of freedom's cause, they would have hesitated long before applauding a line of action leading, by natural and obvious steps, to a great outpouring of American life and treasure on behalf of such persons. Again, that hesitation, among the most thoughtful at any rate of those Americans who heartily favoured the war, would have been considerably enhanced if they had given the subject the consideration needed to show that not even a certain victor can make war with limited liability, and that triumphant success may entail burdens hardly less onerous than crushing defeat.

It now appears quite evident that for an indefinite time to come Cuba will have to be occupied by a large body of American troops. The destruction of the system of Spanish rule, evil and oppressive as it unquestionably was, has entailed upon its destroyers the clear duty of providing security that it shall not be followed merely by a system in which the parts are reversed, with, at the top, an element of almost absolute barbarism. The idea of anything like genuine self-government for Cuba, in the present state of the population of the island, would be regarded with a sentiment of just repulsion by American public opinion, and above all by those whose friends and relations served in the army of General Shafter. An analogous responsibility, but on a very much larger scale, has been created by the naval and military operations which resulted in the overthrow of Spanish authority in the Philippines. In those islands there are supposed to be seven millions and a half of inhabitants, no more homogeneous and not much more likely to treat one another with humanity or equity than the Loyalists and Insurgents in Cuba. We have no doubt whatever of the capacity of our kinsmen to grapple effectually with all the difficulties and dangers which they may encounter in the Philippines. We believe that they share the British secret of governing inferior races at a distance with justice and firmness, and with the smallest possible exercise of military power. But they have had no experience in that kind of work as yet, and it would not have been unnatural for them to hope that they might prove their qualifications for it by degrees. If they accept the full measure of the consequences of their overwhelming naval and military triumph, the world, in our belief, will be the better for it. And they themselves will be the better for it, for a nation, no less than an indi-

vidual man, always gains in the long run from rising to the height of a great but compassable mission. They will have to establish a Colonial Civil Service, entrance to which and promotion in which will be governed by considerations, not of party advantage, but of individual merit. It will not be found possible to turn out a Governor of Luzon, who has just got to understand how to keep order among the Spanish colonists, the fierce Roman Catholic Tagals of Malay descent, the heathen but respectable and industrious agriculturists called Igorrotes, and the numerous Chinese commercial immigrants, just because a Republican has given place to a Democratic President of the United States. Nor will the principle of going in and out with parties at home be any better applicable to deputy commissioners, collector-magistrates, or by whatever other title the district officers in the Philippines may be designated. Permanence and promotion for good service will declare themselves as essential features of the administration of America's islands in the Far East. And the discovery is likely to re-act in a very beneficial manner on the home public service of the United States. Their people will soon see that practices which are not good enough for the administration of troublesome colonies cannot really be good enough for the conduct of domestic affairs.

In view of such considerations as these the contention may be maintained, with no slight plausibility, that it is just as well that in the early months of the past year the American people did not see whither they were being drawn by their indignation at the condition of Cuba, lashed into fury by the calculated excesses of the 'yellow' press. True; but a system of government can hardly claim much credit for the ultimate consequences of a plunge undertaken with emphatic declarations which it is found impossible to fulfil. It must, we think, be acknowledged that the Government of a country possessing a fairly stable monarchy, with the same humane motives for intervention as those which influenced the United States last spring, would have seen that the emancipation of Cuba from Spanish oppression might be secured without war, and would probably have been able to avoid being propelled into any such hurried and violent action as that which made the escape of Spain from war, at the last, extremely difficult. In other words, the democratic quality of American institutions—large as is the measure of independence which the Constitution theoretically ensures to the President—was, in part at least, responsible for the outbreak of an avoidable war. Yet by no means entirely so. Inexperience in foreign affairs, as we have already



already suggested, had much to do with it. The same kinds of mistakes would be much less likely to occur again. The habits of thought of the American people, and the bearing and modes of procedure of their public men, in regard to imperial questions, will, in our belief, be essentially modified by the experience now being, and to be, acquired, of the natural consequences of action taken without due information and deliberation, in the sphere of external affairs. We expect that the American democracy will show itself teachable—by facts as well as by persons.

The events of the last few months in the United States, however, have illustrated one very serious difficulty in the way of democratic government—that of getting at the real opinions and wishes of the sovereign people at national crises. We heard repeatedly that President McKinley desired to ascertain, and at any rate to some extent to be guided by, public opinion in the matter of the Philippines. We do not doubt that he adopted what seemed to him the best available means for informing himself; but he had to take the most critical decision—that of insisting, as was done in November, through the American members of the Peace Commission, on the complete relinquishment by Spain of the Philippines—in the absence of anything which could be regarded as a clear public manifestation of the opinion of the American people on the subject. The Constitution has not provided for such a case. Its authors would probably have shrunk with horror from the thought that such a question should ever present itself. They made arrangements, only too effectual, as some thinkers are inclined to hold, for the utmost deliberation on all matters of legislation on domestic questions of a fundamental character. The securities against drastic internal innovation afforded by our Constitution are poor and slight indeed in comparison with those enjoyed by the citizens of the United States. But they can claim no such superiority in the foreign sphere. The Bill for the assumption of authority over Hawaii was not held to require any kind of reference to the Legislatures of the sovereign States of which the Union is composed, or to the people at large. Nor would there be any technical reason for such a reference if the present American Congress passed an Act for the annexation of every Spanish colony in the world, and Minorca and Cadiz into the bargain.

In one of his very interesting though not altogether cheering series of essays on 'Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy,' Mr. Godkin touches with his usual acuteness on 'the difficulty of consulting a modern democracy.' The only recognized  
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means of ascertaining what the sovereign people are wanting on a question of executive policy is by observing elections and by reading the newspapers. Neither method is at all conclusive. There is almost invariably room for quite honest difference of opinion as to the precise questions which were chiefly before the minds of the electors. Thus, it is possible that President McKinley may have known the results of the 'Fall' elections before he finally arrived at the momentous resolve which determined that the United States should be a Far-Eastern Power. But there was nothing decisive as between Republicans and Democrats in those elections, and even if there had been it would have remained extremely doubtful whether the voters had been influenced mainly by enthusiastic pride in the victories of the war, or indignation at the mismanagement of the War Office, on the one hand, or by approval or disapproval of the policy of national 'expansion' on the other. And very possibly considerations of a domestic character, connected with currency or tariff, weighed appreciably with many electors.

Quite as obviously, to turn again for a moment to our own affairs, it would be difficult if not impossible to regard a general election, if one could be brought about at the present time, as affording any certain evidence of the wishes of the people as to British policy in the Far East. A Cabinet Minister was said a few months ago to have observed, in conversation, that bye-elections were being lost because, as he put it, the Government would not enter upon an unreasonable war with Russia. We believe that they were indeed being lost because the country disliked extremely the experience of a succession of failures on the part of the Government to secure the ends at which it had publicly aimed, which failures were generally due, at the moment, to the successful pressure brought to bear by Russia at Peking. The bye-elections, in our belief, illustrated the general opinion that while the British interests involved in China were, indeed, quite important enough to justify the 'risk of war' for their maintenance, our material position there was so strong that a clear and firm line of policy would have attained success without war. We are, however, quite ready to acknowledge that there can be nothing like absolute certainty as to the significance of bye-elections. If in them the Imperial question most engaging the public mind at the moment controls the result more directly, it is also true that purely local and personal issues play a relatively larger part in them than is usual at a general election. The one thing certain is that a dissolution of Parliament now would not bring



out with any unmistakable clearness the predominant opinion in the electorate on the network of complex problems called the Far-Eastern Question. It would not even determine whether the majority of the electors would prefer to entrust the management of that question to Lord Rosebery rather than to Lord Salisbury. In the first place it is by no means plain that Lord Rosebery would be Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary in the next Radical Government. In the second place, it is quite conceivable that the majority of the electors, while caring a good deal about China and securities for the development of British trade there, care as much or more about those first-rate domestic questions, such as Home Rule for Ireland and Disestablishment, on which the policy of a Radical Government would, or at least might, differ essentially from that of a Unionist Government.

Analogous considerations vitiate the significance of elections in all democratic countries. But if elections do not afford conclusive indications as to the drift of public opinion on foreign questions, nothing remains, in the absence of a Referendum, except the press. On the unsatisfactory quality of the press in this regard Mr. Godkin has some very strong remarks:—

‘In international questions,’ he says, ‘the press is often a poor reliance. In the first place business prudence prompts an editor, whether he fully understands the matter under discussion or not, to take what seems the patriotic view; and tradition generally makes the selfish quarrelsome view the patriotic view. The late editor of the “Sun” expressed this tersely by advising young journalists “always to stand by the Stars and Stripes!” It was long ago expressed still more tersely by the cry, “Our country, right or wrong.” . . . It is not every diplomatic difference that is at first clearly understood by the public. Very often the pros and cons of the matter are imperfectly known until the correspondence is published, but the agitation of the popular mind continues; the press must talk about the matter, and its talk is rarely pacific. It is bound by tradition to take the ground that its own Government is right; and that even if not, it does not make any difference—the press has to maintain that it is right.’

There is much force in this, which Mr. Godkin illustrates by reference to the action of the American press, as well as Congress, on the now happily dead and gone Venezuelan question. The fact that the press ‘must talk’ about questions on which there may be nothing fresh or useful to be said, is, beyond doubt, a serious evil; for it tends in some cases both to produce in the minds of statesmen the view that there is more public excitement than actually exists, and to arouse more excitement than the situation calls for. We do not think, indeed, that in the  
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conduct of the principal newspapers, metropolitan and provincial, in this country, there is anything like that absence of sense of responsibility, or absence of knowledge with regard to foreign affairs, which the remarks we have quoted from Mr. Godkin suggest, as existing in connexion with the American press. Nor do we doubt that the development of a transmarine empire will tend to raise the level of American journalism, in respect both of sobriety and information, in relation to foreign affairs. Still, when all is said, the fact will remain that the press is very imperfect as an indication of what is being thought and felt even in Great Britain by the great body of voters on public questions. It is so in regard to home questions. London is not as Unionist and Conservative as the preponderant tone of its leading newspapers would suggest. The same may be said still more decidedly of Scotland. In Manchester, on the other hand, though the voters are very predominantly Unionist, the principal newspaper is Radical. If it is so in regard to home affairs, there is no obvious reason for supposing that on Imperial questions the opinions of newspapers afford a safe guide as to the opinions of those who read them. All that can be said is that, when on such questions they are found unanimous, while maintaining their differences on domestic affairs, there is a strong presumption, at any rate in this country, that they are reflecting the prevailing thought and feeling, and influencing the dissident elements to fall into line. And when, as happened last summer in the case of our policy in the Far East, the practical unanimity of journals is corroborated by the results of bye-elections, and by the prevalent feeling among active politicians on both sides, the presumption that the sovereign people's views and sentiments point in the same direction becomes very strong indeed. The only defence that can be made in such a case for refusal to follow these combined indications is that 'the public don't understand what they are talking about,' or, as seemed to be suggested by the Prime Minister in a recent speech, that they are ignorant of some extraneous consideration having a vital bearing on the possibility or prudence of the line of policy they desire.

But it may happen, not very seldom, that the need for an important Imperial decision presents itself when there are no means of forming any correct judgment as to the set of public opinion on the matter in hand. Even yet, in the Celestial Empire, the Government of this country, or of the United States, might find itself almost suddenly in presence of a situation in which secrecy as well as promptitude in action was of vital moment.

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In such a case, no doubt, the defects of democracy, at least of large democracies, stand out as compared with systems of government in which effective authority is wielded by the one or the few, who can be quickly and privately consulted. Then, no doubt, the statesman must take his own political life in his hand, and, getting what guidance he can, not from the 'bosses,' but from the wisest and best-informed, must move forward whither, or stand still as, his judgment and conscience dictate. In such circumstances, Anglo-Saxon democracies, we believe, will always look leniently on any blunders of a statesman who has plainly sought, not merely to guess what the people were thinking, but to carry out the general aims which, judging from the past, he knew they must cherish, by the measures best adapted to meet the special crisis. We are not so sure about Latin democracies. Indeed, there have been too many indications that, when tried by the test of failure in the sphere of foreign and imperial affairs, they were apt to develop unreasonable fury, unjust to its victims, and reacting with inevitable hurt upon their own stability and welfare.

The course of history may prove that it is only the Teutonic races—for Germany will feel her way to greater freedom—that are altogether fitted for popular government. Yet, so far as can be judged from the experience of the past thirty years, at which we have now glanced, in the case of France and Italy, democratic government in those countries may fairly be credited with much of the success which has been secured by the one in the sphere of foreign policy, and cannot fairly be blamed for much of the misfortunes which have happened to the other.

It need hardly be said that in every democratic country it is of the first importance that the classes with leisure and culture should exert themselves, not merely to give effective interpretation to the views of the electorate, but to guide those views into right channels. Here, at any rate, as we have endeavoured to show, the people are essentially teachable on Imperial questions. There is no evidence that if wisely dealt with they are unteachable in other democratic countries. The best hope for the future of democracy lies in the general realization by the upper classes that, under that system of government, the calls of public duty on them are not less but more urgent than when political power was more or less confined to their own order.

ART. XII.—1. *Les Races et les Nationalités en Autriche-Hongrie.*

Par Bertrand Auerbach. Paris, 1898.

2. *La Question d'Orient.* Par Édouard Briault. Paris, 1898.

3. *Metternich und seine auswärtige Politik.* Von Fedor von Demelitsch. Stuttgart, 1898.

4. *Der Kampf um die Vorherrschaft in Deutschland, 1859 bis 1866.* Von Heinrich Friedjung. Two vols. Stuttgart, 1898.

THE condition of the Austrian Empire engages the anxious attention of statesmen to a greater extent than perhaps any other political question of the hour. This Empire is composed of a number of different and mutually hostile races, and of several distinct nationalities. It has never attained to anything resembling national unity. Everyone remembers the old epigram, 'Bella gerant alii, Tu, felix Austria, nube'; few however reflect on the influence which the various accessions to the Empire have had on its political life. As the result of marriages and heritages and artificial political arrangements, German counties, Italian principalities, countries like Bohemia and Hungary, and at last a part of the kingdom of Poland, were joined together. These were never welded into a State. The Tyrolese obeyed the Count of Tyrol, the Austrians the Archduke of Austria, who happened to be the same person, and was also the King of Bohemia and of Hungary. The link that united these different countries was the circumstance that they all recognized one common sovereign. There was, however, an eventful and dramatic period in their history during which they might have been fused into one nation. This was at the time of the Reformation. The movement identified with the name of Luther was not only directed against form and superstition in the Church; it was national in the deepest sense of the term. If the Imperial authority in Germany had placed itself at its head, it is not impossible that the great schism in Western Christianity might have been avoided, and it is certain that Germany would have been spared long and bitter years of suffering and degradation. Unfortunately at that time Charles V., a man entirely under the influence of the Spanish mind, wore the Imperial crown. He failed to grasp the situation. He neither understood Luther nor the moral forces which supported the cause of the Reformer.

The dynasty in whose history Charles V. is one of the greatest figures showed similar deficiency of perception. The House of Habsburg ranged itself on the side of the enemies of the Reformation with frantic zeal. This movement took a firmer hold, and was more widely accepted in the countries which  
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compose the present Austrian Empire than almost anywhere else. The depth of its influence is revealed in the secret reports made to Rome from South Germany by the confidential agents of Clement VII. and Paul III. It was ruthlessly suppressed. The whole nobility of Styria, with the exception of seven families, were deprived of their property for their attachment to the Protestant cause. Wholesale confiscations also took place in Bohemia; the ancient nobility of the country were deprived of their land and replaced by foreigners of various nationalities—Spaniards, Italians, Walloons, Portuguese, and above all by Irish—who formed a new governing class. With regard to the mass of the people, any sympathies they might have had with the Reformation were driven out of them by methods which, even in the dark history of religious persecution, are remarkable for their violence and cruelty. Popular expressions at the present moment in use in Austria illustrate the ways and means adopted to preserve what was called ecclesiastical orthodoxy. If a man has been brutally beaten or treated with exceptional cruelty, he is described in popular parlance as having been made a Catholic. If a mother threatens to inflict severe corporal punishment on a child, she will express her intention to make it a Catholic. The result of this policy was to destroy the intellectual life of Austria. Men like Kepler and Comenius when driven from the country could not be replaced by disciples of the Jesuits, and those parts of the Empire which had not been laid waste by fire and sword during the Thirty Years' War had their intellectual life crushed out by the steady and relentless action of the Government at Vienna.

This jealousy of intellectual independence has been a leading characteristic of Austrian policy down to our own time. In the year 1859 Field-Marshal Hess was not given the command of the army in Italy because he was a Protestant. He had seen Aspern, Wagram, and Leipsic; he had been highly considered by Archduke Charles; he was the right hand of Radetzky in 1849, but military experience and ability were not so requisite in the opinion of the Government in Vienna as theological orthodoxy. Count Gyulai, a favourite of the Jesuits, was placed at the head of the hundred thousand men who stood on the Ticino. This general was hopelessly incapable. He remained in the Lomellina in foolish and obstinate inactivity, and allowed the hostile armies to be so manœuvred that the Austrian forces lost all the advantages from a strategical point of view that they possessed at the opening of the hostilities. One would think that after the battle of Solferino the weakest eyes in Vienna would have seen the real cause of  
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the Austrian defeat. Instead of that, every sort of frivolous reason was given for the disaster in Italy, and a well-known Jesuit, Klinkowström, announced from a pulpit, surrounded by the rank and fashion of Vienna, that the reason why the army had not been completely victorious was because of the presence of Protestants in its ranks.

A most serious consequence of the steady policy pursued in Austria towards intellectual independence in every shape and form was the estrangement with Germany which could not fail to result from it. While Austria was sinking in the depths of obscurantism, Prussia was rapidly becoming the representative of German progress, and the University of Berlin acquired the highest position among the intellectual centres, not merely of Germany, but of the world. The idea of excluding Austria altogether from Germany, on the ground that she did not represent German interests, culture, or habits of thought, gradually but steadily grew, particularly amongst the States of the Germanic Confederation north of the Maine. This idea assumed a definite shape when Bismarck became Prime Minister of Prussia in the closing days of September 1862. Four years after that time the power of Austria over the States of the Germanic Confederation was overthrown at Königgrätz, and a new chapter was opened in Austrian history.

In dealing with Austria and Austrian politics, it is absolutely necessary to consider with critical care the influence of the personality of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Ever since he ascended the throne in 1848, both the foreign and the internal policy of Austria has been mainly directed by him; and he has acquired so great a position, and has had so powerful an influence on the imaginations of men, that many well informed people are inclined to think that his disappearance from the scene will be followed by the disruption of the Empire whose crown he wears.

The Emperor Francis Joseph is a man of considerable natural gifts of mind, and extremely conscientious in attention to public business. His remarkable grasp of administrative detail is all the more important because the questions that come continually before him are not only grave and various, but the difficulties in solving them are enormously complicated by disturbing political, racial, ecclesiastical, and social forces which do not exist concurrently in any other Empire. His Ministers have often been astounded at his marvellous and minute acquaintance with lengthy and dull official documents. The judgments formed by distinguished statesmen and politicians on the Emperor Francis Joseph are numerous and interesting.



esting. His exalted position has necessarily brought him into contact with many of the striking personalities of the age. The greatest of these was of course Bismarck. He was presented to the Emperor of Austria in 1852, and on the 25th of January in that year he wrote from Ofen:—

‘The young ruler of this country has made a most agreeable impression on me. The fiery spirit of twenty is united to the dignity and judgment of riper years. He has a beautiful eye, particularly when he is excited, and a most winning and frank expression when he smiles. If he were not an Emperor I should say that he was rather too serious for his age. The Hungarians are most enthusiastic about him, and are attracted by the national accent with which he speaks their language and his elegance as a horseman.’

Eight years later, in February 1860, after the disastrous Italian war, Orges, who was the editor of the ‘*Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*,’ saw the Emperor Francis Joseph. He was sent on a mission to Vienna by the Duke of Coburg. The description he gives of his audience, which lasted for more than an hour and a quarter, is instructive. It reveals the warm sympathies of the Emperor for South Germany, and shows a certain desire to make himself acquainted with the real state of things, and to hear with patience unpleasant truths. The Emperor of Austria, however, is not, as a general rule, remarkable for keeping an open mind. Only a few months ago the writer of this article was in a position to judge how the inherent difficulties of governing the Austrian Empire have been rendered more difficult still by the impossibility of getting the Sovereign to listen and give due weight to statements of disagreeable facts. He is, moreover, not a resolute man. During the Italian war of 1859 he showed himself quite unable to make up his mind between different schemes of policy. His indecision of character was made still more manifest in 1866. In that year he had to face two enemies, Prussia and Italy. He might easily have avoided going to war with both at the same time. He could have come to terms with Prussia on the basis of the division of spheres of influence in Germany; in that case he would have had the whole of his forces at his disposal, not merely for the defence of Venice, but for the reconquest of Lombardy. On the other hand, he might, by ceding Venice to the Italians at an opportune moment, have prevented the Prusso-Italian Alliance, and consequently have been in a position to use the whole military force of his Empire against the Prussian power. He did neither one thing nor the other, but on the 12th of June, some days before the outbreak of war with Prussia, he concluded a Treaty with Napoleon III., in which it was stipulated  
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that Venice should be ceded to France for the purpose of being handed over to Italy, no matter whether the Austrian armies were victorious or not. The text of this Treaty has never yet received the attention it deserves, but, when the historians of the next century come to deal with it, we are much mistaken if they will not all of them pronounce it to be the most marvellous State document of our time. It is almost incredible that, when the whole strength of the Empire was required to meet the Prussian attack, a large portion of the army should have been used against Italy, although the Government in Vienna had already made up its mind to cede the ancient city of Venice and the territory adjacent to it, the possession of which by Austria was the cause of war with Italy. The explanation of this extraordinary conduct is that Count Moritz Esterhazy, who was at that time very powerful with the Emperor of Austria, succeeded in getting a clause introduced into the Treaty which in reality meant nothing, but which seemed to such as he to bind France to favour a hypothetical Italian movement in favour of the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff. This clause was to the effect that, if the population of Italy should some day or other rise against the unity of the country, the Emperor Napoleon would not interfere. The House of Habsburg was not to gain any advantage should the unity of Italy be destroyed. The dynasties of Tuscany and Modena were not to be restored under any circumstances. The Austrian Government was never again to be imposed on any part of Italy. If the Austrian arms had been everywhere victorious, it would have made absolutely no difference to the political position of Austria in Italy, but the French graciously agreed that the Italians might restore the temporal power of the Pope or break up and destroy their country if they thought fit to do so. Count Beust, when he became Chancellor of the Austrian Empire, saw this Treaty, and, as he read it, could hardly believe his eyes. Others have been equally astonished. We do not wonder. This Treaty makes it absolutely clear that the war in Italy of 1866 was waged, not in the interests of Austria, but in those of the Pope. Austria had often in former days drawn her sword for what she considered to be the cause of the Church; but neither Maria Theresa, Kaunitz, Thugut, Stadion, Metternich, nor indeed any Austrian statesman had ever up to that time dreamed of sacrificing the interests of the State to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. The defeat of the Austrian arms at Königgrätz, and the collapse which followed that defeat, might, one would think, have shown the Emperor of Austria that men like Count Belcredi, or Count Moritz



Moritz Esterhazy, or the other members of the coterie in Vienna who were guided and directed by the Jesuits, were not safe councillors in the affairs of State. Cardinal Antonelli, when he heard the news of the rout of the Austrian army in Bohemia and that the victorious Prussians were marching on Vienna, exclaimed, 'Il mondo casca!' The Cardinal was right; the end of the world had come for the politicians and statesmen who imagined that mankind could be governed on the principles held by such men as he.

One of the marked characteristics of the reign of the present Emperor of Austria is that the moment a Minister becomes really powerful his fall is always at hand. The Emperor has invariably failed to support a leading Minister just at the moment when that Minister's policy required his most complete adhesion in order that it should be successful. He withdrew, for instance, his support from Schmerling at the most critical moment. Beust was dismissed just as as he had brought about the overthrow of the Ministry of Hohenwart, at a time when it was a prime necessity to take up a firm, or at least clear, position as regards the Slav population of the Empire. Count Andrassy, in many respects one of the most interesting statesmen of the reign, who had rendered exceptional services to the whole Empire by his moderating influence on his Hungarian countrymen, was forced to leave office just as he had concluded the alliance with Germany. An unswerving adherence to the governing idea of the policy of Andrassy, and its application to internal questions, would certainly have averted some of the pressing troubles of the present hour. But the Emperor Francis Joseph never could tolerate a Minister of really first-class ability. In this respect he contrasts most unfavourably with his contemporary, King William I. of Prussia. The latter sovereign himself selected for the work of his reign four men, each of them in a very marked manner his intellectual superior. Bismarck, Roon, Moltke, Count Friedrich zu Eulenberg, were men of genius. They were not always on the best of terms with each other; but the commanding personality of their Sovereign forced them to work together, and was strong enough to prevent them interfering in the business of departments which were not specially entrusted to them. The Emperor Francis Joseph would have been totally unable to command, utilize, or work with such men.

The character of the Emperor of Austria is strikingly illustrated by his conduct in regard to some of the most illustrious personages of his reign. When the war with Prussia was about to break out in 1866 the question arose as to what general should be entrusted with the command of the Imperial

that Venice should be ceded to France, being handed over to Italy, no matter what armies were victorious or not. The subject has never yet received the attention it deserves. The historians of the next century come much mistaken if they will not all of them regard the most marvellous State document of the nineteenth century as incredible that, when the whole strength of the Austrian army was required to meet the Prussian attack, the army should have been used against Italy. The Government in Vienna had already made the cession of the ancient city of Venice and the possession of which by Austria was the main object. The explanation of this extraordinary move was Moritz Esterhazy, who was at that time the favourite of the Emperor of Austria, succeeded in getting into the Treaty which in reality was a trap for the Italian movement in favour of the Pope and the Roman Pontiff. This clause was inserted in the Treaty, that the population of Italy should remain united, and the unity of the country, the Emperor of Austria. The House of Habsburg was not to be destroyed, the unity of Italy be destroyed, and the Kingdoms of Modena were not to be restored. The Austrian Government was never to give up any part of Italy. If the Austrians were victorious, it would have made the political position of Austria impossible. The Italians agreed that the Italians might break up and destroy the Pope or break up and destroy the Pope. Count Beust, who was the Austrian Empire, saw this and hardly believe his eyes. Oh, we do not wonder. This was the war in Italy of 1866. Austria, but in those of the days drawn her sword for the Pope of the Church; but neither Stadion, Metternich, nor even up to that time dream of the State to the temporal success of the Austrian arms at the time that followed that defeat, might the Emperor of Austria the



whether he was equal to handling with decision very large bodies of men. They considered that Archduke Albrecht would be a more formidable adversary if he were to lead the Austrian army with which they were to try conclusions in Bohemia. It is not very generally known that Benedek himself shrunk from accepting the command in Bohemia, that he declined it on more than one occasion, and begged and prayed of the Emperor not to select him for it, but to entrust him with the task of dealing with the smaller military events which were likely to take place in Italy, a country with which he was especially well acquainted.

Archduke Albrecht had many weighty grounds for declining on his part the command of the army of the North. In the first place, public opinion was in favour of Benedek, who was the hero of the hour. The governing reason, however, why the Archduke wanted to get out of the command in Bohemia was that he knew that he was almost certain to win laurels in Italy, whereas he was much too keen-sighted a soldier not to see that the armies of Prussia, created and armed by Roon, led by generals like Fransecky and Hiller, and directed by strategists like Moltke and Blumenthal, would not be so easy to dispose of as the Italians. In the morning of the day on which Benedek was to have audience with the Emperor, during which the question as to his command in Bohemia was to be definitely decided, Archduke Albrecht went to see him. The two generals talked over the situation. Benedek had formerly served under the Archduke in Italy, and his Imperial Highness was so struck by his brave and chivalrous nature that he presented him with the sword which his father Archduke Charles had worn at Aspern. During this interview the Archduke pressed Benedek most vigorously to accept the command in Bohemia. Benedek insisted on his reasons for declining. Then the Archduke appealed to his feelings of attachment and loyalty to the dynasty. He insisted that it was most inadvisable that a member of the Imperial House should command against the Prussians, for that in the event of a reverse the dynasty might seriously suffer. To this argument Benedek at once gave way; it was an appeal to the chivalry of his nature which he could not resist. A few hours later the Emperor received with the greatest possible delight the consent of Benedek to accept the command. Shortly afterwards Benedek left for the seat of war. The main events which then took place are known to all. The personal jealousies, the confusion and the distracted councils in the Austrian camp, have, however, never yet been fully revealed. They led to Königgrätz,

Imperial forces in Bohemia. Chances Austria might have of leading among Austrian generals at the battle of July, 1866, ten days after that battle, position. One of them was his wife, which contains the following Ludwig von Benedek. The Archduke Charles, who for me forced upon me, in spite of all my admiration and respect for myself unequivocally and simply in a Archduke Albrecht inherited a *banque*; that I felt that I was and was a man of perhaps military reputation to the wish of the distinguished himself more so he would not regret having entrusted on the 23rd of March, 1848, I said in so many words that as far as the he held with a single division concerned I was quite useless, whereas in long in check as to give the same good.

and win a decisive victory and to save the Imperial House from any military men, that Archduke in case of reverse; let us see how his lead the Austrian forces. When the news of the disaster which regiments of the King of Bohemia was published in Austria a was a strong popular opinion. The reverse was not however to be to Benedek. The Press the inevitable outcome of the policy of calling for this appointment independence of mind which was inaugurated grounds for believing that which, generally speaking, has been even unknown to their since. There were, it is true, some to urge the appointment and exalted character, such as Prince the arch-enemy of Austria and the Emperor Leopold, who tried to himself. The past of the after the death of the last-mentioned glorious. He was born with renewed energy by his successor, town in Hungary. His by his Concordat with Rome set his difficulty in educating him of intellectual repression. When this received the powerful calling powers in Vienna, instead of throwing attended in illness. His system of obscurantist government, after serving with the Benedek responsible for the disaster. He he found himself in command with indecent ruthlessness, and father's old patron, Royal military commission of enquiry. When he he again greatly distinguished commission he answered the various military services with dignity; he took the whole responsibility action some ten years upon himself, and did not in the least rely he commanded on the received from the Emperor when he was San Martino. He was, and which certainly contributed to, if conduct on that occasion immediate cause of, the disaster. He retired courage, the clear judgment the 1st of November, 1866, and settled at inspiring with confidence till his death. Shortly after he took of the part he played that town Archduke Albrecht appeared one of men, and was entitled to a promise from him that he would The observant criticism of what passed between him, credit for his action of Archduke, as regards the circumstances under certain gifts necessary to take the command of the army in Bohemia,



Bohemia, and also that he would not publish a defence of his conduct while he held that post. Benedek gave his word, and scrupulously kept it. Before his death he destroyed every paper which had reference to the events of 1866. He expected that his defence would come from the Emperor, or at least from Archduke Albrecht; it never did come, and Benedek passed away broken-hearted and in disgrace on the 27th of April, 1871, at the age of seventy-seven. He was not a great commander, and he did not profess to be one, but he was beyond question one of the most chivalrous figures of the century. The only protest he made against ungenerous and even base usage was to leave strict injunctions in his will that he should not be buried in Austrian uniform, and that no military honours should be shown to his remains. We have insisted at some length on the history of Benedek, as it seems to us to illustrate the character of the reign of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and as likely to assist our readers to penetrate the causes of its disaster.

A story hardly less edifying than that of Benedek might be told as regards Admiral Tegetthoff, the hero of Lissa. Tegetthoff was a sailor of the type of Nelson and Dundonald. When we read how he took the 'Ferdinand Max' into action at Lissa, we are forcibly reminded of Nelson on the quarter-deck of the 'Victory.' The heroism, resolution, and resource which he displayed that day were never surpassed by Nelson himself. To the surprise of everybody he fell into disgrace and was deprived of his command immediately after his magnificent triumph. The real reason for this disgrace has never yet been published. The truth is that the brilliant victory of Lissa contrasted strongly with the comparatively uninteresting battle won by Archduke Albrecht at Custoza. The Archduke was the Commander-in-Chief of all the forces, naval and military, engaged against the Italians. His instructions to Tegetthoff were invariably such as tended to paralyze the action of the fleet. Tegetthoff was told to land all the Venetian sailors on board his ships. This he declined to do, on the ground that if he did so his fleet would be useless, seeing that the Venetians were among the best men he had afloat. When he sailed to the relief of Lissa, which was being hard pressed by the Italian fleet under Persano, he was overtaken by a frigate bearing an order from the officer representing Archduke Albrecht, Lieutenant Field-Marshal Maroičić, warning him not to go to sea. He won Lissa as Nelson did Copenhagen, in spite of his orders. The trophies of his victory were sent by him direct to the Emperor at Vienna. This was the crowning offence.

They ought forsooth to have been forwarded to Archduke Albrecht and laid by him at the feet of the Emperor, in order that some credit for Lissa might be given to his Imperial Highness. Tegetthoff, like Benedek, bore his disgrace in silence. The Emperor and the Archduke, secure in the conviction of his loyalty and chivalry, imagined, no doubt, their conduct would escape the censure of history. They forgot the old saying, 'Magna est veritas et prevalebit.' The Emperor Francis Joseph has received the sympathies of the world in the misfortunes which have overtaken his House. He has acquired in an ample degree the personal attachment of his subjects of various nationalities and races. When, however, impartial history investigates his career, and observes how he has dealt with the various forces of his Empire, how he has worked with the various administrators and statesmen who have served him and what attitude he has assumed to the leading ideas of the time, it will hardly pronounce a favourable judgment on it, for, notwithstanding his high and noble qualities, certain weaknesses of intellect and character developed by a narrow education and pernicious personal surroundings have prevented him from being either a great ruler or a great man.

The Empire of Austria-Hungary is, as we have already said, composed of a very large number of mutually hostile races and nations: Germans, Czechs, Poles, Ruthenians, Slovenes, Magyars, Croats, Serbs, Roumanians, and Italians. The question presses as to the mode in which these various races should be held together. At present the Empire is divided into two parts, one of which is called Cis-Leithania, the other Hungary or Trans-Leithania. The former division is made up of a group of some seventeen different countries, each with a local Parliament, but also sending members to the Central Parliament in Vienna. The most important of these countries is Bohemia.

Bohemia derives its name from the Boii, a Celtic people who played a considerable part in Italy during the Punic war. They took the Carthaginian side, but they were ultimately driven across the Alps, after which they settled in the country now called Bohemia. They were again expelled from this new settlement by a German people called the Marcomanni, who were in their turn driven out by the Slavs. The Germans began to reappear in Bohemia in the tenth century, and in the twelfth they were the leading people in the country. In the middle of the fourteenth century, in 1348, the Emperor Charles IV. founded the University of Prague, which became a great seat of German learning. In consequence of the Hussite movement this German influence was paralyzed; over twenty  
thousand



thousand students left Prague, and the Universities of Leipsic, Ingoldstadt, and Rostock came into existence. Prague never regained its old importance. In 1512 there were no students at all at the University. The Protestant movement seemed likely to heal the animosity between the Slav and the German. They were both equally hostile to Rome, but in 1620 the battle of the White Mountain marked the fall of the monarchy of the Winter King, and with it of the Protestant cause of Bohemia. The whole condition of the country was changed; over thirty thousand Protestant families were driven into exile.

From that day to this there has been trouble in Bohemia. The German population, which is the most thriving and industrious, occupies well-defined districts almost exclusively on the frontiers. The Congress of Vienna incorporated Bohemia with Germany just as it did other territories of the House of Austria. Bohemia was part of the Germanic Confederation when, in 1848, a German Parliament was called together at Frankfort. To this Parliament Bohemia was invited to send representatives. At that moment a man appeared in public life who was destined to have a commanding influence on the politics of his country. This was Palacky, who has rendered such important services, not alone to Bohemia, but to historical science generally. Palacky's reply to the invitation to join the Parliament at Frankfort is remarkable as a clear assertion of Bohemian nationality. 'I am not a German,' he said, 'but a Bohemian, and I belong to the Slav race. Any talents I may possess are at the service of my own country. It is a small country, to be sure; nevertheless it has preserved its individuality.' Acting under the advice of Palacky, the Slav population in Bohemia sent no representatives to Frankfort. They called together a Congress of their own in Prague. This assembly met in June, and was composed of representatives of Slavs living under Austrian and Turkish rule, but, like all the parliamentary assemblies of 1848, it came to a more or less ignoble end. In 1849 Austria became a completely absolute monarchy, and continued so till after the Italian war of 1859. In 1860 an Imperial decree called into existence local parliaments throughout the Empire, and in 1861 a Constitution was established in Austria which in *Cis-Leithania* is in existence to this day. The local Parliament in Bohemia is composed of some great ecclesiastical dignitaries, such as the Archbishop of Prague; a certain number of persons are elected by owners of great estates, and others by the inhabitants of the towns and the peasantry. The contention of Bohemia, however, is that it should be an entirely separate kingdom,

kingdom, with which Moravia and Austrian Silesia should be incorporated, and that it should have a position in the Empire similar to that of Hungary. During the Ministry of Count Potocki in 1871 negotiations were undertaken with the leading Slavs for the purpose of recreating the Bohemian Kingdom, and in that very year the Emperor of Austria in a solemn document recognized the rights of the Kingdom of Bohemia, and expressed his willingness to confirm them by taking the coronation oath.

No further step has been taken to meet the political aspirations of the Bohemians. But, in truth, it is impossible that they can be satisfied. The population of Bohemia is about 5,800,000 souls altogether; of these 3,444,000 are Czechs, and 2,159,000 are Germans. These two races hate each other with intense animosity, and as they are nearly balanced it is manifest that there is no such thing in reality as a united Bohemian nation. It is ridiculous to speak of unity where everything is double. There are two languages, two cultures, two peoples, and two races, and it is manifest that any attempt to establish an independent Bohemian kingdom is almost certain to fail. If attempted it would raise the question of federalism, and a serious move to federate the Empire would at once create a number of almost insoluble problems. Is the federal system to be integral or partial? For instance, are the dozen-and-a-half countries which really compose Cis-Leithania to be comprised in the federal system without exception and without reference to their importance? Is the country to be turned into a sort of Imperial Switzerland, with a number of cantons proclaimed equal, in spite of any other political or economic consideration? Is Bohemia, for instance, to be divided between the Czechs and the Germans? And in the Kingdom of Galicia are the 3,900,000 Roman Catholic Poles to be separated from the 3,668,000 Ruthenians of the Greek rite? Then, again, there is the question of Hungary. According to official statistics, there are in Trans-Leithania 7,500,000 Magyars, 6,735,000 Slavs, and 2,500,000 Roumanians. The Magyars are therefore not much more than a bare majority over the Slavs at the present moment in Trans-Leithania. But if any scheme for the federation of the Empire were to come into existence the Slavs, both in Cis-Leithania and Trans-Leithania, would be brought into political contact with each other, and, notwithstanding their mutual hostility, they would always combine against the Magyar, who is their common enemy. The result would be that the 7,500,000 Magyars would be face to face with the whole Slav population of the entire  
Empire,



Empire, which is 21,500,000. The Bohemian difficulty, then, appears insoluble on any lines which involve the recognition of Bohemian nationality as a whole. This will appear all the more clear when we reflect that in Moravia and in Austrian Silesia there are no districts inhabited only by Slavs or by Germans, as is the case in Bohemia. In these two countries, which are, it will be remembered, claimed for the Bohemian crown, the Germans and Slavs live together in what are called mixed districts. There seems for the moment nothing for it but impartial and administrative methods, and perhaps, as far as Bohemia proper is concerned, reform of district government.

Hungary, in spite of the variety of its races, is a more compact and homogeneous whole than any other portion of the Austrian Empire. Cis-Leithanian Austria is much superior to it in riches and in civilization, but, on the other hand, Hungary has great advantages, both as regards the form of its territory and the groupings of the peoples who live in it. Its great drawback is that it possesses only one outlet to the sea, the port of Fiume on the Adriatic. The comparative backwardness of Hungary in commercial enterprise is mainly the result of religious persecution. Calvinism took considerable hold of the Hungarian people, but it was stamped out with remorseless energy by the Emperor Ferdinand II., and it was with reference to Hungary that he said that he would rather reign over a desert than rule a rich country inhabited by heretics. Strange as it may seem, the Turks were looked up to for a long time by the Protestants of Hungary as their friends, and the Mahommedan flag was regarded as the symbol of religious liberty. The year 1866 marks an important date in Hungarian history. The result of the campaign in Bohemia forced the Emperor of Austria to reconsider his position as regards Hungary. The Empire was then divided into two parts, and Hungary became the head of that portion of it situated beyond the Leitha. Continual difficulties have from time to time arisen with respect to financial relations with the rest of the Empire. The present arrangement is that Trans-Leithania contributes thirty per cent. of the sum required for Imperial expenses. In December of last year, when it became necessary to make a new arrangement, there was a great deal of opposition and criticism, and it became manifest that a considerable party exist in Hungary who are in favour of absolute independence and of the separation of the country from the rest of the Empire. The Prime Minister, Baron Banffy, admitted that Hungary would be within her right to establish a complete independent financial system from that of the rest of Au

but he considered that it would not be advantageous to do so. There was a good deal of heat, much obstruction, and then troubles broke out in Croatia. Several official persons were killed and their dead bodies barbarously mutilated. In the provincial diet of Agram very disreputable scenes took place, which, however, gave clear expression to the hatred of the Southern Slavs for the Hungarians. At the present moment there is a most serious constitutional crisis at Buda-Pesth. It appears that Parliamentary government in Austria is a failure. It seems unable to keep in check the forces of disintegration, and as the interest of each Austrian State is that the Empire, as a whole, should continue to exist, arrangements will have to be discovered which, while preserving carefully individual liberty and national life, will so strengthen central authority as to enable it to keep within bounds, or, if necessary, crush disorderly or separatist movements. Greater consciousness of strength on the part of the central authority could not fail to have a beneficial effect on the foreign policy of the Empire.

The weakness of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy always becomes especially clear when there is trouble in the East. In the year 1874 an insurrection took place in Bosnia and Herzegovina, which caused at once great embarrassment in Austria. One school of statesmen desired that Austria should boldly take the initiative—make war upon the Turks and annex these two provinces. Many of the Hungarians, however, did not wish to see the Slavs of the Empire increased by territorial annexation, and Russia at that time was unfriendly. In 1876 Count Andrassy wrote his famous letter, which formulated the wishes of the civilized world; but the same year the diplomacy of the Powers showed itself powerless in face of the obstinacy of the Turkish Government in Constantinople. Austria was exceptionally weak. Serbia and Montenegro went to war with Turkey. The Slavs of the Austrian Empire sympathized strongly with their brethren across the border; but the Hungarians lost no opportunity of showing their sympathy with Turkey. Count Andrassy had the greatest difficulty to restrain the Hungarians at Pesth from going to extreme lengths in their desire for the success of the Turkish arms, while in Prague and throughout Bohemia the Slavs made demonstrations in favour of the Russian intervention in the Balkan Peninsula. The Austrian monarchy, thus paralyzed, was forced into the position of a passive spectator, and had to look on in silence when the Russian troops, after the fall of Plevna, were marching to Constantinople. The Treaty of San Stefano, which was subsequently modified by the Congress of Berlin,



Berlin, proclaimed the independence of Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro, and raised Bulgaria into an independent Principality. The Treaty of Berlin handed over Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria in order that she might restore order in those provinces. This introduced a new principle in dealing with the Eastern Question. If Austria were to establish herself in Bosnia and Herzegovina, there was no reason why other provinces of the Turkish Empire should not be claimed by other Powers. This in reality is what has taken place, and the establishment of Austrian power in those provinces must hasten and has hastened the partition of the Ottoman Empire.

The work done by Austria in Bosnia and Herzegovina has been brilliant; and no one has rendered greater services to civilization in Europe in the close of the century than Baron Kállay, who has been entrusted with their government. Twenty years ago those countries were in a state of complete barbarism. There was no security whatever for life and property, and now everything is as peaceful and orderly as in any district of Upper Austria or the county of Kent. Most striking is what has been done as regards education. Towards the middle of the fifteenth century, when Bosnia and Herzegovina were conquered by the Turks, a great portion of what was up to that time a purely Christian population embraced Islam. At the time when Austria took over the government there were about 449,000 Mahommedans to 706,000 Christians. These Christians were again divided into Roman Catholics and those who professed the Orthodox faith: the latter numbered, roughly, about 407,000, and the Roman Catholics about 209,000. There were also 3,400 Jews belonging to the Spanish and Portuguese rite. The state of education amongst these different confessions when the Austrians took over the country was exceedingly backward and poor. In the Mahommedan schools, which were mostly attached to the mosques, there was very little taught except the Koran, a short sketch of the history of the Turkish Empire, and elementary geography. It is very difficult to find out exactly what the attendance at these schools was. No proper register was kept, and there is every reason to believe that it was extremely meagre. In the schools of the Orthodox Christians there was also no regularly kept register. They had a couple of middle schools, and also establishments scattered about the country, fifty-six in all; but none of them were in a satisfactory state. The Roman Catholic schools were for the most part under the management of the Franciscans, and were fifty-four in number. It is very much more easy to form

form an opinion as to these schools than with regard to the Mahomedan or the Orthodox. Their books were more carefully kept; but the teachers were, for the most part, foreigners, and the schools were far from being in a good condition. The new Government had a most complicated task before them. The Turkish schools were largely improved, without any interference by the State with their religious teaching. The schools of the Orthodox Christians during the first three years of the Austrian occupation increased in number, and the school rolls and registers were properly kept. The Roman Catholic schools were also largely improved. A number of middle schools have been formed, but perhaps the most remarkable change which has been made is the introduction of schools for commercial education. The first of these schools was founded in 1884; the original curriculum was widened in 1889 in order to meet the growing demand for technical education. Then to these were subsequently added evening and Sunday schools, in which subjects such as the following are now taught: the German language, geography, history, mathematics, the language of the country, natural history, chemistry, geometry, freehand drawing, book-keeping, and the laws of the Austrian Empire so far as they deal with commercial subjects. Besides these, technical schools have been established, and Austria has spared no money to make them as efficient as possible. A very remarkable institution is the seminary in Reljevo for the training of priests of the Orthodox Church. It was founded in 1878, but it only really came into working order in the year 1882. The subjects taught in this seminary are: the old Slav ecclesiastical language, Greek, moral theology, ecclesiastical history, dogma, pastoral theology, canon law, and the like. But each clergyman is obliged to pass an examination in economic science, and the elements of medical science, especially in relation to hygiene. The Franciscan schools have also largely increased, and are in every respect much more efficient than they were twenty years ago.

In a former number of this 'Review' it was pointed out that, during the visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph to St. Petersburg in April 1897, an understanding was come to between Russia and Austria in regard to the Balkan Peninsula. Although this arrangement was known to very few when we made our statement, it has since become a stage secret. The policy of Austria and Russia was to keep things quiet in the Balkans for the moment. Notwithstanding the splendid work that Baron Kállay has performed in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the moral annexation of these countries is not yet quite complete.



complete. Nevertheless the statesmen of Vienna are perfectly determined, in the event of serious trouble in South-Eastern Europe, to move at once upon Albania, and for several years past the Albanians have been steadily prepared to welcome the advance of Austria. The Franciscan friars especially, who have great influence in that country, and are justly and deeply respected alike by the Catholic and Mahomedan population, are indefatigable and skilful workers in the Austrian cause. The Catholic Albanians are panting for annexation with Austria, and the Christians, generally speaking, are of one mind on this subject. The better class of the Mahomedans, who have seen for the last twenty years how their co-religionists have enjoyed religious freedom and have prospered under the steady government of Baron Kállay, have learned to contemplate without fear, and even perhaps are prepared to welcome, the day when the flag of the House of Habsburg shall be substituted for that of the Sultan in Albania.

The ambitions of Austria are more far-reaching. After Albania there is Macedonia, and the goal of the Austrian march is Salonica. This is quite understood at St. Petersburg, and Russian statesmen have made up their minds that the sphere of the influence of Austria in the Balkan Peninsula may cover all the western portion of it with the exception of Montenegro, whereas Russia aspires to be dominant in Bulgaria and Servia, and perhaps even in Roumania. To carry out this policy, as well as to make such internal changes in the Empire as will render it possible by checking the elements of confusion, Austria must depend upon her alliance with Germany, and Germany has every interest to promote Austrian extension to Salonica, because, if that port were acquired by Austria, and made, as it would be, a great shipping centre, then a customs union between the two countries, or at all events customs arrangements favourable to Germany, would give that Power immense facilities for the development of her trade with the East. Austria has also considerable interest in favouring an Anglo-German Alliance, for it is certainly within the bounds of possibility that really friendly and intimate relations between England and Germany would, through the good offices of the latter Power, facilitate an arrangement between England and Russia which, in the interests of civilization, should certainly be attempted. Austria would get rid of almost any opposition which she might fear to encounter in the prosecution of her policy in the Balkans. It can hardly be anything but advantageous to Russia to be relieved from the constant steady pressure of  
English

English opposition. England, on her side, would obtain at once a free hand to work out her interests in Southern and Central China, in Egypt, and elsewhere. England and Russia stand over against each other in Asia, and they must each of them realize that neither one nor the other can secure for herself alone the whole of that vast Continent. It is surely time, if a collision, which must be the inevitable result of the present policy of drift and bickering, is to be avoided, that some well thought out arrangement should be come to without delay, under which the Russian and English spheres of influence in Asia should be clearly defined. This arrangement should not be of too ambitious a character. It is useless to endeavour to pledge the future indefinitely. As time goes on, new questions will arise which will have to be met by other generations. We cannot, however, but think courageous and steady statesmanship should devise a means which, while satisfying the aspirations and meeting the legitimate interests both of England and Russia, would preserve peace in our time.

The foreign policy of Austria and her international position must be determined by the attitude of the Imperial Government to the various nationalities of her Empire. If mental training and settled habits of industry be taken as tests, the eleven millions of Germans are enormously superior to their fellow-subjects of other races. Almost all the culture of the Empire is German. The educated German middle classes are, however, looked upon with special distrust and disfavour by the Emperor Francis Joseph, and by the narrow-minded Ultramontane set under whose sinister influence he has been from the moment he ascended the throne. He has been taught to believe that, with the exception of the uncultivated peasantry, his German subjects are dangerous people and disloyal to the Crown. Nothing is more untrue. The educated German-Austrians are essentially idealists. They are the only people in the Empire who have held to what is called the 'Austrian idea,' and who have always been ready and willing to make great and painful sacrifices for the sake of Austria as a whole. Notwithstanding their loyalty, every other nationality has been favoured at their expense. The Slavs have been assisted to hinder their industrial progress, and the clerical forces of the Empire strain every nerve to paralyze their intellectual development. Those acquainted with the situation in Austria do not wonder that in various parts of the Empire there is a marked tendency among the German Catholics to join Christian communions separated from Rome. Many thousand Roman Catholics have recently renounced their allegiance to the Holy See. Further secessions are announced



as about to take place. The movement is especially strong in great centres like Eger, Asch, and Saatz, but has made itself felt also in Carinthia, and even in the coast districts. This is a grave political fact, for it is a marked indication of serious discontent, and a sure sign that some arrangement under which certain districts of Austria might be joined to Germany would not be unwelcome to a section of the people. During the year which has just drawn to a close the hostility of the Crown to the Germans has become more and more apparent. When the Badeni Ministry fell at the end of 1897, a better time seemed coming. An administration was formed which appeared inclined to steer on an even keel. It failed because, in the words of one of its members, it was 'attacked from a quarter against which loyal Germans could not point their cannon.' It vanished on the 6th of March, and Count Thun, a pure and simple Ultramontane of the narrowest kind, became the head of the Cis-Leithanian Government. His policy has been exceedingly simple and superficial. He has tried to obtain the support of the more backward portion of the Germans, who are under Ultramontane and obscurantist influence, in order with their help, in alliance with the Slavs, to crush the opposition of the educated German middle class. The Slavs, on the other hand, are to be weaned from these federal ideas by being given preponderance in the Central Government. In other words, the aim of Count Thun at the present moment is to transform the Austrian Empire into a Catholic Slav power, to be ruled by the feudal nobility and the priests. This programme may provoke a smile, but it is the expression of the same desire to crush independence and freedom of thought which has cost in past times in Austria torrents of tears and of blood.

The obvious policy for the Germans in Austria to adopt is one of uncompromising hostility to the policy of Count Thun. They must abandon the delusion that they can promote the well-being of the Empire as a whole, and maintain a leading position in it, by concessions to unjust or exaggerated claims of Slavs and Poles. They must consider the interests of the culture it is their privilege to represent. They must give up the notion that it is possible for them to get any assistance in their struggle from any other nationality in Austria. They must rely on themselves alone, and on the moral support of the great Empire of their race across the northern border. The immediate and pressing work before them is the reconstruction of the Leithanian Austria. They should strive with might and main to alter the relations of Galicia to the Empire. This will be the first step towards the Polish

Polish province is now one of the Cis-Leithanian group of countries. It is a source of unmitigated evil to the interests of German culture in that group. It is in a deplorable financial condition. It has perfect freedom of local administration, but its affairs are managed so badly that, notwithstanding its natural resources, the local revenue is totally insufficient to meet administrative requirements, and a sum in aid, amounting to about 4,000,000*fl.*, is given annually by the Empire. This money comes for the most part out of the pockets of the Germans. The return made by the Poles is to join steadily with all parties in the Imperial Parliament at Vienna who are hostile to German civilization. If these Poles were no longer in the Parliament at Vienna, and if Galicia were merely joined to Austria by a personal union, the German party of progress and enlightenment would command a permanent majority, and would be able to hold its own against a combination of Slavs and Italians, even if this combination were supported by the priest-led electors of Lower Austria, Salzburg, and the Tyrol. To make themselves quite secure, the German party should also insist that Dalmatia, where the pure German element is weak, should also be separated from Cis-Leithania and placed under the Hungarian crown. This would be greatly for the advantage of Dalmatia. It is not easy to develop the resources of that beautiful country under present circumstances. It should be under the same government as Bosnia and Herzegovina, and direct and easy communication made between Sarajevo and the sea. The departure of the representatives of Dalmatia from Vienna would, however, leave the Germans complete masters of Cis-Leithania, which is the heart and the soul of the Austrian Empire. A serious crisis in the fortunes of that Empire is at hand; whether the ship of state will weather the storm depends almost entirely on the steadiness of the German portion of the crew. The belief that it is possible to conduct affairs of state on Ultramontane principles betrays a childish ignorance of the actual world. A centralized Austria governed by an Imperial bureaucracy is also an idle dream. Whatever may be said in favour of the policy of the Emperor Joseph II. as suitable to the days when he lived, or even to the period of the long peace which followed Waterloo, it became quite impossible after Königgrätz. The time during which it might have been tried with success has gone for ever. The concessions made to Hungary cannot be withdrawn or even modified in the direction of centralization. In each half of the Dual Monarchy the position of the various nationalities will have to be reconsidered, and,



and, in view of the confusion which would follow the break-up of the Austrian Empire, we are confident a solution will be found. When the time arrives Austria will have a great and honourable part to play in international life. She may bring about a pacific settlement of the Eastern Question, and assist in maintaining the peace of the world. The new century will witness the rivalry of four great empires—the English, the German, the Russian, and that of the United States. A regenerated and enlightened Austria might do much to reconcile many of the conflicting interests of these great Powers.

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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Tutte le Opere di Dante Alighieri*. Nuovamente rivedute nel testo dal Dr. E. Moore. Oxford, 1894.
2. *A Dictionary of Proper Names and Notable Matters in the Works of Dante*. By Paget Toynbee, M.A. Oxford, 1898.
3. *Dante and his Circle, with the Italian Poets preceding him. Parts I. and II. (Collected Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Vol. II.)*. London, 1886.
4. *Dante Alighieri. Traité de l'éloquence vulgaire*. Manuscrit de Grenoble, publié par Maignien, conservateur de la Bibliothèque de Grenoble, et le Dr. Prompt. Venise, 1892.
5. *Il Trattato de Vulgari Eloquentia*. Per cura di Pio Rajna. Firenze, 1896. Also, edizione minore, by the same. Firenze, 1897.
6. *Dante's Treatise 'De Vulgari Eloquentia.'* Translated into English with explanatory notes by A. G. Ferraers Howell, L.L.M., of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, 1890.
7. *La Psicologia dell' Arte nella Divina Commedia*. Dr. Luigi Leynardi. Torino, 1894.
8. *Dante e la Statistica delle lingue*. F. Mariotti. Firenze, 1880.

IT may seem superfluous, if not impertinent, at this time of day to remind the world that Dante is a poet—not less than a poet, but also not more than a poet; a poet greater than most if not quite all others, more comprehensive, more universal, yet after all and before all a poet, with the merits, but also—for better and for worse—with the limitations, of a poet. Yet it is precisely at this time of day that the reminder is needed. Dante was certainly never more widely praised, probably never more highly appreciated; but he is in some danger of being most praised and most appreciated, not for that which he most truly desired to be, and that which he most truly is, but for the accessories and accidents rather than the essence of his work.

Dante is a whole so vast that his reader is oftentimes tempted to forget the whole in the parts. Dante as a philosopher, a politician, an historian, a geographer, an astronomer, a geometrician—Dante as an Aristotelian, a Platonist, even by anticipation an Hegelian—Dante as a Guelph, a Ghibelline, an Imperialist, a Catholic, enlists successively the several interests of those who come to him with special interests of their own. Dante is all these or something of all these, but all these would matter little, would not make Dante, if he were not above all a poet. And this is what he himself sought and strove to be. To be a poet, to succeed as a poet, to be even a poet laureate, recognised, decorated—this was the instinct of his childhood, the inspiration of his youth, the task of his manhood. And if it was not only in order to be a poet that he laboured at philosophy and science and rhetoric, still it was to this end that he bent all the powers of his intellect, on this that he concentrated all the mighty resources of his heart.

His own countrymen in simpler ages nearer his own time recognised this fact beyond a doubt. Boccaccio says plainly that it was ambition that made Dante a poet, ambition for fame and glory, and that he chose this calling because it led, like the life of heroic deeds, to a crown—because the poet is the rival of the hero; and there is much in Dante's own language, which indeed Boccaccio is but echoing, to confirm this view.

Of all purely human energies, Dante ranks that of the poet highest. The place occupied by the poets, and the parts assigned them, in the 'Divine Comedy,' are very remarkable. The name of poet, we read, is that which honours most and most endures. The great Pagan poets are stationed within the gate of Hell, it is true, but in a region apart, a region of light amid the darkness; they have such honour\* that it separates them from the manner of the rest, the honourable name which sounds of them on earth gaining them grace and advancement in heaven. As Pagans they must endure the doom of Pagans, but of honour, apart from divine justice, none have more. It is theirs to pass, dryshod as it were, over the rivulet of Eloquence, and to enter through the Seven Gates into the Noble Castle, where, in a serene air neither sad nor glad, they rest for ever among the wise and the bold. Such is the spot where 'Orpheus and

\* In the lines which describe their fate ('Inf.' iv. 71 *et seqq.*), the words 'onrevol, onori, onranza, onrata, onorate,' are curiously repeated, till the whole passage may be said literally to re-echo with 'honour, honour, honour to them, eternal honour evermore.'

This sort of repetition, it may be noted, is a well-known figure in Provençal poetry, and is known as the 'mot tornat.' A play on these same or kindred words occurs in the 'Ensenhamen' of Sordello, vv. 1050 ff.



where Homer are.' But not Orpheus and Homer only. It is enough to wear the name of a true poet to gain admittance to their elysium, and Dante includes in it not only 'Horace the satirist,' Lucan and Ovid, Plautus and Terence, Juvenal and Persius, Euripides and Simonides, but others who are to us, and must have been in a still greater measure to Dante himself, little more than names—Agathon and Antiphon, Cæcilius and Varro. All have equal honour with the kings and conquerors of the world, and of the realms of the mind, with Cæsar and Cicero, with Plato and Aristotle, with Hippocrates and Galen, with Hector and with Saladin the generous. So again, in the great passage which opens the 'Paradiso,' we read that the triumph of the poet is as high and rare as that of the Cæsar. 'Joy should there be in Delphi when any thirsts for the seldom plucked laurel.'

But this is not all. To the poets the poets have ever been kind, and the sweetest and aptest praises of poetry have in all ages been those penned by the brethren of the craft. But no great poet has ever, in all history, honoured another as Dante has honoured Virgil. The position of Virgil in the 'Divine Comedy' is unique in literature. The language which Dante holds towards him at meeting and in parting—the language which he makes Sordello and Statius hold toward him, with its intensity of grateful love and admiration, implies before everything Dante's view of poetry, and of poets such as Virgil. Virgil is Dante's 'Author,' a word perhaps of special meaning on Dante's lips, and his Master. Dante can plead with him by virtue of long study and of mighty love. Again and again he quotes his words or his thoughts. A single epithet of Virgil avails with him to lift one who in the 'Æneid' is a mere name, a Pagan princeling, with Trajan and Constantine to a place more advanced than that of Virgil himself, high and bright in bliss.\* We have only to look under the name Virgilio in Mr. Toynebee's new Dictionary to see collected together the titles by which Dante apostrophises the Roman poet—his sweet, his dear, his wise, his true guide, the sea of all wisdom, the sweet pedagogue, the lofty doctor, the greater Muse. Sordello, that distant and disdainful spirit, motionless and unperturbed in his pride like a couchant lion, leaps to life and love as he greets his brother Mantuan. Statius, just released from Purgatory, would be willing to spend another year amid its dolours only to have lived on earth with Virgil. He forgets his condition in the

\* 'Rhipeus justissimus unus,' *Æn.* ii. 426. Cp. *Par.* xl. 68.

desire to 'clasp him, every word of whom is a dear token of love.' In the consummate moment when Dante himself at last sees Beatrice, his first impulse is to turn to Virgil with Virgil's own words, those words which doubtless had often risen to his lips in real life, 'I feel the footprints of the olden flame.' And when he finds that his confidant is gone he forgets even his new bliss and gain in passionate weeping for his loss.

All this is much, but more than all, if we consider the profound and calculated significance and proportion of all Dante's important figures, is the mere fact of Virgil's position in the poem. Poetry, in the person of Virgil, is Dante's guide through two-thirds of his journey. Poetry is the highest embodiment of human wisdom, the purest glory of the human race, the best human pilot of humanity.

But Virgil, it may be said, and to a less degree Statius and the other great ancients, are seen by Dante through a haze of conventional reverence; they are heroic figures; they are traditional glories—mythic, symbolical, and as such accepted and partly taken on trust by Dante. Even if it were so, Dante's love of poetry, the importance he attaches to it as such, is not less conspicuous in his mention of the poets of his own time.

'Even like the two sons that Statius tells of, when they beheld again their mother, even such was I when I heard name himself the best father of me and mine who ever used sweet and grateful rhymes of love.

'And I to him: Your sweet ditties, so long as modern use shall last, will make dear their very ink.'

It is thus he introduces Guido Guinicelli. But Guido tells him he can point to a still better master.

There is a warmth of special personal interest in the passage which follows. It is of course Dante's practice to introduce everywhere his personal friends and foes, to embody his loves and hates in concrete examples. His dealing with poetry is no exception, and throws a light on the history of the poet and his art. It has sometimes been said that no good art is produced except in a circle or a school, a brotherhood or a clique. Like all rules, this has its exceptions, but Dante is not one. Despite his tremendous individuality and originality he certainly comes before us at first as a member of a little coterie or clique of poets, a youthful brotherhood, striving, as so many youthful brotherhoods have striven, to strike out a new style. And nowhere does the *camaraderie* of such a brotherhood receive more touching or noble glorification than where Dante introduces



duces his own early poetic friends and compeers into his immortal song. The idea of 'Dante and his Circle' has been made familiar to us by the genius and learning of Mr. D. G. Rossetti. In the words which Dante puts into the mouth of Guido Guinicelli, it is perhaps not fanciful to discover an echo or reminiscence of the opinions, possibly of the very language, held by this little coterie, when they lived and talked together, in the first infallibility of youth:—

'As for ditties of love and prose of romance,' says Guido, 'this one excelled all who wrote them. Let the fools prate who believe that the Limousin\* is before him. So the elder generation cried up Guittone of Arezzo, until at last the truth prevailed.'†

The better master whom Guido introduces is Arnaut Daniel, the Provençal poet, an imitation of whose language Dante proceeds to build, so to speak, into the walls of his own cathedral.

That Dante should thus honour these poets of his own and somewhat preceding times is to us remarkable. But what emphasises his action, and what is still more significant of his place among his poetic friends, is that we have it on record that Cino da Pistoia, a contemporary poet who knew Dante well, makes it a serious complaint that Dante omitted to mention yet another minor poet of the time, one Onesto di Boncima.

Cino finds two faults in the 'Divina Commedia.' Two faults—so many and yet no more in so great, so large a work. Curiosity is roused to hear what they are.

'One is that holding with Sordello high

Discourse, and with the rest who sang and taught,

He of Onesto di Boncima nought

Has said, who was to Arnaut Daniel nigh.'‡

The passage about the two Guidos in the eleventh canto of the 'Purgatory' is so well known as not to need quotation. The second Guido may be Cavalcanti, while it is often maintained that the third poet, who 'perchance may chase both one and the other from the nest,' is Dante himself. All worldly fame, even

\* The Limousin is Giraut de Bornel, of Essideuil, a castle near Limoges.

† 'Purg.,' xxvi. 120. See Butler and his note *ad loc.* See also 'Academy,' April 13th, 1889. Fra Guittone of Arezzo died in 1293, and thus belongs to the generation before Dante. He is coupled, in 'Purg.,' xxiv., with the Notary, Jacopo da Lentino, and Buonagiunta Urbiciani of Lucca.

‡ Cino da Pistoia: Sonnet xii.; Rossetti's translation in 'Dante and his Circle.' Onesto di Boncima of Bologna was a Doctor of Laws. He is mentioned and quoted by Dante in the 'V. E.,' i. xv.: 'Honestus et alii poetantes Bononiæ.'

the poet's, is but a breath; but the phrase '*La gloria della lingua*' betrays Dante's feelings, and so does the curious expression, '*Se non e giunta dall'etati grosse.*'

Sordello, the good Sordello, has been already noticed. His prominence and importance in the '*Commedia*' can hardly be attributed to any cause but that he too was a poet, even if his attitude toward Virgil did not prove this.\* The same would appear to be the reason of the place and part given to Folquet of Marseilles† in Paradise. A troubadour-bishop, he has the rare quality of uniting art and religion; he has passed from earthly to heavenly love; he is there where poetry finds its true end and explanation; there where one gazes into the art 'which makes beautiful with so great affection'; there 'where the good is discerned whereby the world on high turns that below.'

Such passages are enough, and more than enough, to show what was Dante's chief earthly ambition, blended, it is true, with a higher aim which at first fosters and then overpowers it, but in which, though merged, it is not lost. It was to be a poet, a 'regular' poet, a great poet like Virgil or Homer, one of the company of the sovereign bards, the sixth among such great intelligences. To write poetry was his overmastering instinct and interest from youth to age. Every mood, every phase, of his life lends itself to, passes into, this form of expression. He returns to it again and again, with wider views, with greater knowledge, with intenser passion. Foiled in his practical career, in exile and wandering he gives himself to this end. Poetry is to win all back for him. Worn, wasted, whitened with age, he is to conquer his obdurate country. He is to return in triumph to Florence, a poet recognised, admitted, accepted; and over the font where in infancy he was baptized he is to take the poet's crown of laurel:—

\* *Con altra voce omai, con altro vello*  
Ritornero poeta, ed in sul fonte  
Del mio battesimo prenderò 'l capello.'

Such was Dante's personal and intellectual ambition. But why was it so? To be a true, a great poet—what did this mean for him, and how did he think it could be compassed? What,

\* He is specially mentioned in the '*De Vulg. Eloq.*' i. 17. §. '*Sordellus de Mantua, qui tantus vir elegantissime non solum in poetando sed quomodo loquendi patitur vulgare discere.*' Dante's view of him may have been further influenced by his having been in some sense his pinner and promoter. It seems certain that Dante was indebted to Sordello's lament on the death of Blacas for the idea of making him the 'showman' of the prince in '*Ante-Purgatory*.'

† '*Par.*' ix. 37. He, too, is mentioned in the '*V. E.*' ii. vi., among the famous singers, the dictators illustres, and a line of his is quoted.



in other words, did Dante consider to be the art and function of the poet? What is this great poet's theory of poetry?

Have we the material for answering this question? Not perhaps altogether, but to a large extent we have. We have it partly in Dante's poems, partly in his prose works, which are largely analytical and critical. Poets, says Aristotle,\* are of two kinds. Poetry is ἡ εὐφροῦς ἡ μανικῶν, the product of either a fine talent or a fine frenzy; or, to put it a little differently, poets are either conscious and self-critical or unconscious and instinctive. 'Poetry,' says one of the most gifted of our living poets—

'may be something more than an art or a science, but not because it is not strictly speaking a science or an art. There is a science of verse as surely as there is a science of mathematics; there is an art of expression by metre as certainly as there is an art of representation by painting. To some poets the understanding of this science, the mastery of this art, would seem to come by a natural instinct which needs nothing but practice for its development, its application, and its perfection. Others, by patient and conscientious study of their own abilities, attain a no less unmistakable and a scarcely less admirable success.' †

The words of Aristotle were probably not known to Dante,‡ but they were doubtless known to one of his first critical biographers, Lionardi Bruni, who distinguishes between the poets who write by virtue of a certain innate force, which may be called 'furor,' and those 'poeti litterati e scientifici,' who compose 'per istudio, per disciplina ed arte e per prudenza,' and adds: 'e di questa seconda spezie fu Dante.' §

And he is certainly right, though so inspired, so great, so forcible is Dante, such the fire, such the sweep and scope alike of his imagination and his passion, that he seems to unite both qualities. Μανικός, εὐφρύνς: fine frenzy, fine talent—the words seem coined to describe, as indeed they were perhaps suggested by, the contrast between Æschylus and Sophocles. That contrast, be it remembered, is not in truth the contrast of the inspired with the uninspired, of the artistic with the inartistic.

\* Aristotle, 'Poetics,' xvii. 2 (1455a), ed. Butcher. See also Professor Butcher's excellent comment on the same, p. 368, with note, and compare Matthew Arnold's preface to his 'Selections from Byron,' p. xvi.

† Swinburne, 'Studies in Prose and Poetry,' pp. 132, 133.

‡ Dante almost certainly was not acquainted with the 'Poetics' of Aristotle. See Moore, 'Studies in Dante,' First Series (1896), pp. 8 and 93. On the other hand, he seems to have known the 'Ars Poetica' of Horace fairly well, and probably at first hand. *Ibid.*, 197.

§ I am indebted in the first instance for this quotation, as for much else, to Dr. Moore's admirable brochure, which contains so much in so little, 'Dante and his Early Biographers,' p. 78.

None could truly say that Æschylus is not a consummate artist or that Sophocles is not divinely inspired. It is rather the contrast hinted above, of the conscious and the trained with the unconscious and natural artist. We may remember how Sophocles himself said to Æschylus: 'You do what is right, Æschylus, but without knowing it.' Dante reminds us at first sight more of the elemental and spontaneous grandeur of Æschylus, but if we look more closely we find in him the calculated poise and finish of Sophocles. Not Sophocles himself was more self-critical. Goethe tells us that he 'had nothing sent him in his sleep': there was no page of his but he well knew how it came there. Dante doubtless could and would have made the same profession. Nay more, alone among the greatest of the great poets, unless indeed we are to admit this very Goethe to that crowning category, he has given us with some fulness an account of his views of poetry and of the theory of his practice.

The art of Homer, be it the art of a man or of a nation, is consummate. But of Homer, the artist, one or many, the maker or makers of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' we know nothing. A few allusions tell us of the guise and manner of the Homeric minstrel, of his conception of inspiration, his mode of exposition, but that is all. Had chance preserved to us Sophocles' prose work on the Chorus, in which he combated the practice of the elder poets and defended his own, we should have known something perhaps of the theory of the most artistic of first-rate Greek poets about his art. Of Virgil's method of composition nothing is recorded save two or three interesting and not improbable traits. Shakespeare, in a few well-known and striking passages, flashes the illumination of his myriad-faceted mind on poetry and the poets. Milton, a more disciplined artist, in noble prose, reminding us of Dante, whom indeed he avowedly had before him, tells us what in aim and training a true poet should be, and discloses the aspiration and the creed with which he himself set about his great work. But Dante gives us far more than any of these. In his '*Vita Nuova*' we have Dante's '*Wahrheit und Dichtung*,' the '*Wahrheit und Dichtung*' of a diviner nature than that of Goethe, the story of the growth of his soul, the passion of his boyhood and youth, with its reflexion in his early songs and sonnets, and finally his resolve on the threshold of middle life to close that book and open a new one only when years and study should have enabled him to write concerning his lady what 'hath not before been written of any woman.' In the '*Convivio*,' written later in life, he returns upon this theme and philosophizes it, giving us an elaborate account of his  
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second period of study and self-discipline, and much dissertation upon both the subject and the method of poetry. Finally, in the book '*De Vulgari Eloquentia*,' certainly projected after he had begun the '*Convivio*,' and probably written later, he sets out the theory and grammar of his art.

To attempt such a task at all, to view poetry in this way as a science and an art with definite principles and even rules, may seem to some a little strange, especially in a poet; but in reality it is not so, and perhaps only appears so to the English reader. England is the very home of poetry, but it is precisely in England that its genesis is for the most part least understood. England, in art as in science, has been the country of individual genius, not of traditional schools, of intuition rather than of system. To the Italian, as to the Greek and Latin mind, it seems a natural or at any rate a familiar view. It is significant that in the '*Lives*' of Dante, alike that by Boccaccio and that by Bruni, there are found disquisitions on the '*Art of Poetry*.' To Dante himself it was doubtless familiar from the first. He was brought up on the great classical Latin authors, with their exact forms and metres, and on the traditional comment and criticism which had come down along with them from antiquity. Though ancient they were not removed from him as they are from ourselves by the barrier of a dead medium. Latin was still a living language, a living voice of poesy. So Dante doubtless acquired at school that art of the schools which he retained through life—the art of writing Latin verse; the art to which in his old age Joannes de Virgilio challenged him, and with which he replied to the challenge; the art with which he actually began perhaps to write the '*Divine Comedy*,' that art to which, however, he himself more than any other was by his own example and success to deal the death-blow.

But side by side with the older lore and practice of the schools, and the precept, and, to a slight extent, the example of his '*master*' Brunetto, he came under another and even more potent influence, that of the still new art of those living friends, slightly older or contemporary, among whom he found himself.

When and how Dante began his practice of the art of spontaneous poetry in the vernacular we do not know; but it is clear that it was very early in his career. He tells us himself that when his first great vision came to him he had already discovered for himself the art of expressing himself in rhyme, and it would appear that he was familiar with the idea of exchanging poems with those who were known poets of that day. The sonnet which stands first in the '*Vita Nuova*,' and which is the outcome of that vision, was certainly not Dante's first essay  
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in poetry. It is too good for a first attempt, and indeed he tells us himself that he has passed by many things which may be imagined by the pattern of those which he is giving.

The 'Vita Nuova,' then, displays to us the figure of one who was from the first a lover and a student of poetry. When the boy of nine met with the girl of a few months younger and conceived the inspiration of his life, he was already potentially, but perhaps also actually, a poet. Possibly already, though probably not till later, he could apply to his feeling words from Homer: 'She seemed the daughter not of mortal man but of a God.' Certainly from that hour his poetic impulse began. Poetry and love with Dante went ever hand in hand.

'Io mi son un che, quando  
Amor mi spira, noto, ed a quel modo  
Che detta dentro, vo significando.'

This is the plain meaning or implication of the 'Vita Nuova' itself, which it seems best to follow, notwithstanding the difficulties, as old as the 'Vita' and 'Compendio' of Boccaccio, to which Dr. Moore has called attention.

As the book proceeds we see the practice of Dante gradually growing in scope and subtlety. Love is the spring and source, but love is not enough. Form and art are from the first apparent. Dante has all the forms of the *trovatori* at his command, the Sonnet, the Ballata, the Canzone. He uses these various forms as the nature of the occasion prompts or requires. This he implies in the introduction to the first Canzone. But he further varies the form, in its divisions, to suit the sense. Thus, Sonnet vii., he tells us, he does not divide, because 'a division is only made to open the meaning of the thing divided,' whereas Sonnet ix. is divided into as many as four parts, four things being therein narrated, while the last sonnet of the 'Vita Nuova' comprises five parts, and might, he says, even be divided *piu sottilmente* than he has divided it.

Dante, then, from the first shows in his attitude towards poetry several marked characteristics which we shall find remain with him all through, and which we must never forget if we wish properly to appreciate his poetry and his own place among poets. From the first he regards poetry as being definitely an art, an art with a tradition and examples, an art which may, nay, which must, be learned from the examples, and from those who have the tradition. Certain it is that directly he appears in his own strength he appears as a professed and we may even say a professional poet. As such apparently he was recognised and won some fame quite early, and when he qualified for full citizenship by joining the College of Physicians and Apothecaries,



caries, he was entered as Dante d' Aldighieri, Poeta Fiorentino. It is a tradition not incredible, perhaps not improbable, at any rate significant, that he became a Professor of Poetry at Ravenna, and lectured on the art to many pupils.

As a poet he lived, as a poet he became famous, as a poet, and perhaps in the garb of a poet, he was buried; and this attitude of the self-conscious avowed poet pervades all his prose works. In the 'Vita Nuova,' as we have seen, he distinctly takes up the position of a man of letters, and a critic of himself and of others. In the 'Convivio,' his second prose work, he goes further. His attitude there is very curious. The piece, especially the fourth treatise, is full of disquisitions on the art of poetry. Dante quotes the poets Virgil, Statius, Lucan, Juvenal; he discourses of the styles suitable to different themes, of the art of embellishing a poem in concluding it, and so on; but, above all, like some professors of fine art with whom we are familiar, he admits us to his studio, or rather converts it into a class-room, writes a poem as it were before our eyes, and then explains, if not how, at least why all is done as it is. The letter to Can Grande adds a few touches on the kinds and parts of poetry, and especially, of course, of comedy, and the 'Divine Comedy' in particular.

It is, however, in the 'De Vulgari Eloquentia' that he sets out his view most systematically, and it is from this treatise that his attitude towards poetry as a formal art is to be gathered. If Dante really lectured on poetry this treatise may be the substance of his lectures; at least we may say that had he lectured on poetry this is what his lectures would have been like. For the treatise on the Vulgar Tongue is in reality a treatise *de Arte Poetica*. As Boccaccio says of it, in the 'Vita,' 'Dante wrote a *brochure* in Latin prose which he entitled "De Vulgari Eloquentia," in which he intended to instruct those who wished to learn the art of modern poetry, "del dire in rima."' As its title runs, it is a treatise on language; but it is really a treatise on language as relative to poetry, on the vulgar or vernacular language as appropriate to the vernacular poetry of Dante's immediate predecessors, of his contemporaries and himself. It is therefore at once an historic document of great value for Dante's time, and an analytical and critical work of still greater value for Dante's own theory of poetry. As we have it, it is imperfect and consists of only two books. There were to have been at least four.

The first is more strictly philological, and is devoted to discussing the genesis of the various languages of the world, with  
to discovering which is the best, or at any rate the best  
for

for the Italian poet. It ends by pronouncing that the best language for this purpose is the *Latinum vulgare illustre* or grammatical vernacular of Italy. The second book, which is more strictly *de Arte Poetica*, needs more detailed consideration.

Dante begins by asking whether, this being established as the best language, those who write poetry in Italian should use it. On the surface, he says, the answer would appear to be yes, because—and the saying is notable for Dante's attitude towards poetry—*every one who writes verses ought to adorn or beautify his verse as much as possible*. But it should be with an appropriate beauty. The best horseman should have the best horse, since it is appropriate to him, and the best conception the best language. But the best conceptions can only exist where knowledge and talent are. Those who write poetry without knowledge and talent ought not to use the best language. A *bos ephippiatus*, or 'a pig in a baldric,' is not beautified, but rendered hideous and ridiculous. Again, not only not all poets, but not all themes, deserve the best language. How then are themes to be classified? *Salus, Venus, virtus*—these are the highest things, which ought to be treated in the best manner; and the best themes of verse are correspondingly prowess in arms, the kindling of love, the ruling of the will. So the best poets of the vulgar tongue have sung—Bertran de Born of the sword, Arnaut Daniel of love, Giraut de Borneil of righteousness, Cino da Pistoia of love, and his friend (Dante himself) of righteousness.

So much for language in general. Now of *form*. How, Dante asks, are these themes to be tied together? There are many forms which poets of the vulgar tongue have used, some the canzone, some ballads, some sonnets, some illegitimate and irregular modes. Of these we hold, says Dante, the canzone to be the most excellent. But what is the best form of the canzone? For many, says Dante, take their form by chance rather than as art dictates. And here we must remember, he says, that we have called the versifiers in the vulgar tongue for the most part poets, and poets certainly they are if we shall rightly consider poetry, which is nothing else than *feigning by means of rhetoric thrown into a musical form*—*'Quae nihil aliud est quam fictio rhetorica in musicaque posita.'*

But though poets, they are different from the great, that is, the regular, poets, who have written poetry in the grand style, and with regular art, '*magno sermone et arte regulari*,' whereas these, as we have said, write as chance dictates. The more closely we imitate these great poets the more correctly shall we write. But the first thing is for each to choose a  
weight



weight suited to his shoulders, even as our master Horace prescribed :—

‘Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis æquam  
Viribus.’

Next, when our theme is decided on, we must decide on the style, whether it shall be tragic, comic, or elegiac. If a tragic theme is to be ours, then we must employ the more noble vernacular, and must tie our canzone accordingly. But if a comic theme, then we must take now a middle, now a low, vernacular; if an elegiac theme, then nothing but humble or sad language will suit. Let us pass by the other styles and treat of the tragic style.

‘And because, if we remember rightly, we proved that the highest is worthy of the highest, and because the tragic is the highest of styles, therefore those themes which need the highest treatment must be sung in this style alone, namely, the themes of valour, love, and virtue, and the thoughts to which they give birth, that no accident may make them base.

‘Let poets all and sundry, therefore, be warned, and discern well what we say; and when they intend to sing these themes absolutely, or the thoughts which flow absolutely and directly from them, let them first drink of Helicon, then tune their lyre to pitch and so take the plectrum with confidence and begin in due form. But to make the canzone and the distinction as is fitting, there’s the rub, *hoc opus et labor est*, since never without energy of genius and assiduity of art and an intimate acquaintance with the sciences can it be done. They who achieve it, these are they whom the poet in the sixth of the *Æneids* calls beloved of God, by fiery virtue lifted to the skies, and the sons of heaven, though he be speaking in a figure.

‘Let then their folly confess itself, who, without art or knowledge, trusting only in talent, rush into singing the highest themes in the highest style. Let them desist from such presumption, and if by their natural sluggishness they are geese, let them not attempt to emulate the starward soaring eagle.’

Dante proceeds to discuss in order, first the best metre, which he decides to be the hendecasyllabic; then the best construction; finally the best diction, carefully making good each point with illustrations. The detail into which he enters is most significant. ‘A sieve must be used to sift out noble words’; ‘polysyllables are ornamental’; and so on.

As Mr. Howell well says, the minuteness of his divisions and sub-divisions and the elaboration of his rules disclose in part the secret of the extremely artificial canzoni which seem to flow so easily from the poet’s pen, and show us within what rigid restrictions his genius was content to work.

Such,

Such, so far as we have it, is Dante's theory of the art of poetry. It is unfortunate that we do not possess that portion of the 'De Vulgari Eloquentia' which would have treated of the comic and elegiac styles, and more particularly of the comic, to which technically the 'Divine Comedy' belongs—topics touched on in the letter to Can Grande. The main points of the theory, however, emerge clearly enough. Poetry, according to Dante's view, is an art, one of the fine arts, an art distinct and definite and difficult, in which success cannot be attained without knowledge, without long study, without laborious practice. There is poetry and poetry, there are poets and poets, but all must conform to the laws of their art. For what is poetry? Technically and in terms, as we saw, poetry is '*fictio rhetorica in musicaque posita*.' Such is Dante's brief and pregnant definition. Unfortunately both the reading and the rendering of this central passage are somewhat in dispute,\* but three elements, or two at any rate, are seen pretty clearly.

First, poetry is *fictio*, *finzione*, fiction, feigning, invention, imaginative description, the statement not of fact, but of fancy. It is at once creation and imitation, or something between the two. It does not appear that Dante was acquainted with Aristotle's formal treatise on poetry, but possibly Aristotle's teaching may have filtered down to him. Certainly if this be what he meant by *fictio*, he is in agreement with Aristotle's teaching as a whole.†

Secondly, it is *rhetorica*. But rhetoric means for Dante all that it meant for his great master, the science and the art of ruling the passions of man by understanding them, of dealing

\* The Grenoble MS. almost certainly, the Trivulzian certainly, give the words as quoted above. And so Trissino read, rendering verbatim: '*quale non è altro che una finzione rettorica e posta in musica*.' Professor Rajna, the most recent editor, in his large edition of 1896, introduced a conjectural addition, reading '*fictio rhetorica versificata in musicaque posita*.' In his smaller edition of 1897, however, he drops '*versificata*' and adopts a smaller alteration, reading '*fictio rhetorica musicæque composita*.' As to the meaning, he thinks it must remain in doubt, unless it be found that the definition is not Dante's own, but borrowed, and the source be discovered. If it be Dante's own, '*fictio*' probably means '*finzione*.' If the definition be borrowed, it may mean no more than '*compositio*.' As to '*musica*' and '*musicæ*,' Rajna adopts the larger view, relying mainly on 'Convivio,' iv. 2, and iv. 6. For Professor Rajna's views the writer is indebted partly to his critical note, partly to a private letter to Mr. Paget Toynbee. Mr. Howell, on the contrary, renders merely: 'Poetry is a rhetorical composition set to music.' That '*fictio*' may mean merely a composition is possible; that '*musica*' means merely music seems hardly possible. The subject, however, is too long for a note, and calls for a separate disquisition. The older translators appear to favour the view adopted above. And the 'D. C.' itself is, of course, a '*fictio*' throughout, though much of it is based on fact and experience. Cp. Leynardi, p. 224.

† See especially Professor Butcher on Aristotelian and Baconian views of poetry, 'Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art,' pp. 174, 373.

therefore



therefore with his thoughts and emotions in their various relations, and, again, the science and the art of dealing with language. Rhetoric in this sense touches on the one side moral and mental philosophy, on the other grammar. In the 'Convivio' it appears as the art of pleasing the passions by words, and corresponds as such to the Heaven of Venus.

Thirdly, it is in *musica posita*, or *musice composita*. But, again, music meant for Dante all, or almost all, that it meant for Plato, or perhaps we should rather say that it had not lost altogether its original twofold Greek meaning. It still implies the music of words as well as of notes. Perhaps the best illustration of this is to be found in three passages in the 'Convivio': one where he speaks of the poets who have tied together their words with *mosaic* art, 'coll' arte musaica le loro parole hanno legate'; another, where music, to which the Heaven of Mars is compared, is stated to have two beauties, one of them being the beauty of relation, such as is seen in harmonized words and songs; \* and finally, a third, in which he says expressly that the beauty (*bellezza*) of the song he is discussing, as distinguished from its goodness (*bontà*), depends on three things, the construction, which belongs to the grammarian, the order of the discourse, which belongs to the rhetorician, and the rhythm of its parts, which belongs to the musician.

It is of the essence then of poetry to be harmonised, to be artistic, to be beautiful. It is not sufficient, Dante says over and over again, that it should be excellent, that it should be good in matter, that it should even be coldly beautiful. It should have beauty of form and sound, of order and diction. It should have sweetness and harmony, *dolcezza e armonia*. As Horace says, in words which Dante doubtless knew and approved, though he does not actually quote them:—

'Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia sunt,  
Et quocunque volent animum auditoris agunt.'

But this is not inconsistent with its being true and natural and simple. Rather it is beautiful because it is true. The beauty arises out of the truth. Poetry is the beautiful voice of truth to feeling and truth to fact; it is beautiful, therefore, with the beauty of propriety. No one ever recognised this more fully than Dante. Few have ever been capable of recognising it so fully. For it is just in his universality, his catholicity,

\* In 'V. E.' II. viii. 50, a *cantio* is defined as 'actio completa dictantis verba modulationi armonizata.' It is 'fabricatio verborum armonizatorum,' as opposed to 'ipsa modulatio.'

and withal the adequacy of his power to his knowledge, of his art to his matter, that he is so transcendently great.

When not long ago Tennyson died, one of the best of our critics said that the most characteristic thing about him was a great veracity. This was true of Tennyson; truer it could not be of any poet. It is true of many—shall we say of all the best poets? It is true on the grandest scale of Dante. The famous passage—

‘E s’io al vero son timido amico  
Temo di perder viver tra coloro  
Che questo tempo chiameranno antico’—

has even a wider and fuller application than Dante intended. The secret of his immortality has been, before all, his truth.

Wordsworth, in his well-known essay, complains of poets whose eye never seems to have been ‘steadily fixed upon their object.’ Such a complaint could never be made of Dante. He says himself, in the remarkable canzone which heads the fourth treatise in the ‘Convivio,’

‘Chi pinga figura,  
Se non può esser lei, non la può porre,’

and he explains more fully in the comment, ‘No painter can portray any figure unless he makes himself first by a mental effort that which the figure ought to be.’ And in the passage quoted above he implies that the secret of his style, the new sweet style which the earlier poets could not compass, was its sincerity and simplicity, its truth to feeling.

But the new style is not only simple and true: it is sweet, it is beautiful, it is poetic. To be sincere and honest, true to oneself, ‘not to manipulate one’s feelings,’ is the secret of all art. But art, in that it is art, also expresses faithfully what the artist truly feels. And poetic art goes further: it expresses it beautifully and with a special kind of beauty. Prose may be true; prose may be, to make use of Milton’s phrase, simple, sensuous, and passionate; prose may contain many of the elements of poetry. Dante’s prose is often highly poetic, both in structure and in quality. Nothing is more striking than the way in which it resembles his poetry in the ideas and even in the turns of expression. Two instances taken from the ‘Vita Nuova’ will suffice to show this. One is very simple: it is the mode of speaking of the anniversary of Beatrice’s death. ‘On that day which fulfilled the year since my lady was made of the citizens of eternal life.’ Nothing is needed but metre to make this a beautiful line for the ‘Divine Comedy.’ With such



such passages Dante's prose abounds. The other instance is more striking; it is one of substance; it again resembles not a few passages, and might itself have made one, in the 'Divine Comedy.' It is the passage where Dante says of certain mournful ladies, 'As I have seen rain falling mingled with fair snow, so did I seem to see their speech issue forth mingled with sighs.' Such passages are essentially poetic; they are the matter of poetry. But Dante would not call them poetry, but prose. They are not harmonised; they are not 'tied with the bond of music'; they are beautiful, but not with the beauty of poetry.

For unreal ornament Dante cared nothing. Poetry, he recognised, should be as reasonable as prose. Its ornament and arrangement should bear analysis:—

'Poetic licence is allowed,' he says, 'to poets, but licence with reason. The great poets of old did not speak without consideration, nor should they who rhyme to-day; for it were a shame that one should rhyme under the cloak of figure and rhetorical colouring, and afterwards, if questioned, should not be able to strip his words of their clothing and show their true meaning. Of such foolish rhymes,' he adds, 'I and my first friend know many.'

Poetry, then, should be as reasonable as prose. It should bear being broken up and paraphrased in prose, not indeed without loss, but without absolute destruction.

But that there is no such thing as poetic diction, that 'prose is verse and verse is merely prose'—such a theory could never for a moment even in satire be imputed to Dante. Dante is at times sublimely, perhaps we may say divinely, grotesque; he is at times sublimely simple and plain, almost common. But into the freakish discordances of a Browning, who refused, we are told by his biographer, to recognise even the first of Greek writers as models of literary style, and made his translation of *Æschylus*' *Agamemnon*' partly 'for the pleasure of exposing and rebuking these claims,' or again, into the deliberate commonplace and puerilities of Wordsworth in his uninspired moments, Dante could not fall. Falls and faults are his, it is true: he tells us himself that he often failed to attain to his own ideal. Often both in prose and verse he cannot write as he would. His theme transcends his powers: 'he has the habit of his art, but the hand trembles.' But his faults are the faults of a true, not a false, theory of poetry. Ugly words and sounds beset ugly themes, and childish language childish ideas. What is the true canon?

describe the bottom of the universe is not an enterprise to be  
in sport, nor for a tongue that cries mammy and daddy;  
—No. 378. X but

but let those ladies aid my verse who aided Amphion to wall in Thebes, so that my words may not be diverse from the fact'—

'Si che dal fatto il dir non sia diverso.'\*

There is perhaps no passage more characteristic of Dante's method, of his serious painstaking, his invocation of art, his poetic aim, than the one that ends thus.

Truth to fact and feeling, as was said above, is the secret of Dante's matter; and fitness, appropriateness of language to thought, is the secret of his style. In fact and feeling nothing is too high or too low for Dante. Below the bottomless depth of Hell, above the ineffable highest Heaven, he ranges, but the highest rules the lowest; it is the beauty and the love which prevail. It follows that in his art Dante is at once the greatest of realists and the greatest of idealists. But realist or idealist, or both, Dante is always an artist. Poetry cannot be written, he says, by mere afflatus, *de solo ingenio*, without art or knowledge. His practice follows, and depends absolutely upon, his theory—the best proof that his theory, as said above, is good and adequate. Every rule and every principle which he has thought out and set forth in his prose works is put in force and use in the 'Divine Comedy.' He is ever conscious of the limits of his art, of the *fren dell'arte*. It is true that, like the best art, it often conceals itself; the restraint is not always obvious, but the restraint is always there. The geometric symmetry of the 'Divine Comedy' has often been noticed. It could hardly be doubted, even if it were not demonstrable, or if he did not himself say as much, that Dante, so careful of the whole, was equally careful of every line and word.† He fails sometimes in his command of his resources, and sometimes his resources fail him. The writer of the 'Ottimo Commento' tells us, in a passage now well known, that he had heard Dante himself state that he had never for the sake of a rhyme said anything that was not otherwise in his mind,‡ but that many times and oft he had made words signify something different from that which they had been wont to

\* 'Inferno,' xxxii. 12. He does, however, occasionally use low words in the 'D. C.,' but this is because the 'Divine Comedy' is a comedy, and is deliberately written in a mixed style.

† Mariotti draws out with great elaboration the extraordinary underlying symmetry and numerical balance of the 'D. C.' He has been at pains to count and classify the lines and words employed by Dante in the different parts of his poem. He concludes by saying that the 'D. C.' reminds us of the Biblical words, 'omnia in mensura et numero et pondere disposuisti.' Cp. also Leynardi, p. 114.

‡ Yet one is tempted to suspect such passages as 'Inferno,' xxxii, 26–30, as partly written for the rhyme. Compare also the rhyme Malacoth, Sabaoth, 'Par., vii. 1, Toynbee, 'Dict.,' *sub voc.*



express in other poets. If Dante, then, is obscure, it is doubtless partly because his thought was in advance of all language, partly because, like that of Thucydides, it was in advance of his own time; for we must remember that, not unlike Thucydides, Dante was himself making his language as he went, and that the vulgar Italian which he employed was still in a rough and unformed state. It was not because he did not desire to be beautiful or finished, nor because he did not take pains, that he was ever otherwise, but because of the inherent difficulty of his subject and the imperfection of his medium, or because he did not think beauty appropriate. Thus, in describing the souls of the 'stingy' and the 'lavish,' cuffing each other in the fourth circle of Hell, he says 'their conflict shall have no beautifying of style from me.' But, speaking more generally in the '*De Vulgari Eloquentia*,' he says that every poet ought to beautify his style as much as possible. And again, in the '*Convivio*':—

'Every good workman at the end of his work ought to ennoble and embellish it to the best of his power, that it may leave his hands more famous and more precious. This I intend to do, not as a good workman myself, but as a follower of such in the past.'

'Famous, precious, beautiful, ennobled, embellished'—that is what Dante, the 'austere Dante,' thought a poem ought to be: ornament, deliberate ornament, appropriate no doubt, but still ornament, should not be wanting. Later in life he became more confident of his own powers and skill, but his desire is the same. To achieve it he spent life and strength. 'He grew pale beneath the shade of Parnassus.' 'The sacred poem to which heaven and earth have set their hand made him lean for many years.' And no wonder. For every line of his poetry, as every page of his prose, bears witness to the intense and all-devouring industry of genius, to that 'long study' which is only possible to 'mighty love.' It is ever so with the greater poets. Critics have written, and men sometimes speak, as though Shakespeare, an unlearned and unlettered miracle, wrote by mere afflatus, wrote, as the phrase is, by the light of nature and of his own genius, and took little or no trouble with his diction or versification:—

'But Otway failed to polish and refine,  
And fluent Shakespeare scarce effaced a line.'

But the fact is that if Shakespeare was not exactly a scholar, still he was not an illiterate. He had been at a good grammar school, he had a fair knowledge of Latin, and a smattering of other languages, but above all he practised himself

himself early and long in the art of writing, and of writing verse. His lines are, to employ Ben Jonson's words about him, well tuned. His rhythm is what is technically called learned. His 'precious phrase' is, to use his own delightful and significant expression, 'by all the Muses filed.' Of Dante, as of Milton, we may say much more. Mr. Robert Bridges, in his original and suggestive examination of Milton's prosody, has shown us something of the marvellous art of Milton's blank verse. A very interesting paper by Mr. Tozer\* on Dante's versification demonstrates that Dante employs just the same artifices of inversion and variation which Mr. Bridges finds in Milton. It is, he well says, in the temperate use of these and similar changes that the melody of Dante's verse consists.

To challenge the authority of Dean Church on any main characteristic of Dante seems audacious, almost sacrilegious. Yet Dean Church, toward the end of his famous essay, appears in one passage hardly to hold the balance quite as true as usual. It is where he says that Dante has 'few of those indirect charms which flow from the subtle structure and refined graces of language, none of that exquisitely-fitted and self-sustained mechanism of choice words of the Greeks'; and again, 'that his sweetness and melody appear unsought for and unlaboured.' Unlaboured and unsought in a sense they indeed appear, but only because the skill to command them had been sought and laboured at during a lifetime. That Dante chose, 'sifted,' his words we know from his own statement. Lines like—

'La concubina di Titone antico  
Già s' imbiancava al balco d' oriente,'

can hardly be called spontaneous. They are beautiful, but beautiful with the artistic, nay, the artificial beauty of poetic diction. Dante's use of alliteration and assonance,† of balance and antithesis, still more his employment of proper names, which give a pomp and blazonry to diction like that which is given by heraldry to architecture or stained glass or painting; all these point to a love of language and of its hues and colours for their own sake, to a love of literary and linguistic art as such.‡

\* 'Textual Criticism of the Divine Comedy.' E. Moore. Cambridge, 1889. Appendix V., p. 713.

† Mr. James Russell Lowell remarks, indeed, that Homer, like Dante and Shakespeare, and like all who really command language, seems fond of playing with assonances. 'My Study Windows,' 'Library of Old Authors,' p. 240.

‡ His own phrase, used of Arnaut Daniel—'Miglior fabbro del parlar materno'—is very significant ('Purg.,' xxvi. 117). Cp. 'fabricatio verborum armonizatorum,' 'V. E.,' II. viii. 5.



‘Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando  
Carlo Magno perdè la santa gesta,  
Non sonò sì terribilmente Orlando.’

Are the echoes of such a passage, the collocation and the separation, the inversions and the sequences, unsought or unstudied?

No, rather must we agree with that eloquent and subtle critic of language, alas! too early silent, Mr. Walter Pater, who, in his introduction to his friend Mr. Shadwell's version of the ‘Purgatorio,’ says that, despite the severity of his subject, Dante ‘did not forget that *his design was after all to treat it as a literary artist, to charm his readers*’; and that he has shown a command of every sort of minute literary beauty, an expressiveness, a care for style and rhythm at every point, the evidence of which increases upon the reader as his attention becomes microscopic.\*

But indeed Dean Church himself was not insensible to this aspect of Dante. In his remarkable, though less known, essay on Browning's ‘Sordello,’ he takes a juster, because more comprehensive, view:—

‘Dante, the singer, the artist, seemed naturally to belong to that vast and often magnificent company, from Orpheus and Homer downward, whose business in life seemed art and the perfection of art.’ But Dante, with his artist's eye and artist's strength, was from the beginning and continued to the end in closest contact with the most absorbing interests of human life. ‘We almost forget the poet, and such a poet, in the man.’

The fact is that both aspects are true. Dante is more than an artist: but he is always an artist. His own feeling about the form of his work is best expressed in his own words. He leaves us in no doubt. In the song that opens the second book of the ‘Convivio,’ he says that he wishes it may please even if it is not understood. Few will understand thee, he says; but say to them—

‘Ponete mente almen com' io son bella,’

In the twelfth chapter he explains that the beauty consists in *construction*, which is given by grammar, in *order*, which is given by rhetoric, and in *rhythm*, which is given by music. The beauty should however be appropriate. This he explains in the opening lines of the poem prefixed to the next book, in

\* ‘The Purgatory of Dante Alighieri,’ by Charles Lancelot Shadwell; Introduction by Walter Pater, pp. 15–16. Cp. Leynardi, ‘La Psicologia dell’Arte nella “D. C.”,’ last chapter, especially pp. 491 *et seqq.* Leynardi connects the repeated use of *a, o, and u* in ‘Inf.’ iv. 10, 12, with that of *i* and *e* in ‘Purg.’ xiv. 127–29.

which he says that he must now put away the sweet rhymes he was wont to use in treating of love and must speak of the valour which makes a man truly noble, with rhyme rough and subtle. 'Rhyme rough and subtle' \*—'*Rima aspra e sottile*'—what truer description could there be of much of the 'Divine Comedy'? But that it is so is due neither to accident nor to defect, but to design. Always and ever Dante cared for two things together, the matter and the manner, the thing to be said and the way of saying it: '*e a così parlare, e a così intendere le scritture.*' When he exalts his matter he sustains it with more art.

It was thus that his art rose with him and with his theme. For manner he must ever have cared, or he would not have cared so profoundly for Virgil—for Virgil, the stylist *par excellence*, Virgil in whom Coleridge found nothing but diction and metre. Dante found much beside; but that he loved Virgil as he did, and that his early boast was to have won by long study the Virgilian style, is pre-eminently significant of his attitude and temperament. From Virgil and his Roman brothers he caught moreover the strength of the Roman, or rather of the Latin utterance, imperial, martial, legal, logical, clear-cut, clear-sounding. But Christianity, as Dean Church has so truly and delicately indicated in his 'Gifts of Civilisation,' Christianity, with its breaking-up of the fallow ground of the heart, needed a more subtle music than the Roman, something more than even the melancholy majesty and grace of the 'stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.' That more subtle music was to be found in the fresh and tender poetry of love and chivalry, in the 'new sweet style' for which the way was paved by the troubadours and worked out by the pupils of Brunetto Latini, Guido Cavalcanti, and Dante himself, in concert with poets like Cino da Pistoia, painters like Giotto, musicians like Casella—that style which the Notary and Guittone of Arezzo and Bonagiunta could not reach, the style which followed exactly the dictation of love.

In these two schools, as was said at starting, Dante served his apprenticeship. But of their teaching, too, he came to the end. He saw that he must find and trust himself. Nothing is more instructive for the understanding of Dante's development than to compare the last words of Virgil, at the end of the 'Purgatorio' proper, with the invocation at the beginning of the 'Paradiso.'

\* In the second chapter he explains that *aspra* refers to the style, to the sound of the poetry; *sottile* refers to the meaning of the words. In 'Inferno,' xxxii., he complains that he cannot command rhyme rough enough for the lowest circle of Hell.



At meeting Virgil, Dante did homage to him and hung on his every word. Now he is an apprentice and in pupillage no longer. 'Await no more,' says Virgil, 'my word or my sign; free, right, and sound is thy judgment, and it were a fault not to follow it. Wherefore prince and pontiff over thyself I crown and mitre thee.' Dante is to stand at last, as a great poet must stand, in his own strength: but no one knows better than he the difficulty of his art. 'Well may poets,' he says in the letter to Can Grande, 'need much invocation, for they have to seek something from the powers above, beyond the common scope of mankind, a bounty as it were from Heaven itself.' 'O good Apollo,' he cries—using words which recall the striking expression employed of St. Paul, the *vas electionis*, as it is in Latin—'make me in my last toil a vessel of thy power, so fashioned as thou requirest for the gift of the beloved laurel. Hitherto one peak of Parnassus hath sufficed me, but now with both it is meet that I enter the remaining lists.'

The exact meaning of these last words is obscure, but the gist of the passage with its context is plain. There is a poetry of earth, there is a poetry of heaven. There is the art of the amorist and the troubadour; they too are poets, but not regular poets, not great poets—they sing of love, but of an earthly passion. Dante too sings of love. He too began as the amorist of earthly beauty, which yet contained for him the seed and promise of the heavenly; he was led up from the love of earthly beauty to the love of knowledge, to that divine Eros,\* the love of Him in whom beauty and knowledge are united, the love that 'moves the sun and all the stars.'

Such is poetry for the true poet, no toy, no trifle, an art rather, a fine art, but the best of all the arts, to which all knowledge may be made tributary, and which may itself subserve the highest ends. Dante is an artist, but he is more than an artist. Art for art's sake has no meaning for him. Were he asked whether art ought to be moral, he would reply that man, whether artist or not, ought certainly to do right and live well. Poetry cannot save Brunetto or Arnaut Daniel. It cannot even save Virgil, best of Pagans.

Yet poetry may rise to heaven. It may have the highest mission. It may be in no pedantic sense a Teologia. It may be of power 'to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his

\* Plato, 'Symposium.' Cp. 'Convivio,' ii. 13, where Dante describes how he came to love the gentle lady Philosophy; and again, 'Convivio,' ii. 16.

church.' Thus the poet's place may truly be with the heroes and the saints; and such is Dante's. Carlyle saw this when he wrote the 'Hero as Poet'; Raphael saw it when he painted the 'Disputa'; but Dante's own Virgil had seen it long before:—

' Hic manus ob patriam pugnando volnera passi,  
Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,  
Quique pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti.'

Dante saw the place that he might win, and won it.

' The song that nerves a nation's heart  
Is in itself a deed.'

What shall be said of the song that has nerved the heart and lifted the soul of the race? Only that here the language of Dean Church in his unforgettable peroration is no hyperbole, but the simple and the sober truth. Only that, while, as an artist and for technical reasons, Dante himself called his poem by the name which belonged to the range of the humble and the human, a 'Comedy,' the world soon added, and has for ever attached, first to the poet and then to the poem, the epithet 'Divine.'





- ART. II.—1. *India: Progress and Condition Reports.* Nos. 30 to 33 (1893–4 to 1896–7).  
 2. *Indian Famine Commission Report.* C. 9178 (1898).  
 3. *The Plague in India.* By R. Nathan. 1897.  
 4. *Papers relating to Military Operations on the N.W. Frontier of India, &c.* C. 8713–14 (1898).  
 5. *Papers relating to the Indian Tariff Acts.* C. 7602 (1895) and C. 8078 (1896).  
 6. *Indian Penal Code and Criminal Procedure Amendment Acts. Proceedings in the Legislative Council of the Governor-General.* 1898.  
 And other Papers.

ON the 12th of March, 1862, the Government of India changed hands in circumstances which make the ceremony a very memorable one in the minds of those who witnessed it. There is, to begin with, the sad and pathetic interest which attaches itself to the personality of the two principal actors in that scene. On the one side was the slim, frail figure, and pale, careworn face of the statesman who, in weathering the storm of the Mutiny, had so tempered resolution with generosity as to earn for himself the enviable sobriquet of 'Clemency' Canning. At his side, in striking contrast, were the robust form and genial countenance of the experienced diplomatist, whose tact and tenacity, in the face of Chinese obstinacy and fraud, had won him a reputation which augured well for his Indian career. Canning reached home only in time to die there; and in less than two years afterwards his successor, 'the good old man, with snow upon his head and summer in his face,' was laid to rest in a remote Himalayan valley. Apart from these personal considerations, however, the event is, in a sense, a landmark in the history of British rule in India. The Mutiny was the closing episode in what may be called the era of acquisition. The British Government had recognised that the possession of that vast Dependency was, in the words of the late Lord Derby, a great glory, a great responsibility, and also a great danger, to this country; and it fell to the lot of Lord Canning to inaugurate the system under which India was to enter into the era of peaceful development. More than a generation has now elapsed since that era began, and during the interval changes have taken place unparalleled in Indian history. The advance made in the material attributes of modern civilisation, while not without its drawbacks, has been far beyond that achieved during the same period by any other country of the Old

Old World. When therefore a turn of the wheel of fortune brought the son to the head of affairs more than thirty years after the death of the father, it might almost be said that the India of 1894 would have appeared to the Lord Elgin of 1863 almost as unfamiliar as the England of the present day would seem to a Burghley or a Tudor.

It is not only in bulk that the burden of responsibilities connected with the administration has increased, but in the complexity evolved, first, by the progress of the country itself, and secondly by the expansion of its neighbours. Instead of the isolated, self-contained independence which India enjoyed so late as a quarter of a century ago, there have been forced upon her, by the advance of other European Powers in Asia, the responsibilities of a Continental State, liable to aggression on both flanks. The extent and definition of these responsibilities are matters which, from the conditions of our rule, must be finally decided on considerations in which the predominant partner in the Empire has the principal voice. Nor, again, can India stand altogether independent of this country in the present day in regard to her finance. She owes her guidance and protection to British blood, and her material development to British capital, obligations which bring her within the orbit of imperial interests in questions of trade and currency.

Before entering, therefore, upon the consideration of the internal conditions of the India of the last five years, it may be well to review the situation in this wider aspect—wherein the Dependency is regarded as an important unit in the British Empire rather than as simply a great independent charge. With regard to the policy adopted upon the North-West Frontier, the thorough exposition of that policy in Parliament makes it superfluous at this date to notice more than the general considerations involved. Ever since the advance of Russia into contiguity with Afghanistan rendered obsolete the policy of abstention associated with the name of Lord Lawrence, the predominant factor in the position has been that invention of the new diplomacy known as the sphere of influence. As applied to the circumstances in question, it means the establishment of a Buffer State, the foreign relations of which are subordinated to the control of the dominant Power, in return for the responsibility of defending the State against external aggression. This obligation implies necessarily the means of access in order to fulfil it when the occasion arrives; and herein lies the main difficulty of the situation. Whether the maintenance and strengthening of a state like Afghanistan is a prudent



prudent policy or the reverse is no longer a practical question, and may be relegated to the broad pastures of the debating society. The obligations have been undertaken, and the British Government has joined in the delimitation of the line to be maintained inviolate.

The all-important difference, however, between the position of Russia and that of this country in relation to that boundary should not be allowed to drop out of sight; viz., that whilst Russia is in administrative occupation right up to the frontier, the British are separated from it by a large tract of difficult country, which, in turn, can only be reached by passes in the hands of tribes equally independent of India and the Amir. At least two of these passes must be available before British troops can be brought to the aid of Kabul. It is true that the arrangements for keeping them open by subsidised levies from the local tribes have only been interrupted on one occasion; but there is no adequate guarantee that the trouble may not recur, unless the Khaibar, at all events, be placed under closer control. The prevention of raids from the Pathan frontier has been attempted by means of an extension of the sphere-of-influence policy, demarcating the area of British responsibility from that of the Amir. The Durand Agreement, in which this plan is embodied, was approved by successive Secretaries of State, and may fairly be considered therefore more workable than the preceding policy, which a late Viceroy described as one of alternative vengeance and inaction. Nevertheless, its fruit has hitherto been somewhat bitter. The Pathan looks on a road as the forerunner of annexation, and the Amir is said to have never been willing to abandon his hope of bringing the recalcitrant highlanders under his own dominion. Various other causes were operative in carrying the flames all along the Pathan Marches, such as a wave of Muslim exultation aroused by the success of the Amir over the Kafirs and that of the Sultan over the infidel in Europe, with the expectation of help, in case of a general movement, from Kabul.

Of all the frontier incidents of recent years none has excited more interest than the occupation and relief of Chitral. It is so far related to the rising further south that, shortly after the fire was set to the Afridi Hills, the tribes of Swat and Lower Bajaur, on the new route to Chitral, also attacked the British outposts at the entrance to the passes which command the lower portion of the road. Events made it clear, however, that a local spark was independently applied, though the contagion obtained more speedy and wide reception owing to the

Old World. When therefore a turn of the wheel brought the son to the head of affairs more than a century after the death of the father, it might also be said that the India of 1894 would have appeared to the India of 1863 almost as unfamiliar as the England of 1894 would seem to a Burghley or a Tudor.

It is not only in bulk that the burden connected with the administration has increased, but in complexity evolved, first, by the progress of the century, and secondly by the expansion of its area. The isolated, self-contained independence of the India of 1863, so late as a quarter of a century ago, has been supplanted upon her, by the advance of other nations, with the responsibilities of a Continental power, and the responsibilities of a Continental power on both flanks. The extent and the nature of these responsibilities are matters which, from the point of view of India, must be finally decided on consideration of the position of India, the dominant partner in the Empire. But the question, again, can India stand altogether independent? If not, what is, in the present day in regard to India, the necessary guidance and protection to be afforded by the British, since development to British capital is the only way to the east, within the orbit of imperial policy. The British are quite right in their currency.

Before entering, therefore, upon the question of military occupation in internal conditions of the Empire, it is well to review the situation. Dependency is regarded as a valley is easier near Chitral, Empire rather than as a valley is easier near Chitral. With regard to the British Government could afford makes it superfluous. The able to stem such an inroad, if it general consideration, however, the choice of this route is very Russia into contiguous invasion, when so much better policy of abstention. A sufficient reason for military occupation the predominant risk of renewed invasion on the part of the new diplomatic have for a long time had their eye upon applied to the British Government, the Dards. Local feuds and ment of a British Government certain to keep the whole neighbour-subordinated to the British Government, but the road, if main- for the responsibility, and head to the growth of trade, and therefore aggression. The imaginary 'breach of faith,' access in order to be connected, met with its fitting end last year, lies the most common heard of, two years after its alleged tenance. The British Government applied a new weapon to the almost exhausted



exhausted arsenal of party polemics. It was generally agreed by all but the protagonists in opposition that the Viceroy came out unblemished and with credit from an episode discreditable only to his assailants.

Next to the frontier policy in Imperial importance come the relations between India and this country in regard to finance. For some time the belief has been current in certain quarters that India was not justly treated in the apportionment of some heavy charges which she shares with the British exchequer. To dispel or justify that belief a Royal Commission was appointed in 1895—owing in some degree, it is said, to the solicitation of Lord Elgin himself—to enquire into the whole question of the expenditure of India. An apparently exhaustive examination was made of the details of this wide and intricate subject, but the Report on the results is still only 'to be shortly expected.' Experience of such enquiries justifies the anticipation that apart from some modifications in system and perhaps a slight shifting of charges, little change will be recommended. All the same, it will be advantageous to those concerned, in consideration of the criticism to which all such complicated systems are fairly liable, to have the facts well tested, and the air cleared of the flight of half-truths and fallacies which have so long hovered round the matter.

That the Government of India spends a great deal, both in absolute amount and in relation to the realized revenue, is only to be expected from the conditions of the country itself and the nature of the rule we have established there. These conditions, as Mill has shown in a well-known passage of his '*Political Economy*,' compel the State to undertake many tasks which in England would be left to private enterprise. Further, high rates of pay are required to attract Englishmen, civilian and military, to the tropics, and there are large non-effective charges on account of those on leave or retirement. The capital required for public works and large private enterprises is almost entirely raised in London. The interest on all these loans and investments, together with the civil and military charges due in England, has to pass from a silver-using country to one with a gold standard only. So long as the currency and exchange values of the two metals were identical or diverged but little, the payment could be adjusted against the surplus of exports from India to this country, the balance of trade being always largely in favour of the East. For several years past, however, the number of rupees required to liquidate the gold debt in London has been growing relatively larger and larger, and it may be remarked, in passing, that not the least  
interesting

interesting subject for investigation by those curious in such matters is the question into whose pocket go the millions annually debited by the State to 'loss by exchange.' Whatever their destination, they have outgrown the trade balance and the normal expansion of the Indian revenue. There is practically little or no reserve to be tapped by direct taxation. The income tax, levied upon non-agricultural sources only, is paid by no more than about 437,000 persons, or one in about 540 of the population. Nearly a fourth of it is derived from the great British trading centres, and only seven per cent. comes from incomes exceeding 10,000 rupees a year. In Bengal, the most fertile province in India, a misconception of local conditions on the part of our early administrators led to the permanent alienation of an 'unearned increment' estimated by Sir H. Fowler at some 150 millions of rupees annually. In the rest of the country the rent-charge is only revisable at long intervals, and on considerations inseparably connected with the general development of the surrounding tract—practically, that is, with the price of agricultural produce. The only tax which reaches the masses is that on salt, which has already been drawn upon once within comparatively recent times, and which it is, obviously, the aim of every Finance Minister to keep down.

On the other hand, the great expansion of revenue which has taken place during the last forty years has been accompanied by a lower incidence of taxation, and, under present conditions, it may be reasonably expected to continue. It allows, however, but small margin to meet sudden additional demands, such as those which culminated five or six years ago. To cope with these, public opinion in India, as well as financial convenience, pointed to the reimposition of import duties, on the lines existing when they were abolished in 1882. This mode of raising the wind, whatever may be thought of it in comparison with direct taxation here, is in strict accordance with all Indian tradition and practice. Until some strong persuasion was exerted upon them within the last ten or fifteen years, every chief in the country levied as much of his revenue as he could by transit, or at least import, duties, on all merchandise that passed through his territory; and, under the suggestive title of 'handful,' the same form of impost commends itself to the native members of every municipality in India. The proposal, accordingly, was greeted with acclamation, only to be changed into wailing and gnashing of teeth when it was found that cotton yarn and goods, constituting nearly a third of the whole imports, were to be exempted. The assertion  
that



that the duties were protective was at once repudiated by the comparatively modern mill industry of Western India, and equally strongly pressed by Lancashire, which had in its favour the deliberate resolutions of the House of Commons in 1877 and 1879. The continued financial pressure turned the scale, and duties were imposed, with the counterpoise of excise where the competition was most likely to exist. Neither party was satisfied with the compromise, and real difficulties arose in carrying it out. Finally, a lower rate, the exemption of yarn, and a corresponding adjustment of the excise were adopted, and peace reigned in Lancashire, if not in Bombay. The course of trade, however, since 1895 has not justified the doleful predictions on either side; Bombay has maintained and improved its position. The hand-loom weavers of India are reviving, and the latest returns of the cotton trade in this country show an addition of about 370,000 spindles in 1898, with a record of exports only exceeded in 1896, the year before the great famine. As to the merits of the case, the details of trade indicate just that shadow of protective influence on Bombay manufacture which might serve as a text for denunciation, especially when backed by strong Parliamentary interest.

As regards the only other financial measure which need be mentioned here, there is no doubt as to its having an imperial bearing. Since it was impracticable to fill up the apparently bottomless pit which was yawning between gold and silver values, the Government decided to use the currency itself as a bridge, with the revenue from the import duties as a temporary measure during the interval which would have to elapse before the more permanent course could take effect. In closing the Mint to the free coinage of silver, with the accompanying action in regard to the purchase of gold, the main objects in view were to prevent the further fall in the rupee, and, still more, to steady exchange, the instability of which was disorganising foreign trade and keeping out of the country the supply of British capital. It was thought that these results would be best achieved by making the value of the rupee vary according to the amount of coin in circulation instead of the intrinsic value of the metal in the coin. It was just about this time that Lord Elgin took the reins, only to find himself face to face with an experimental system, an uncertain future, and an exchange nearly at its nadir. Even then, however, the result of the measures of 1893 had been to keep the rupee at between 13*d.* and 13½*d.*, against a metallic value of about 10*d.* The tide then turned, and, for the last year and more, the standard of 16*d.* has been continuously exceeded. On the whole, the decision

decision that, so far as the measures of 1893 extend, India should throw in its lot with gold rather than with silver, has justified the expectations of those who proposed it, and of the committee under the late Lord Herschell which approved it.

The trade of India with gold-using countries is three-fourths of the whole, and that with the silver-using parts of the world, though for a while dislocated by the change, has not only recovered, but has improved, both relatively and in amount. At the same time, the exceptional rate and its steadiness during the last two years must to a great extent be attributed to exceptionally good harvests and to a keen demand abroad for Indian produce. The famine, again, kept up prices for a long period over nearly the whole country. If the currency policy now in force were to contribute to a general and lasting fall in the silver price of agricultural produce, it would go hard with the peasantry, whose assessment is fixed on the basis of a series of years of different conditions; and the most vital interest of the country would suffer, without appreciating the indirect advantages it derives from the policy in other ways. If, on the other hand, the present state of things were to continue, or become permanent, the currency problem would have got far on the way towards solving itself. Such confidence, however, is not felt by those experienced in the financial affairs of India; and fresh proposals were devised last year, tending still more definitely in the direction of a gold standard without a gold currency. It is hardly necessary to mention the fact except from its analogy with the present condition of the question of old age pensions in this country; but the plan put forward by the Government of Lord Elgin was at once greeted with a shower of alternatives, each of which was subjected, with equal promptitude and completeness, to the destructive criticism of the respective sponsors of its rivals. The composition of the Committee now engaged in considering these schemes, and the character of the witnesses they have examined, are guarantees of full and adequate discussion; and the official reference to them, as Sir H. Fowler was careful to point out last session, gives them a freer hand than was allowed to their compeers on the pension question. Thus the fate of Lord Elgin's proposals is still on the knees of the gods. The outgoing Viceroy, however, had at all events the satisfaction of hearing at his last Budget Council in India a review of twenty years of Indian finance, which puts the condition of that country in a light very different from that in which it is the custom in some quarters to represent it. Sir James Westland pointed out, with justifiable exultation, that with the exception of the United Kingdom,



Kingdom, no other country in the Old World can show an equally favourable result. In the present financial year a generally abundant harvest has not only quickened the life of the country at large, but has wiped off, to an extent almost incredible, the results of the preceding year of disaster and distress.

We have considered the questions which affect India mainly in its relations to the Empire as a whole: there remain those arising out of internal conditions. The most striking feature in the India of the present day as compared with that of the past is the growth in the material resources of the country. Although this has been diffused throughout the community, it has proceeded, like everything else in Indian society, unevenly and on parallel lines of unequal length, without combination or interconnexion. The fact cannot be too often reiterated that India is not one country except in regard to the political unity bestowed by British rule. This unity, asserted by the omnipresence of the British race and its influence in the Native States no less than in the Provinces under direct British rule, is one side of the picture; wide distinctions of religion, language, race, and class form the other. Something has been done towards levelling the barriers, but the causes of difference remain, though their manifestation in action is repressed. This is a defect in the social system which can only be remedied by time. Britain owes her success in dealing with alien races in great measure to her tolerance, so far as civilized morality will allow, of their creeds and customs. In India we seek not to impose our language, our religion, or our social system. Consequently, the development of the country has not been accompanied by the obliteration of those remarkable inequalities with which India teems. In some respects our system has even resulted in emphasizing the differences that already existed. Book-learning is not yet looked on by the masses as anything but a means to a living, and is left, accordingly, to the professional classes, by whom the State-provision is cordially welcomed. The latter grow more and more detached from the rest of the community, and tend to become a hierarchy of that unhealthy description which culminates in the Tchin of Russia. Nor can we claim that the advance of material resources has as yet done much to break down the barriers that intersect society. New wants have certainly been created in India by the opportunities placed within reach of the masses during the present generation, and an incentive has thus been supplied to social advance. On the other hand, the benevolent neutrality of the British Government

has confirmed, if anything, the hold on the popular sentiment of that great engine for the repression of social ambition in India—the caste system—both among the Hindus and the Muslim.

The Administration has therefore to reckon with a vast and varied population, permeated to the core with ignorance, apathy, and prejudice against all that has not received the sanction of time and religion; a population with the hampering traditions of countless generations to slough off, and with the feuds and animosities of centuries of intolerant rivalry ready to burst forth on the least relaxation of control. Under these conditions brilliant schemes and epoch-making measures, imposed, as they must be, from the outside, upon an immature public opinion, cannot compare, in their ultimate benefit, with the steady and continuous pressure of just and judicious government. In the present generation, on two occasions only has a breach been made in the continuity of our policy, and, on both, the warning against repeating the experiment has been conveyed through a costly object-lesson.

Even the normal conditions of British rule in India are sufficiently complicated and onerous to render the task of administration one of the most arduous and responsible that the world presents. In India, moreover, oftener than in any other country, it is the unexpected that happens. Along the frontier the contagious fanaticism of an obscure zealot may fan into a fierce and wide-spread flame the passionate hatred of the highlander for the infidel dweller in the plain, after months or years of quiescence. A peaceful town, where sectarian animosities have been dormant for a generation, may all at once become a seething arena, resonant with the rattle of cudgels on nonconformist skulls, and the roar of burning mosques and temples. A disease, unknown for ages, drops, no one knows whence, into the midst of a busy and populous seaport. A panic results, and trade and industry are paralysed. A whole country side may be one year elated by the prosperity resulting from the misfortunes of their rivals in a distant part of the world, the very name of which they have never heard. Next season a short rainfall may reduce millions of them to temporary distress and penury.

It is perfectly natural that the attention of the public should be directed rather to the striking and sensational incidents of the five years of a Viceroy's rule than to the less easily discernible character and results of the term as a whole; but it would not be right to treat the method in which the head of the Government has dealt with these casual alarms and  
excursions



excursions as the criterion of his administration. Most measures calculated to have a far-reaching and durable influence take effect indirectly, and do not, of course, bear fruit until long after their sponsor has retired from the scene of his labours. The work done in preparation for future measures, again, ought to be taken into account. For example, in the generous valedictory tribute to Lord Elgin's administration which was paid by Lord George Hamilton at the end of last session, special reference was made to the value of the material collected and considered by the outgoing Viceroy before he left India in connexion with the grave problem of agricultural indebtedness in that country—one of the most difficult and complicated questions of the time. Then, again, there has to be considered the negative side of a Viceroy's career, often of almost as much merit as his positive achievements. A great compatriot of the late Viceroy has warned us that 'What's done we partly may compute, We know not what's resisted.' The little ray of light on this subject which the Viceroy shed in the course of the frank and comprehensive account of his stewardship with which he took leave of his Calcutta friends the other day, indicates that a well-stiffened back is by no means the most insignificant attribute which a Viceroy should possess; and there seems no reason to doubt that during the greater part of his term of office Lord Elgin showed himself well provided with this qualification.

But while recognising that only a partial, and, to some extent, a superficial view of a Viceroy's administration is to be obtained by considering the isolated facts which have stood out prominently from the rest in his career, there is certainly much to be said in favour of this popular course in the case of Lord Elgin. His rule has been, above all others of the generation, interrupted by shocks and misfortunes of all sorts. A review of the more prominent of these occurrences will help to throw light upon the internal administration, especially in connexion with the general features and tendencies of the social and economic situation touched on above.

Both from its extent and from its immediate effects, the famine should take the first place in this review. It needs but two or three leading facts to show the peculiarly grave significance of a short rainfall in any part of India. Nearly four-fifths of the population depend entirely upon agriculture for their living, while a still greater majority subsist exclusively upon agricultural produce, and that, too, of a description which is not obtainable in appreciably large quantities outside the country. Then, again, the digestive arrangements of vegetarians seem

peculiarly conservative in their function, and any sudden change to a different diet, whether better or worse in its intrinsic qualities, is sure to lead to internal trouble; and, with this guiding experience in mind, the masses decline to co-operate in radical interchange of produce in times of distress. Assuming facility of communication, however, an abundant harvest in one tract may supply, within the limits just mentioned, the needs of a less favoured region; and there is no record of a general failure of crops throughout India. The periodical liability to scarcity forced itself upon the attention of the Government early in our connexion with India; but, somewhat perhaps to the discredit of the authorities, that liability was not for many years recognised to the extent of organising beforehand the methods of dealing with the calamity. After the great South Indian famine of 1876-77, the Government of India took up the question in earnest; and with an exhaustive investigation of the conditions of the problem as a basis for organised action, a 'plan of campaign' against famine was drawn up for each province on a definite system, reaching to the most minute details of administration.

For some sixteen years this monumental work remained much in the position of Don Quixote's second helmet, undoubtedly by repute stronger than the first, though a similar test had not been applied. Then, however, the test came. Two bad years in Central India and the Upper Ganges valley, followed by a third, which extended over a wider area, culminated in 1896-97 in a famine, the extent and, in a small tract, the intensity of which were unprecedented. It slightly surpassed, indeed, the limit which, in the anticipations of the Commission of 1880, was considered the utmost for which the Government was likely to be called upon to provide. The area affected in various degrees was over three hundred thousand square miles, with a population of fifty-eight millions under British administration, and seven millions under native chiefs. During the worst part of the stress, between June and September 1897, nearly four and a quarter millions of human beings were in receipt of State relief. The ultimate cost to the public Treasury is roughly estimated at between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty millions of rupees (say 10,000,000*l.*), and nearly twenty millions of rupees were contributed towards relief by private charity, chiefly from the United Kingdom and our Colonies. The loss to the country in other respects must remain, of course, a matter of conjecture, but it is not likely to be far below the admittedly rough official figure of one thousand one hundred and ten millions  
of



of rupees (say 74,000,000L.). The death tribute, again, can only be estimated by comparison with the normal rate in the affected tracts. In this way the excess of deaths, not necessarily due to starvation so much as to the indirect results of privation, is reckoned at about one hundred and five thousand. These figures indicate in outline the great calamity and the mere mass of the task set before the administration.

It is impossible to review the campaign in detail, but the general results in saving life without pauperising those on relief, and in providing work for all in need of it, establish conclusively the soundness of the principles laid down in 1880, and form an impressive tribute to the energy and devotion of those who carried those principles into effect. There has been no affectation of infallibility on the part of the Government, nor do they claim complete success in attaining the object aimed at: where the operations are necessarily entrusted to a number of Provincial administrations, there must be a varying degree of efficiency, according to local circumstances. Lord Elgin was so sensible of this that, so soon as the stress of relief was over, and whilst the memory of detail was still green, he instituted a special inquiry by a small Commission of experts, administrative, medical, and engineering, with a view to ascertain the points in which the system of 1880 was found adequate and those in which it needed modification, and also to formulate in other respects the lessons which were to be learned from the recent famine experience. It need hardly be said that so careful and thorough a scrutiny was sure to find a good deal to alter and correct; but on the whole, the suggestions and criticisms bear reference either to special circumstances, such as the method of dealing with the semi-wild hill tribes, or to the necessity of more discretion as to local methods, and more elasticity in applying broad principles to the infinite variety of rural India.

Two examples may perhaps be interesting in this connexion. The conduct of the famine operations in the North-west Provinces was a sort of official *tour de force*. The Lieutenant-Governor took warning by the preceding bad seasons in the south-west of his charge; he constituted himself commander-in-chief and general staff for the campaign; he set to work with a complete scheme of operations; and he personally satisfied himself that this scheme was properly carried out. He was fortunate in having to deal with a compact area and in being furnished with a full complement of district officers, into whom he managed to infuse his own spirit and enthusiasm. Personal action of this sort is, obviously, not without its dangers. In the

the opinion of the Commission, an economy so rigid and an administration so strict as those of the North-west Provinces might, in less able and energetic hands than those of Sir A. P. MacDonnell, have been fatal, and, even as it was, suffered from special drawbacks. There seems also to have been some undue though natural anxiety to cry Hold! and to stop relief before the affected population had regained its normal condition; so that after the famine was officially closed, the weaklings of the peasantry succumbed in abnormal numbers to the ordinary vicissitudes of an Indian autumn.

On the other hand, close by the Provinces ruled by Sir A. P. MacDonnell come the scattered and highly varied tracts known as the Central Provinces, which, since the initial 'boom' they received from Sir Richard Temple's historic administration more than thirty years ago, have been the Cinderella of the Imperial establishment, still awaiting a fairy godmother. Much of the affected area is poor, thinly peopled, and backward. The agencies available for famine work were at best inadequate, and to some extent had been drawn upon in the preceding year by the necessities of its larger neighbour. The circles of administration had to be formed on a scale which prohibited the minute personal supervision of British officers, without which operations such as those contemplated under the Famine Code cannot be efficient. Other difficulties arose in the Central Provinces in connexion with the wilder tribes of the forest tracts, who refused to move from their haunts until almost too far gone in destitution to be relieved. All this made the problem of relief in these Provinces the most difficult in India. At the same time, the Commission makes it clear that, whether through error, or through a consciousness of the inadequacy of his staff, the head of this district did not in 1895 attack the enemy with the same promptitude as his compeers, so that the famine got an unduly long start throughout the northern portion of his territory, where the death rate showed that relief was urgently required.

The same tendency was observable in higher quarters, and though, probably, in a case of this sort the responsibility rests only nominally with the Viceroy, and primarily with his Revenue Minister, the record of the famine leaves room for the belief, which was undoubtedly widely spread at the time, that Lord Elgin at first underrated the magnitude of the trouble which was overshadowing so large a portion of the country. Afterwards, however, all cause for complaint on that score was removed. The reasons given for the delay in asking for charitable subscriptions abroad were dignified and sufficient.

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The administration of the funds thus received was most carefully organised, and the relief seems to have been efficiently conveyed into the right hands at the right time. Lord Elgin dealt liberally with the local treasuries, depleted by the expenditure on saving the lives of the masses thrown upon public resources. Finally, his energetic railway policy resulted in adding to the communications of India more than five thousand miles of line, an extension which enters largely into the question of provision against famine, by its tendency to equalise both the supply and the price of food throughout the country. In compensation for all the toil and anxiety that a Viceroy must go through when a calamity like the famine befalls his charge, Lord Elgin had the satisfaction of witnessing before he left India one of the most remarkable economic and social phenomena that the world can offer, namely, the recuperation of a famine-stricken population in the tropics. A single good harvest seems to give the peasantry a new life. A bumper crop or two, and the year's rent-charge, along with much of the dues not demanded during the famine, comes literally pouring into the local treasuries. The demand for imported goods is in excess of that of previous years, while the exports of the agricultural surplus gladden the heart of the financier.

It is among the deep things of the philosophy of the Indian masses that, while a single misfortune is regarded as due to an offence on their part in the eyes of the Lords of Life and Death, a repetition or continuance of untoward occurrences is distinctly attributed to a temporary diminution of the *burkat*, or the divine favour which the Government enjoys at the same heavenly hands. Famine, a sharp outbreak of cholera, and the Mutiny, were classed, some time ago, along with sanitation and agricultural exhibitions, as tokens of a chastening dispensation; but lately, when it was rumoured that the regions not devastated by famine had been visited by a destructive cyclone or earthquake; that Musalmans were rising on the frontier between India and 'Turkey'; and, above all, that a terrible new disease had appeared in the British capitals, it was not thought probable that the people injured could have so universally incurred divine displeasure on account of a simultaneous epidemic of unworthiness: it seemed, rather, that the White Man's rule itself was under a cloud. The good harvest has probably, as usual, changed the sky of popular apprehensions; but it is equally clear that the plague has impressed the people of the tracts where it was prevalent to a far greater extent than is to be accounted for by its high rate of mortality. The mere fact of its being strange disturbs  
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the popular mind. Cholera and small-pox have their assigned place in the order of fate, recognised by each being under the tutelage of a special goddess. The orthodox cannot propitiate the presiding deity of a disease until she is duly affiliated to one of the old stock. Vaccination, especially from the sacred calf, has no terrors for the ordinary Hindu, who has grown accustomed to 'extraction of the goddess,' as he calls it, or, as Kipling renders it, to being 'scratched with ghost-knives.' Nor is the average Musalman more backward. But the plague involved the application of new methods. That against which the conscientious objector has been entering his most fervent protest is segregation, with its necessary accompaniment of domiciliary visitation. In most respects the temper of the masses in time of trial is admirable. Their docility and fortitude deserve the highest praise, and though they do not at present see eye to eye with British science in the sanitation of domestic premises, their incredulity is passively expressed. But the sentiment of privacy as regards women is one of the strongest throughout the whole of India. With the Musalmans it is to a great extent a racial feature, and is therefore carried lower in the social scale than among the earlier inhabitants of the country, except in the tracts where the latter have been in long and intimate political contact with the Moghal Court. Everywhere, however, the seclusion of women is a sign of social distinction; and, like other social customs and traditions, it is invested with the sanction of divine origin. The State, under British direction, makes it a principle to abstain from all interference in such matters, except where the protection of religion is invoked in favour of customs repugnant to the moral code, or where the common weal is concerned.

Herein lay the main difficulty of the Indian Government in adequately protecting the community at large against the spread of plague. The general attitude was that expressed by the Amir of Kabul in his acceptance of the suggestion of the Viceroy that he should order the medical inspection of travellers crossing his frontier. 'If this life-destroying calamity be predestined to appear hereafter, the best thing, O my friend, will be to seek the grace and kindness of the Supreme Physician.' The panic that ensued in Bombay, when the outbreak in the autumn of 1896 had become serious, originated no doubt in mere physical terror, but there is reason to believe that the desire to escape from the repressive measures instituted by the Government was at least one of the motives for flight.

If we regard the plague, which is unhappily still prevalent, not in its medical aspects, but merely as one of the leading incidents



incidents illustrating the administrative history of the last few years, public interest may be said to have centred in the conflicts which arose out of it between the Government, endeavouring to localise and repress the epidemic, and the sentiments of a large body of the public, to which the State action appeared odious and unnecessary. Setting aside the one or two outbreaks of violence in the Panjab and Mysore and among the lower classes in Calcutta, the more serious riots took place in Bombay, while the most serious resistance other than violent was in Poona. In the large commercial town the opposition arose chiefly among the lower class of industrial Musalmans, a notoriously fanatical and ignorant community, whom the local leaders of Islam were unable to persuade or control. The Hindu labourers in the cotton mills, an equally disturbing element recently prominent in the Bombay troubles, were implicated on several occasions. Better counsels ultimately prevailed in Bombay, and the inquisitorial measures, being conducted with tact and firmness, met with acquiescence, if not approval. In Poona the agitation was altogether on a different plane. The opposition emanated from the Brahman community, which is there all-powerful. The character of the Deccan architecture facilitates concealment in the inmost recesses of the vast warrens of stone which commended themselves to the Peshwa's adherents. The employment of British agency was necessitated by the inefficiency of a subordinate staff entirely under the influence of their social leaders. Every care was taken, however, to ensure due consideration for domestic sentiments so far as was compatible with carrying out the invidious duty imposed on the medical and sanitary officers; and gratifying testimony to the success of their efforts was borne after the outbreak by cordial addresses of thanks from those among whom they had worked. The false reports and groundless charges scattered broadcast against them by their opponents have long been consigned by the rest of the public to merited oblivion; and the incident will be chiefly remembered on account of the assassination of two British officers engaged in the plague operations, while on their way back from celebrating the Queen's Jubilee at the Governor's house. Subsequent events have shown that this crime was the act of a fanatic, in pursuance of an organised conspiracy among a certain set of Mahratta Brahmans.

The grave import of such an occurrence, like that of the Fashoda incident, lies not in the concrete fact, but, in its representative character, as a light upon what preceded it and an indication of what may follow. This introduces the question of the existence

ence and objects of definite and serious disloyalty to British rule in India. Recent manifestations of some such sentiment have been the subject of State action, of a kind which justifiably excites the keenest public interest. In none of the exceptional incidents of Lord Elgin's administration did he exhibit more firmness and a more statesmanlike comprehension of the situation than in his treatment of this complicated subject. The classes among which disaffection, such as it is, prevails are as limited in number as the object aimed at is narrow; and so long as the means by which it was sought to compass that object were open and direct, the feeling was not such as to call for any intervention on the part of the Government. Broadly stated, the movement is confined to the secular Brahmans and the professional castes immediately below them. The object in view, reduced to its simplest terms, is the wider employment of these classes under the Government. While allowing that the foreigner must be retained in sufficient military force to protect the general interests, the leaders of the movement demand a monopoly of all administrative posts, by the exclusion of British agency, except at the head of each Province. Amongst the masses of the Hindu community there is no feeling of this sort. The mercantile section has profited more than any other by British rule and its results in improved trade, communications, and courts of civil justice, and is content with the broad path thus opened to it. The whole interest of the masses is concentrated upon their land and the customs of their caste, which represent nine-tenths of their religion. There are no doubt certain knots of Muslim who resent the domination of any but one of their own faith, and have behind them the tradition of sovereignty in Upper India; but they have no definite plan of action for the restoration of their rule; their religion receives the same protection as under Islam itself, and their animosity is directed rather against their former subjects, with whom they decline co-operation of any sort, than against the alien in power. Such discontent as is found among them arises rather from the advantage in the public service given under the British educational system to the adaptable and quick-witted Hindu over the bigoted adherent of Islam, whose devotion to a denominational scheme of instruction of the strictest type is quite equal to that attributed by the noble Chairman of the London School Board to 'the younger members of the House of Cecil.'

The case of the Brahmans and their allies is peculiar, and by no means without an excuse. The former have been accustom-  
tomed, since Hindu civilisation began, to look to others, whether

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Court or commonalty, for support, by virtue of their rank and its sacred character, and have never been called upon to perform any service in return except clerical and professional. Both these services received a marvellous impetus from British rule, which opened the door wide to teachers and lawyers, besides creating an Indian press. The Writers, again, formerly a suppressed and inferior caste, have come to the front by their talents, and compete on almost equal terms with the Brahman. The result has been the overstocking of all professions which commend themselves to caste dignity, with clerical employment under the State as the only alternative. There are limits even to the latter, so that there is at the top of society, excluding of course the landed nobility, what Bismarck termed a literary proletariat of 'Hunger-candidaten,' with a narrow training and equally narrow aspirations. India is not at all singular in this respect, for the same difficulty is very prominent in South America. It has been the cause of the political collapse of Greece, and even in France the more thoughtful writers deplore the almost universal craving for a State berth. The field of work in India open to these youths is more restricted than elsewhere, and the system of public instruction, thus diverted to purely class interests, is, like Frankenstein's monster, getting beyond control.

Already the whole of the subordinate, and 98 per cent. of the superior, branches of the public service are manned by natives of India. The controlling staff, too, contains a fair number, leaving what Lord Kimberley called an irreducible minimum of British to maintain the standard of efficiency which the people have learned to expect. It is evident to all that the administrative faculty connotes something beyond mere intellectual capacity, with which no doubt the young Indians of these classes are amply endowed. That something more (and how much it is!) may be safely presumed to exist in the case of the youth of this country, so that for them a test of brain is all that is necessary. With the literates of India, however, the reverse must be assumed. If it were otherwise, we should not have won, nor should we be able to keep, our Empire. A few bright exceptions may be found, but it is to the average that the Government must look, and experience proves the average to be efficient up to British standard only when they are conscious of British support. To take the most recent instance, the disgraceful condition into which the Calcutta Municipality allowed the metropolis to fall when, by the withdrawal of the mercantile and British element upon it, the administration was left entirely to Brahmans and writers, has forced the local Government to alter the constitution of the Corporation

Corporation in order to encourage a more energetic and efficient conduct of affairs ; and this experience does not by any means stand alone. The often quoted passage in the Queen's Proclamation of 1858 makes a limited or conditional promise. It declares the Sovereign's will to be 'that, *so far as may be*, our subjects, of whatever race and creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, *the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge.*' These important qualifications are invariably omitted by those who appeal to the Proclamation in support of their ambitious views ; but the question how far the conditions are from time to time fulfilled is one of which the Imperial Government is, and must be, the sole arbiter.

The refusal of Parliament and successive Secretaries of State to admit the exaggerated claims of the Brahmans and their allies has led to the adoption of a new line of attack, by way of proving the Government of India, as conducted without them, to be immoral and inefficient. The evidence given by carefully selected specimens of these 'Flowers of Progress' before the Welby Commission, showed pretty well the value of their opinion and their capacity to deal with public affairs. The same flimsy arguments, baseless insinuations, and vamped-up statistics were repeated by all, with parrot-like iteration, to illustrate the same text, which, as stated by their leader—one of the handful of Parsis who have joined the Congress movement—reads somewhat as follows:—First, India is so crushed by taxation and impoverished by the withdrawal of her wealth to England that the people are ground down and reduced to starvation ; secondly, that the British Services and the inordinate and arbitrary employment of Europeans are India's greatest evil, and the cause of all its economic misery and losses ; and thirdly, that the Government of India is an unrighteous system of selfishness and despotism. It is easy to see the thread running all through this fustian. In other words, replace the British in the Civil Service of India by Brahmans, and money will not go out of the country, nor will foreign capital be wanted in it. Here and there a champion of the Congress may have a genuine desire to see his country advance in the direction of self-government, but as a rule he has little sympathy with the principles he proclaims. With the catch-words of *fin-de-siècle* Liberalism in his mouth, he is at heart a hide-bound Conservative. Like the chameleon, he holds on by his tail, but trusts for his living to the inordinate length of his tongue. It may be the fact, as some of this class profess, that they desire above all things the continuance of British rule ;  
but



but sentiments far worse than those quoted above, scattered broad-cast every day by the press, which is entirely under their control, must be judged by the expressions used and the ordinary interpretation they bear. Regarded in this light they are altogether incompatible with loyalty or with the desire to uphold the Government they vilify.

Still less defensible is the comparatively recent development of the campaign in the field of religion. The masses care nothing for the vapourings of the press, for they cannot read. They find the grass under the British oak fairly succulent, so they silently chew the cud, and let the grasshoppers of Burke's simile chink away as they please. But for some years past there has been a movement set on foot by the literates on the very definite issue of the welfare of the cow, the sacred animal, dear to all Hindus. That *casus belli* has this further attraction in the eyes of the promoters, that it not only unites with them the sympathies of Sikhs and Parsis, but it casts the odium of cow-slaughter on the Christian as well as the Muslim, and thus, by implication, upon the British troops and the Government which employs them. The direct and inevitable consequence of this propaganda was the occurrence of riots in several parts of India where the two principal religions had for years lived peaceably side by side. Preaching and pamphleteering preceded each incident, the organisers being all of the literate castes. Religion was imported into the questions raised by the administration of the rules regarding plague and even famine, and the language used against the Government became so violent that it was brought before the highest courts of law in India. By these it was found distinctly seditious; and notwithstanding the powerful advocacy of an ex-Home Secretary, the same view was taken by the highest court of appeal in the Empire. The Congress, however, repudiated the judgment, and greeted the convicts as martyrs to liberty. It became desirable, therefore, while avoiding radical alteration, to place the law on the subject beyond reach of cavil and on a basis more definite than that of judicial ruling. The amending Act did no more than bring the Indian law into exact accordance with the law of England, while providing equivalent safeguards for the liberty of the subject. Lord Elgin's attitude on this invidious and unpopular question was consistently in favour of 'sympathetic and impartial, but prompt and firm, administration of the law.'

'It must not be forgotten,' he said, 'that in interposing to prevent sedition, we act not for the protection of our personal interests, but on behalf of the public, whose interests suffer if the passions of the ignorant

ignorant are excited and the peace of the country is imperilled; a danger none the less present, though the action to be guarded against be the action of a comparatively small number of individuals out of touch with the sentiments which animate their fellows.'

Parliament, by more than two to one, confirmed the Viceroy's decision when it was challenged before it. It is to the credit of the imperial instinct, as it may be called, of the British public, that in this matter, as in the cognate question of the special power of arrest and deportation, brought into notice at the same time, it was thoroughly recognised that under the conditions on which India is governed it is absolutely necessary that the State should have a reserve of authority for use on grave emergencies. One more quotation will serve to show the nature of the opposition. In replying to a suggestion made by one of the British members that smoking in the open field was not quite on the same plane with smoking in a powder magazine, the mouthpiece of the Congress said:—

'What right has he to deny to any one the right to smoke in a powder magazine? Any one who does so takes the risk of doing so. It is his look-out. So long as he takes care not to throw away the stump carelessly in the powder magazine, and controls the sparks from escaping, what does it matter? Why should he lose his right?'

These be thy gods, O Israel!

The sting of the law, as it now stands, lies in the assumption that a journalist or an orator means what he says, and is responsible for proving that he does not. The tone of the press since last year shows that the freedom of legitimate criticism of the Government has been in no way impaired. There will no doubt be victims in due course, though it will not fall to the lot of all of them to achieve, like the notorious Tilak, the double crown of martyrdom. This person seems to have endured imprisonment for defamation of a caste-fellow before he proceeded to the higher degree of sedition, after an interval spent between the instruction of youth and participation in framing his country's laws. The ideal is not high:—

'Ut pueris placeas; ut declamatio fias'

is a form of vanity that extends from the east to the west. It appears that India is not altogether responsible for the state of feeling of which this parboiled patriotism is the outcome, but that, recently, at all events, the *mot d'ordre* on measures and persons has gone forth from this country. The Congress itself, according to appeals which have reached the press, cannot pay its way by the pecuniary support of its Indian members, but is subsidised



subsidised from Westminster, and no longer, therefore, calls its own tune. Its aspirations, moreover, have been grievously handicapped, apart from their intrinsic demerits, by the clumsy way in which they have been paraded before Parliament and the public in this country. They have naturally not been championed or supported by men whose career in India was an unqualified success; and a large body of public servants like that engaged in the Government of India cannot escape an occasional Beaurepaire, whose failure to be accepted by his colleagues at his own price predisposes him to occupy himself after his kind with his old nest, and to pose as the one just man among his naughty peers. Questions thus presented have long ceased to secure the attention of English or Scottish members, so the 'Indian Party' has to look for its allies to the Welsh mountains or to the more distant Celtic fringe across St. George's Channel. It is with such support as this that a thin House is secured for what the present Viceroy has called 'the platitudes, and worn-out, threadbare, and preposterous fallacies annually brought out, only to be shattered, pulverised, and destroyed.'

But the National Congress views Parliament only through its own medium, and rejoices in its presumed support. It is hardly necessary to say that the organs of this little coterie in India were not backward in expressing their sense of Lord Elgin's peculiarly firm grasp of the nettle, and gave him a 'send off' of unusual fervour. One 'traced in all his acts the evil hand of Lord George.' The paper which brought Tilak to martyrdom was, pardonably enough, 'not so glad at Lord Curzon's arrival, as to be rid of the disgusting state of things under Elgin.' The latter 'has never done a single good act.' He 'betrayed a fickle and wavering disposition, and made himself the laughing-stock of the world.' He 'only came out to live in a luxury he could not command at home, and lulled himself to sleep on the soft and luxurious couch of his palace in Simla, and dreamed sweet dreams, whilst millions were dying of famine,' and so on, *ad nauseam*. This is the flapping of wings after centuries of compulsory quiescence. Personal rule alone is conceivable by the half-educated Oriental; hence this delight in the unwonted tolerance which subjects a Viceroy to unlimited mendacity and defamation.

Summing up Lord Elgin's administration, it may fairly be said that, though for the first year or so he showed considerable nervousness in taking his own line in matters on which he knew that a strong party feeling existed in this country, he subsequently found his feet, and held his own with the same conscientious

conscientious integrity which from the beginning he manifested in questions of internal administration. Here, unobtrusively but firmly, he impressed his personal influence upon many branches which directly concern the material needs of the masses, without attempting to mark his rule by original or sensational departures from existing lines. When war was forced upon him, he did all he could to bring it to such a conclusion as was most likely to ensure peace and safety for the future. When regard for the public welfare compelled him to take action which brought him into violent collision with the interests and prejudices of a considerable section of the community, he never swerved from the line he first laid down. When the question was one in which the immediate interests of India had to be put in the scales against those of the Mother Country, he tried to hold the balance even; and though the fates were against him on one or two occasions, the two Secretaries of State with whom he crossed swords vied with each other in commending the strength and consistency with which he put forward his case. By a curious irony of fate, the shrewdest blows he had to bear were dealt him by his own political colleagues, whilst, as a rule, his policy received the unvarying support of those who might have been expected, under the ordinary conditions of party government, to have criticised it with some degree of suspicion. The key-note of his success in this respect, as in purely Indian affairs, was his possession of 'grit' and a level head, attributes invaluable to one in his position, and implying sound judgment, a well-balanced mind and a stout heart. A Viceroy has now to regulate his watch, to use the phrase of Sir Henry Maine, to keep true time in two longitudes. He cannot rest content with doing what he thinks best for India, but he must satisfy a majority of Parliament that it is best—a majority, moreover, which, while imbued with a high average of common sense, is for the most part ignorant of the underlying conditions of the question, and often contains an element of material interests affected by the decision. Here again, Lord Elgin kept up the standard set by his foregoers. He went out to India a private individual and, so far as the public knew, untried. He returns in the prime of life, a statesman of repute, whose abilities, once recognised, the country is not likely to allow to rust.

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ART. III.—1. *A History of the Art of War: the Middle Ages, from the Fourth to the Fourteenth Century.* By Charles Oman. London, 1898.

2. *Die Entwicklung des Kriegswesens und der Kriegsführung in der Ritterzeit.* Von G. Köhler. Breslau, 1886.

3. *La Tactique au treizième siècle.* Par Henri Delpech. Paris, 1886.

4. *Chronicon Galfridi le Baker de Swynebroke.* Edited with Notes by E. Maunde Thompson. Oxford, 1889.

THE history of mediæval warfare is a subject of great intrinsic interest, and ought to be specially attractive to Englishmen, seeing that one of the most important and instructive chapters is a record of English victories due to superior military insight. The overthrow of the ancient predominance of mailed horsemen on the battlefield, a predominance essential to the political influence of a feudal aristocracy, was achieved mainly by the English long-bow: and the long-bow was the weapon of plebeian yeomen fighting for the only country in Europe which in the Middle Ages can be said to have attained to an organic national existence, led by princes who, with all the instincts of chivalry, yet fully appreciated the value of a coherent nation. Nevertheless, it is only within the last year that any English writer has attempted a complete history of the art of war in the Middle Ages.

Mr. Oman began his literary career by writing a prize essay at Oxford on this very subject, far superior to the ordinary run of such compositions, but not professing to be more than a sketch. He has now fulfilled his early promise by publishing a long and elaborate volume, which is intended to be an instalment of a complete history of the art of war from the earliest times to the fall of Napoleon. Naturally enough he has begun with the period already best known to him, but the result is somewhat unfortunate. He has chosen as his starting-point the great defeat of the Roman legions at Adrianople A.D. 378, which broke up the legionary system, and was the first step towards the preponderance of mailed cavalry: in so doing he has to assume that his readers are familiar with the tactics of the legion, and with its developments, rather political than strictly military, during the period of the unbroken Roman Empire. From this starting-point he has found himself unable, even in a long volume, to reach the close of the Middle Ages; accordingly he leaves off most awkwardly at Navarrete, with the long-bow hardly at its zenith, and without mentioning the Swiss pikemen, who on their own field achieved successes roughly corresponding.

responding. If Mr. Oman had been content to begin this volume say with Charlemagne, when heavy cavalry was fully established as the main strength of European armies, he might have included in it the whole history of the long-bow, without exceeding reasonable limits, and might have really begun his next volume with gunpowder. Had he done so, however, he would have found some difficulty in dealing with the Byzantine army, which inherited much from ancient Rome, including the only theoretic study of the art of war to be found before the Renaissance. The moral is obvious, that the subject is one which does not lend itself to treatment by instalments.

Taking Mr. Oman's book, however, as it is, it is impossible not to compare it, on the whole very advantageously, with the works of two predecessors in the same field, M. Delpech and General Köhler, both of whom published about a dozen years ago. The former, who died soon after the appearance of his book, began simply as an antiquary to investigate the details of a few mediæval battles. Gradually, according to his own account, he convinced himself that he had before his eyes 'un système de guerre parfaitement rationnel.' Under the influence of this theory, he ascribes to the thirteenth century a highly elaborate system of warfare, with lines of battle *en ordre parallèle* and *en ordre perpendiculaire*, with *une tactique réfléchie* both for cavalry and infantry, which attained its highest development in France. He even goes so far as to speak of different schools of tactics, and of the arrangements made by the *état major français*. Practically all this is a mere cloud-castle: some of the principles thus enunciated exist in the nature of things, while some are the imaginings of M. Delpech. Every army will form for battle on as wide a front as the nature of the ground and other conditions will allow, for its first object must be to bring into play the fighting powers of every available man—everyone, that is, who is not needed for other purposes, such as a reserve. Again, cavalry cannot stand still to be attacked without losing most of their effective power; and infantry armed only with hand-weapons are helpless till they can come to close quarters. Surprises and ruses of various kinds may suggest themselves and be practised successfully once and again, but obviously they cannot be reduced to systems without ceasing to be ruses. No warfare that the world has ever seen, since men first emerged from mere savagery, has failed to exhibit some of these characteristics. It needed the simplicity of an antiquary, ignorant of the art of war beyond the limits of a very unlearned age, to suppose that these things suffice to constitute an elaborate system. And



it needed the blindest of patriotism to ascribe the most thorough and intelligent use of them to the French, who on the whole, despite the undoubted valour of the nobles, were the least successful of all mediæval peoples on the battlefield. M. Delpech's industry was great, and the mass of details which he accumulated may serve as useful material in more competent hands; but in order to bolster up his general view he has to make assumptions which are unreasonable in themselves, and which break down on application to cases of which the facts are known. His work serves chiefly as an example, unhappily always useful, of the disastrous effects of riding a theory to death.

General Köhler sets before himself the task of reproducing the art of war as understood and developed during the *Ritterzeit*, as he very appropriately names it. He lays down the principle that it is useless to study a military event unless the details can be adequately ascertained, that is to say, the theatre of war, the strength and armament of both sides, the movements leading up to a conflict, as well as the topography of the battlefield and the order of battle. Of course these requirements can be satisfied in respect to comparatively few mediæval battles, owing to the scantiness and lack of precision of the authorities. Accordingly General Köhler starts, not at the date when mailed horsemen were beginning to attain, or even had already attained, their preponderance, but virtually with the end of the twelfth century. The only exception he makes is in favour of Hastings, undoubtedly the most important battle during many centuries, and that which is described by the largest number of chroniclers; but his treatment of it is singularly unfortunate, and forms a blot upon a valuable work. He falls into the error which partially vitiates Professor Freeman's elaborate narrative in his 'History of the Norman Conquest,' that of assuming in every expression of the chroniclers on whom he relies a precision of meaning which could not possibly have existed; and his choice of authorities to rely on is not always judicious. Hence his account of the battle, especially of the numbers and organization of the English, and of their preparations for defence, is grotesquely incorrect; in fact, Hastings had better be ignored, and the book treated as beginning with the battle of Legnano. It is natural enough that a German should lay stress on battles and campaigns which concern his own country; and as he professes to work out the development of a particular phase in the art of war, rather than to write a complete military history of the period he deals with, he might naturally choose what suited his purpose best. But it is illustrative of

the immense range of the subject that Mr. Oman barely mentions the wars of the Emperor Frederic II., and entirely ignores those of the Teutonic knights in Prussia, which occupy between them nearly half of General Köhler's work. That General Köhler should have dealt with these wars less fully would perhaps have been a pity, but assuredly it is a worse defect that he should have entirely omitted English wars, with the unlucky exception of Hastings, before the epoch of Crecy. The historian of the *Ritterzeit* was surely bound to treat of Falkirk and Bannockburn, which show the beginning of tactics that were destined to overthrow the knights, while the campaign of Evesham will compare favourably for strategic skill with most mediæval campaigns.

Mr. Oman similarly gives more than is necessary to his own country, and is thus perhaps precluded from noticing matters which deserve at least some mention at his hands. Most of his account of English warfare between Hastings and Lewes might be spared to make room, not merely for the wars of Frederic II. in Italy, in which General Köhler declares himself able to find all the great permanent principles of strategy exemplified, but for other things which General Köhler equally ignores. Neither author mentions the Moors in Spain, and their wars with the Christian kingdoms; neither mentions the Mongols, whose hordes were checked by Frederic II. For width of research and thorough investigation of original authorities Mr. Oman excels even General Köhler, and his judgment is generally as sound as his powers of making a battle lifelike are remarkable. He has seen many battle-fields, and observed them with a discriminating eye; and, though here and there he has missed a point or slightly misdescribed through lack of personal knowledge of the topography, he has seldom or never completely misunderstood anything. His wide historical training and natural insight have made him an excellent interpreter of the mediæval chroniclers, often imperfectly informed, still more often vague. It is a pity that his text was not more carefully revised.

As has been remarked, Mr. Oman's volume covers no well-defined periods but concludes with the absurd misreading of the lesson of Crecy, which induced the French to throw away most of the battle-power of their knights by fighting on foot. General Köhler brings his work at any rate to a more satisfactory end. He stops short of the Hussite war, as the beginning of new methods; but he describes Sempach, the first great victory of the Swiss, and Nicopolis, perhaps the most blatant specimen of the reckless folly which marred the  
courage



courage of the knights, as well as Agincourt, the climax of the long-bow, thus telling something at least of all the elements which closed the *Ritterzeit*. He leaves out much which might well have been included, but, after all, any other termination would have been liable to similar criticism. The invention of gunpowder is the chief event which divides the mediæval from the modern period; but its introduction as an effective element into war was so gradual that no chronological point can be fixed, before which all can be deemed mediæval and all after it modern, with even reasonable propriety. Flodden may be called the last great victory of the English bow; Marignano was the last battle in which the Swiss pike played a leading part; but a century before these conflicts the siege of Harfleur was essentially of the modern type.

The English author brings out more clearly than the German the great lack of intelligence exhibited in mediæval warfare. The art of war was in fact suffering under the same eclipse as all other forms of learning. Strategy has been described, with more correctness than is usual in epigrammatic definitions, as common sense applied to war; but, without some knowledge of the subject-matter, common sense, even genius, has no materials to work on. Geographical information was so scanty and incorrect that a definite plan of campaign was scarcely possible. Adequate machinery for providing an army with supplies was beyond the powers of the mediæval world; if a few men here and there possessed the requisite forethought, they lacked the means to give more than very temporary effect to their ideas. Many enterprises failed or were abandoned through starvation or the fear of it; many more were never attempted which might have been feasible with better organisation. The steady discipline which had enabled Rome to conquer the world had vanished from Europe in the general destruction of material civilisation; brilliant personal courage and a strong personal tie between the chiefs and their followers were hardly adequate substitutes. As feudalism developed, still more as the ideas of chivalry gained a hold upon the noble and quasi-noble classes, the nominal head of an army grew less and less able to obtain obedience to his commands: the ignominious rout of Mansourah is only a specimen, though a striking one, of the gross insubordination possible to feudal armies.

Nevertheless Western Europe gradually developed a system deficient in many essential respects, but having a own. As Mr. Oman carefully points out, the system was short-lived though it proved to be, impressed

impressed a certain uniformity of system upon the regions included within it. It had restless and warlike enemies on all its frontiers, and its very extent rendered it absolutely necessary to depend mainly upon cavalry, who could move with reasonable speed to the point of danger. Charlemagne, in the conquering period of his reign, began building castles as a means of holding down his new subjects, and in the evil days which followed the break-up of the Carolingian Empire the practice received great extension. When Saracens in the Mediterranean, Magyars in Central Europe, Wends on the Baltic, and Northmen everywhere, were perpetually raiding and destroying, means of defence were forced upon the settled peoples which were substantially identical all over the Continent—castles and walled towns as a protection when the destroyers appeared, mailed horsemen as the only fighting force at once mobile and formidable. Both fitted in admirably with the growing feudalism, which, though not altogether military in its origin, was rendered acceptable, almost indispensable, by military necessities. Thus the Northmen in their piratical days contributed greatly, as enemies, to the elevation of that feudal aristocracy, of which, in their Franco-Norman stage, they were perhaps the noblest specimens.

Charlemagne's military legislation required, for all distant expeditions, the service of horsemen only, who were to carry with them provisions, tools, and in general a more complete equipment than European armies usually had for many centuries after the great Emperor's time. Foot soldiers appear only in the levies, practically *en masse*, for local defence. As time went on, and circumstances changed, the number of foot soldiers grew; but they were ill-armed, were of little value in action, and were treated by the knights—if one may use that word to include all who wore mail and rode horses—as of no account whatever. The invention of the crossbow, which came gradually into use in the latter half of the eleventh century,\* gave the opportunity for combining a fairly effective form of missile with the mailed horsemen, but there was little intelligent use of the opportunity. Wars and battles continued to be fought in a haphazard fashion, in which nothing like systematic method can be traced.

For some two hundred and fifty years after the death of Charles the Great, insular England, and Scandinavia, for

\* One authority says that William of Normandy had crossbowmen at Hastings, but apparently only a few mixed with the ordinary archers. Early in the twelfth century the cross-bow was still so far a novelty that a Council of the Church formally condemned its use.



military purposes almost equally insular, remained outside the European pale in military matters. From the latter issued the Northmen in their predatory days, and England had resisted them mainly with foot soldiers armed, like the pirates, with mail shirt and cap. When Scandinavia settled down into comparative peace, and England had enlisted in her population large masses of the Norse invaders, both countries retained the old Teutonic fighting organisation. Neither country was feudalised after the Frankish model; both relied not on horsemen, but on heavy infantry, armed largely with the axe, and supported, like the Continental cavalry, by lighter-armed foot soldiers of much less value. At Stamford Bridge Harold destroyed the Norwegian force after a desperate conflict between two hosts armed alike. Not many days later Harold's tactics were defeated by William of Normandy's skilful combination of archers with mailed horsemen.

Most readers who care about Hastings at all are probably weary of the subject; the vehement attack made on Professor Freeman's treatment of it, and the very acrimonious controversy which followed, are too fresh in their recollection. Otherwise one might be tempted to dwell at some length on a battle which had such momentous political consequences, which brought England, for military as well as for other purposes, into something like uniformity with the rest of Europe, and which furnished a military lesson that was entirely misread. Our three authors fail to throw any new light on the subject: General Köhler, as has been said, sadly misunderstood it; M. Delpech read into the authorities the inferences which his own theories required should be found there; and Mr. Oman, though judicious enough, is hardly at his best, from apparent lack of personal knowledge of the ground. As Mr. Oman says with perfect truth, 'the stationary tactics of the phalanx of axemen had failed decisively before William's combination'; the moral deduced by the contemporary world was not, however, the sound view that two arms, skilfully combined, can almost always beat one, but the entirely erroneous view that mailed horsemen were irresistible. It was more than two centuries before infantry alone faced mail-clad cavalry, and then the day was dawning which was to see the knights finally discomfited by a new combination.

The one marked exception to the prevailing ignorance and lack of intelligence in the dark ages was the Eastern Empire. Mr. Oman's account of the Byzantine military system is the best part of his book, clear, well arranged, including nothing unimportant. It will surprise the many readers whose notions  
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about the Eastern Empire are based, directly or indirectly, on Gibbon's caricature. It is not enough to say that for six centuries that Empire stood first in all departments of civilisation: during the greater part of the time it stood alone. Like the Empire of Augustus, of the Antonines, of Constantine, it was in principle despotic, and suffered from the evils inherent in that form of government; but it was a despotism tempered by an elaborate civil administration, and by a legal code excellent in itself and on the whole well worked. It was essentially unprogressive, and ultimately went to pieces because it could not adapt itself to new conditions; but, as the heir of ancient Rome, it possessed such advantages that it was long before its rigid conservatism was out of date. In military matters it had inherited, besides all the engines of war and methods of fortification known to antiquity, the habit of organisation and the traditions of discipline. The Roman legion had been crushed at Adrianople, and the Eastern Empire had reconstructed its army, with heavy cavalry as its mainstay. But it never dreamed of relying on these alone; it had also light cavalry and infantry, organised afresh on a territorial basis somewhat analogous to that of the undivided Empire in its later days. Nor did it disdain to learn from its enemies, and to imitate the troops which it had found formidable. Most important of all, it had inherited a system of tactics, carefully worked out on paper, and it adapted these deliberately to the various conditions of warfare. The 'Strategicon' of the Emperor Maurice, written at the end of the sixth century, and the 'Tactica' of Leo the Wise, composed about the year 900, are the most thorough treatises on the art of war written before modern days.

Thus organised, the Eastern Empire was usually content to stand on the defensive, for which its system was planned; that it was able to do so effectually against very diverse enemies, in spite of the occasional incompetence of generals and the negligence of Emperors, is good evidence of the intrinsic strength of the machine. In the middle of the tenth century began its period of advance, ultimately checked by the rise of the Seljuk Turks, and ending in serious disaster through the rashness of the Emperor Romanus IV. Mr. Oman rightly makes the great defeat of Manzikert the grave of the military power of the Eastern Empire; but it is worth remarking that this was not a case where new methods of war proved superior to the old. It was a battle like Blenheim or Jena, where the combatants were equipped much in the same manner, and where superior skill won a decisive victory: it was not a new departure



departure like Crecy, nor a conflict between dissimilar armaments like Adrianople or Hastings.

The separation between East and West in the dark ages was so complete as to prevent the nations of Western Europe from learning anything from Constantinople. Such intellectual life as was developed in the West, in military as in all other matters, was indigenous, except in so far as it was a survival from ancient Rome. It was not till the crusading movement began that the West came into contact with the new Rome. The Franks, as all Crusaders were styled in the East, were very unlikely to act harmoniously with the Byzantines, now somewhat recovered from the defeat of Manzikert. They were superior, man for man, in bodily strength and in the use of their weapons, and were therefore somewhat feared by the Greeks; while to their ruder apprehension the humanity of the Greeks seemed effeminacy, their forethought cowardice, their astuteness base treachery. The Crusaders were dangerous allies, and the Emperor Alexius was glad enough to recover Nicæa by their aid and then to see their backs. They went blundering on through Asia Minor, ignorant of geography, ill supplied with food by Alexius, and incapable of making proper arrangements for themselves. Thanks to splendid courage and endurance, inspired largely by religious zeal, thanks in a still greater degree to the faults and divisions of their enemies, they at length made their way to Jerusalem, and set up the exotic kingdom which lasted so long, and only so long, as the Saracens remained divided.

Mr. Oman deals with the Crusades almost as successfully as with the Eastern Empire. He indicates the peculiar difficulties with which the Crusaders had to contend, the novelty of their enemies' tactics, and the methods, more or less successful, by which they attempted to cope with them. His moral is that in the East, even more than in Europe, combination of arms was essential. The mailed knight could overthrow any Saracen opponent, but he was powerless to bring an enemy to close quarters against his will. The heavy horsemen could not overtake the lighter-armed Saracens mounted on horses of better breed; they could be surrounded and harassed to death by foes whom they could not touch. From the nature of the case they were likely to be outnumbered; unless they renounced their feudal prejudices, and accepted the assistance of infantry, who could stand firm while they rallied after a charge or a forced retreat, they were doomed to failure. It would be too much to say that the Crusaders never won a success without infantry, and never failed with a reasonable combination of  
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the two arms; but all their great victories were due to such combination, and all their great defeats either to neglect of it or to tactical mismanagement which rendered it unavailing.

The Crusades ought to have been a valuable school of war, but it does not appear that the experience gained in the East was turned to much profit on European battlefields. Castle-building, it is true, made progress, apparently owing to the knowledge acquired in the East of Byzantine methods of fortification, which were in their turn improved on in the West. But there is little sign of advance in tactical knowledge. Infantry often proved useful, as they had done before; mailed horsemen often fought alone, and once in a way won a victory, as at Muret, through their enemy's blundering or their own skill and dash. But there is hardly a trace, not only of M. Delpech's *tactique réfléchie*, but of any thought on the subject. Natural acuteness had its advantages then as ever, but it owed nothing to training, beyond that of the individual's previous experience in the field, for the means of profiting by the recorded experience of others did not exist. In these circumstances the performances of the few who showed capacity in war, of William the Conqueror or Richard Cœur de Lion, of Simon de Montfort or Edward the First, were more creditable to them than greater achievements by men who have in later ages studied the art of war. Still the general result was poor: the one soldierly quality universal in Western Europe was courage—the cheapest and commonest, though the most necessary of all; forethought in forming and judgment in executing a plan were usually conspicuous by their absence.

It is not uncommon for those whose knowledge of the Middle Ages is inexact to suppose, or at least to express themselves as if they supposed, that all the mail-clad horsemen were noble knights. As a matter of fact the noble class, even if that phrase be used widely, could not have supplied more than a fraction of the number. Politically speaking, the error is not serious; for though many of the wearers of mail were not noble, the humbly born among them considered themselves to have taken the first step towards nobility, and shared on the whole the prejudices of the high-born, including their contempt for the classes who furnished the ill-armed foot-soldiers, whom they could scatter like sheep on the battlefield. From the military point of view the matter is not quite so simple, and is rendered more complicated by the fact that the same thing was called by different names, and different things by the same name, in various countries and times. It would be hard to mal-



any statement about mediæval cavalry which would be universally true except that already made—that they were not all of noble birth. Originally the nobles, great and small, with their vassals armed and mounted, formed the cavalry force which the king could call out. Then the practice grew up of giving lighter horses and less complete armour to the personal retainers and others of lower rank. These served sometimes in separate bodies, sometimes intermixed with the heavy-armed nobles. Next, mercenary soldiers began to be hired, who ranked with the more lightly armed, and bore the same name of *servientes* or sergeants. Finally, the introduction of the formal order of knighthood led the way to further complications; for though the noble had a sort of claim to be dubbed knight some day, yet he could seldom obtain this without having seen war, and until he was knighted he remained, from the point of view of chivalry, inferior in rank perhaps to some of his own vassals. On the other hand, knighthood conferred on a man of humble birth—as might easily happen if he distinguished himself in the field—enrolled him at once among the noble. Thus in various ways the early distinctions tended to disappear, until practically all horsemen who wore mail were, for fighting purposes, ranked together.

It may be thought that these mailed horsemen were ill-fitted for the duties which in the modern world we associate with cavalry, especially for reconnoitring. Very little, however, was done in this way in the Middle Ages,\* and for such reconnoitring as was required the attendants of the nobles, who were usually mounted but not heavily armed, apparently sufficed. Sometimes an army consisted entirely of horsemen, but there was more commonly a proportion of foot soldiers, crossbowmen being the most important class. These were frequently numerous, and might be of great value in the field; but their services were systematically disparaged, partly through habit, partly through class pride, partly because they really were inferior in fighting strength. They might be useful as a support for the horsemen, but it was not deemed possible that they should stand alone, or even do much hurt to men clad from head to foot in iron; and the gradual introduction of plate armour, which began in the thirteenth century, tended to make this disparity greater than ever.

\* A notable illustration of this is afforded by the campaign of Poitiers. The French army moved to Poitiers across the Black Prince's line of march, ~~entirely~~ without a thought that he must be near at hand; and the Black Prince, equally ignorant of what the French were doing, till on the morning which he took up his position for battle he sent forward a few at the way.

The mailed horsemen were still the chief force in every army when the thirteenth century was near its end. Similarly in the political sphere the nobles were almost everywhere dominant. Though in England the centrifugal forces of feudalism had been checked by the crown and by the growing sense of nationality, even there the nobles were the only imaginable leaders for all military purposes; the civil war caused by Henry III.'s misgovernment is quite rightly termed the Barons' war. In France the feudal nobility may not unreasonably be said to have been the State, except so far as the astuteness of Philip Augustus and the virtues of St. Louis had begun to give real authority to the technical suzerainty of the crown; in the second and third decades of the fourteenth century they again and again disposed of the crown itself. In Germany royal power had virtually perished with the Hohenstaufen, and the higher nobility was, to all intents and purposes, sovereign. In Italy the cities had in many cases attempted to absorb the adjacent nobility into their corporate life, with the result that not a few had fallen under tyrants, while in others rival noble houses led the city factions. The Swiss league had not begun its political existence; the Flemish cities were hardly as yet emerging from subjection to their feudal lords. Scotland seemed politically to consist of two classes of nobles, the Anglo-Norman lords of the lowlands, and the chiefs of the wild Celtic clans. Never has the dictum that the class which possesses military strength will also have political power been better illustrated. It would, no doubt, be exaggeration to assert that the destruction of their supremacy in war was the sole cause of their gradual loss of political predominance. But it was the first cause in order of time, and perhaps the most effective; they were defeated on the battle-field by virtually new weapons in plebeian hands, and thenceforward the process of superseding them politically, for the benefit first of the kings, and ultimately of the peoples, went on apace.

The bow and the spear are weapons almost as old as the human race. The long spear had been the chief weapon of the heavy-armed infantry who formed the strength of Greek armies; but many centuries had passed since the Macedonian phalanx went down before the Roman legionaries with their *pila* and broadswords, and it cannot be imagined that Scot or Swiss, or even Fleming, had ever heard of it. Infantry had no doubt in the interval been armed more or less with spears, but infantry had ceased to be of much account. The lance was the recognised first weapon of mailed horsemen; it was a rediscovery of a lost device when the pike, the same long spear, but wielded by foot soldiers,



soldiers, in a different fashion, was once more made effective. The long-bow may not unfairly be called a new weapon; it surpassed the short bows of the ancient world much as the modern rifle surpasses the musket. In range, in accuracy of aim, in penetrative power, it was by far the most formidable missile weapon the world had ever seen; and practice enabled the English archer to excel, in rapidity of shooting, not only the contemporary crossbow, but all firearms before the introduction of breech-loading. The essential difference between the long-bow and the weapons which had been used before lay in the attitude of the archer. He held his bow perpendicular, and drew the string to his right ear; this gave him many advantages over his predecessors, who held the bow more or less horizontal and drew the string to their bodies. He could draw the string further, and could therefore use a longer bow and a longer arrow; he had more purchase, and could therefore use a stronger bow and obtain a longer range. Standing, as he did, half turned to the right with his left foot advanced,\* he was firm on his feet, and therefore could make a heavier pull and take a steadier aim. The English archer thus attained a power and skill which seem almost fabulous now-a-days, when archery has long been merely a pastime, and of late rather a declining one. The legends of Robin Hood do not exaggerate the range and accuracy of the long-bow, though that worthy himself lived too early to achieve the feats ascribed to him. When the ballads were composed, the authors very pardonably assumed that the conditions of archery with which they were familiar had prevailed a century or two before. And if ballad poetry be regarded as poor authority, more prosaic evidence is not wanting. A bow-shot was often used as a rough measure of distance, just as a stone's-throw is used now, and seems to have meant about four hundred yards.† A statute of Henry VIII., passed when archery was declining before fire-arms, forbids practising at any less distance than a furlong, which would certainly imply a maximum range, with

\* Froissart, in his well-known description of the archers at Crecy, says that they took one pace forward before beginning to shoot. They could have no motive for this; it is obvious that an observer who did not understand might easily so describe their movement into the proper position for shooting, on the signal being given.

† For instance, one of the authorities, describing the field of Agincourt, says that the woods to right and left of the English line were about three bow-shots apart. Unless the map in Sir James Ramsay's 'York and Lancaster,' which is based on careful investigations made on the spot, be entirely wrong, the distance was about 1150 yards.

sufficient elevation, of about double that distance.\* What the maximum range of the crossbow was it is difficult to determine, but it was certainly very far short of four hundred yards; and in rapidity it fell still further behind the long-bow. Without laying too much stress on the saying which has been often quoted, that an English archer was held of little account if he could not manage twelve shots a minute, one may safely calculate that he could shoot at least five times as fast as the crossbow man. Thus a new and potent factor in war was being silently evolved, which was destined to play the chief part in a great revolution, all the more unexpectedly because it was not, like gunpowder, a brand-new discovery, but a mere development of a method as old as mankind.

The name, even the nationality, of the genius who devised the true use of the bow is as little known as the inventor of the potter's wheel or the lever, but he assuredly influenced history very deeply. Mr. Oman gives reasons for thinking that the long-bow first came into use in South Wales; the reasons are slight enough, but in the absence of any evidence to the contrary they establish a fair presumption. At any rate it was somewhere within the dominions of Edward I., to whom is certainly due the first systematic and intelligent use of the long-bow in battle. Mr. Oman quotes the Assize of Arms of 1252 as 'a great landmark in the history of archery': it ordered that practically all citizens below the level of lance and mail should come to the host with bows and other arms. It does not appear, however, that these were anything but the short bows hitherto familiar, nor is there any evidence as to the circumstances which led to the issue of this Assize. Certainly the crossbow, which had been greatly favoured by Cœur de Lion, was the missile weapon of most account in the Barons' War; and it held its ground nearly to the end of the century, though *sagittarii* and *balistarii* are occasionally found intermingled.

By a singular coincidence the same battle exhibited for the first time the ability of pikemen properly organised to withstand mailed cavalry, and the power of the long-bow in combination with another arm to break up and destroy any defensive formation. At Falkirk, in 1298, Wallace, utterly outmatched in men-at-arms, drew up his infantry in circular masses, with spears projecting on all sides, and these *schiltrens*, to use the Scottish term, were able to withstand all the attacks

\* General Köhler (II. 360) attributes to the long-bow a maximum range of six hundred yards, but he does not cite any authority; nor is any evidence known to the present writer on which so high an estimate can be based.



of the English horsemen, till King Edward brought up his archers. Then the arrows made gaps in the serried array of the spearmen, the knights charged in, and all was over. Four years later the Flemings in a corresponding formation decisively repulsed the French mailed horsemen, injudiciously led and without archers to assist them. Later still the Swiss began their series of victories over the Hapsburgs, followed a century later by those over Charles of Burgundy. But though Wallace was defeated, while Courtrai and Sempach were victories for the pike, it is to Wallace that the credit belongs of having rediscovered its proper use, just as to Edward I. belongs the credit of first discerning the value of the long-bow.

Sixteen years after Falkirk Bannockburn emphasised afresh the value of the pike properly used. Robert Bruce's spearmen, in a well-chosen and carefully prepared position, repulsed the English mailed horsemen attacking on a front far too narrow for their numbers. Edward II., perhaps even more incompetent as a general than as a king, had placed his archers in the second line, where they were obviously useless; indeed, they were worse than useless, for in attempting to shoot over the heads of the charging horsemen they did more harm to their own side than to the enemy. A senseless panic converted into a disgraceful rout what need only have been a bloody repulse, and so perhaps caused the battle to be more vividly remembered. Politically it gave the Scots their independence; from the military point of view it was almost a disaster to them, for it left them with the abiding belief that the spear was all-powerful. They never cultivated the long-bow, or devised any tactics to meet it: a long series of defeats at English hands, mainly inflicted by the archers, began at Dupplin and culminated at Flodden.

In England, on the contrary, the lessons alike of Falkirk and of Bannockburn were thoroughly taken to heart; the archers, properly supported, won for England the astonishing series of victories which laid France prostrate at the feet of her insular neighbour, and broke for ever the supremacy of mailed horsemen on the field of battle, and with it the political system which the mailed horsemen represented. The first essay of the new tactics was made against the Scots. In 1332 Edward Balliol and the dispossessed Scottish nobles of the English party, trying to recover by arms their lost inheritance, totally defeated the Regent of Scotland by the skilful use of a very inferior force mainly English. In 1333 Edward III. won a similar battle at Halidon Hill against a Scottish army that attempted to raise the siege of Berwick. In 1346 the king, employing precisely similar

similar tactics, astonished all Europe by the great victory of Crecy. In all these cases the bulk of the English men-at-arms dismounted, and planted themselves solidly as pikemen to withstand attack, while the archers thrown forward on each flank poured a hail of arrows on the advancing enemy. At Dupplin the force was so small that the men-at-arms formed but one body; at Halidon Hill, as afterwards at Crecy, the English retained the normal three divisions (technically called 'battles') of a mediæval army, each of which had its archers on the wings. At Dupplin a small handful of men-at-arms remained on horseback, as a last reserve in case of need; at Crecy the whole of King Edward's division was in second line, though all the archers seem to have been in front. In these fights the victors were so seriously outnumbered that their sole chance of success lay in standing on the defensive and inducing the enemy to attack in face of the arrows. There is, however, one important difference between the Scottish and the French battles. In the former the assailants were on foot, employing for attack the essentially defensive pike tactics of Wallace and Bruce. In the latter the assailants were all the chivalry of France, horses and men alike mail-clad, accustomed to ride down foot soldiers almost with impunity. It is therefore Crecy which makes a new epoch in the art of war, and it is to Edward III. that the credit is mainly due.

The tactics of Crecy have never been understood till of late years. Historians in general have described the flight of arrows, so thick that it seemed to be snowing, and the Prince of Wales fighting in the front line; but they have not shown how the two things were connected. Indeed, it requires some knowledge of tactics, which the historian in general is not likely to possess, to perceive that there was any problem requiring solution. General Köhler fully realised that the essence of the matter lay in the combination of two arms, and that the dismounted horsemen supplied the solid rock against which the enemy were to dash themselves, while the archers made havoc in their ranks. He was, however, misled by Froissart's famous phrase—that the archers were formed *à manière d'une herce*\*—into representing them as forming the front line. If the General had ever seen Baker of Swinbrook's Chronicle, he would doubtless have perceived that it gave the true solution; but Sir E. Maunde Thompson's elaborate edition, which called attention to it

\* There are two words—*herse*, from *hirpe*, a harrow; and *herce*, from *ericus*, any kind of *chevaux de frise*. It is not certain which Froissart meant to use, nor is his authority infallible. Half-a-dozen explanations of Froissart's phrase may be given, but at any rate none is tenable which is at variance with the main facts of the battle.



afresh, had not appeared when General Köhler wrote. A soldier, however, might be expected to have seen that his theory of the battle, according to which the archer line, with Welsh pikemen supporting it, was ridden through by the French chivalry, is totally inconsistent with the known facts.\* Baker of Swinbrook, who was strictly contemporary, and whose chronicle contains more intelligent statements about tactics, especially those of the long-bow, than any half-dozen others, states expressly that the archers were placed not in front, but on the flanks, so that they might not be charged, but might shoot down the charging enemy from either side. There can no longer be any reasonable doubt that this is the true formation; the men-at-arms of the two foremost 'battles' were drawn up in a continuous line, with the archers thrown forward at an angle on each flank, their outer extremities resting, the right on the forest of Crecy, the left on Wadicourt, which seems to have been then imbedded in wood. The depth of the men-at-arms is given by General Köhler at ten, which he considers slight; Mr. Oman says six or eight; but the space to be covered was so great that these estimates, which have no authority but conjecture, are probably too high. With the ordinary lances of the period, the points of the fourth line would have barely projected beyond the front, and any greater depth would have been waste, at any rate for a stationary body; although the weight of the ranks behind might conceivably be useful to back up those in front. The formation of the archers is not stated; but they could not have used their bows effectually unless in somewhat open order. At a later date archers were organised in bodies of about three hundred, known by Froissart's name of *herse*: they stood in about eight ranks, with intervals between the men, while the whole length of front was not very different from what it would have been if the men had stood close together in a single rank. There is no evidence, except in Froissart's phrase, that they were so divided at Crecy, but the assumption may be hazarded that, whether formed into separate companies or not, they covered a considerable space of ground. There was a weak point in this formation—the possibility that the enemy should charge directly on the archers; but the blinding shower of arrows rendered this very difficult, as besides confusing the riders it

\* The English losses were accurately ascertained, and were extremely small, which could not possibly have been the case if the French had broken the archers. Moreover, the most conspicuous fact of the battle is that the hail of arrows was kept up continuously on the charging enemy, who came on fifteen or sixteen times successively; this could not have happened if the archers had been under the hoofs of the horses, or running away from them.

made the horses unmanageable from terror. Moreover, the class pride of the French nobles made them regard no enemies save their equals in rank and armament as worthy of their steel.

The victory at Crecy was overwhelming because of the disorderly nature of the attack and the reckless bravery with which the French chivalry repeated their hopeless charges; but the combination had proved itself effective against what were probably with justice regarded as the finest mailed horsemen in Europe. Subsequent victories were facilitated by the strange folly of the French in dismounting their men-at-arms for attack. At Poitiers the Black Prince, like his father at Crecy, was outnumbered several times over, but was able to take up a strong position,\* employing defensive tactics identical with those of his father in principle, though slightly modified by the peculiarities of the ground. Baker of Swinbrook tells us that the King of France was advised by a Douglas to dismount his men-at-arms, on the ground that the English had always done so since Bannockburn. As we have seen, this was true, but it was one of those unhappy half-truths which are more misleading than complete falsehoods. The English dismounted in every case because they were greatly outnumbered, and were therefore forced into a defensive attitude. The one thing impossible for cavalry is to stand still and repel an attack; therefore, and therefore only, it was necessary for the English to dismount. Had they been approximately equal in numbers to the enemy, they would have charged on horseback as they did at Falkirk, though with the enormous advantage of having the hostile ranks disordered by the arrows, just as a modern infantry attack is prepared for by artillery fire. King John, however, probably sharing the foolish class pride which would not realise that mere low-born archers could be dangerous, adopted the ill-omened advice, and thereby deprived his men-at-arms of about nine-tenths of their impetus for attack. His defeat was crushing, all the more so because the Black Prince, properly appreciating this fundamental principle, kept a small body of mailed horsemen in reserve for the moment when he could make a counter-attack. At Navarette the Black Prince formed his army substantially in the same way, though he was going to

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\* Both General Köhler and Mr. Oman follow the account of the Chandos Herald, who alone among the authorities says that the Black Prince was moving off, intending not to fight, but turned back to support his rear-guard, which was attacked before it could get away. Whether this view be correct or not, the Black Prince had originally taken up a position in which to fight, and changed his mind, if at all, at the last moment.



encounter his enemy in the open, both sides advancing till they met. The Spaniards were routed by the archers, to which they could make no reply, but there does not seem to have been any reason for the English fighting on foot. They succeeded this time not because they dismounted, but simply and solely because the archers overwhelmed the enemy.

Nearly sixty years elapsed after Poitiers before the French fought another pitched battle against the English. They had learned to dread the long-bow, but not to use it, and they never attempted to devise new tactics to encounter it. When the next trial came, they repeated the disastrous experiment of Poitiers with even more fatal results. There was some excuse for the French dismounting at Agincourt; they were between Henry V. and his goal, so that he must cut his way past or surrender. The Constable knew his advantage, and did not mean to attack Henry, though he had fivefold numbers; so he dismounted all his men-at-arms, formed them in three lines of great depth, and waited. But the resources of the long-bow were not exhausted: when Henry found that the French did not move, he advanced to within bowshot in line of battle as arranged to receive an attack, halted, and began to shoot. The arrows fell so thick among the French, whose crossbowmen were powerless at that range, that they had to choose between attacking and ignominiously giving way. Of course, the chivalry of France preferred the former alternative; and the accident of the ground being plough-land sodden with heavy rain deprived them of their last chance of success.

Naturally, if an English force was surprised before it could form, as at Patay, or tried to stand when its proper business was to push on, and thus allowed itself to be surrounded, as at Formigny, disaster was bound to follow. But never, where the long-bow was given a fair chance, did it fail of victory, usually facilitated by the tactics of the enemy. In the Wars of the Roses, where both sides were armed alike, the leaders knew so well the deadly effect of the arrow that they sought to close as quickly as possible. The long-bow during this epoch played a less important part, and mailed spearmen, on foot and on horseback, fought it out as in the thirteenth century. Mr. Oman seems to imply, though he does not positively affirm, that the French were right in dismounting to attack the archers. Enough has probably been said to show that this was to diminish, not to increase, their chances. There was but one effective answer to the clothyard arrow—to use the same missiles, or some other of superior power. The long-bow ceased to be master of the battle-field only when cannon were brought into action.

Space fails us to discuss another aspect of mediæval warfare, less interesting perhaps than the tactics of the battlefield, but of at least equal importance. Castle-building, as Mr. Oman justly observes, made steady progress during the eleventh and following centuries, just when tactics were at a standstill and strategy was scarcely dreamed of. Though stone buildings of adequate solidity were erected some time before the Crusades began, it was from the East that Europe learned the great improvements in design which enabled fortresses to defy all but the most persevering and skilful efforts. General Köhler apparently deems the art of fortification outside his subject; though he gives some account of a few sieges, they are treated rather as incidents of a campaign than from the engineer's point of view. Mr. Oman devotes separate chapters to this topic, very brief in proportion to the rest of his work, but satisfactory so far as they go. He might with advantage have said a little more about walled towns, as distinguished from castles, seeing how important some sieges of cities were and how marked was the contrast between the two classes of fortified places in respect of their political influence. In many respects, however, their effect was identical. As Mr. Oman points out, the number and strength of fortified places tended greatly to diminish the number of pitched battles, because the weaker party could generally take refuge behind walls. He might have gone further and imputed very largely to the same cause the lack of any progress in tactics. No stimulus towards the invention of new tactical devices is more potent, for obvious reasons, than the necessity imposed on the weaker side of compensating for its numerical inferiority by superior skill. But while fortifications were a secure defence, there was less call for such ingenuity in the field.

During the later Middle Ages, from the date at which stone castles began to be built until the improvement of cannon made it fairly easy to destroy them, the defence was stronger than the attack. Improvements in the plan and construction of fortifications succeeded one another, while the methods of attack advanced little on the devices of Roman antiquity. Unless the assailant had the means of continuing a siege until the resources of the defenders were exhausted and famine compelled surrender—a very uncommon thing with feudally organised armies—it was scarcely possible to take a castle or walled city well built and adequately manned. The art of war was still very far from the point at which it was perceived that fortresses might be neutralised by a detachment, while the army prosecuted a campaign in the open. Indeed, Turenne was the first general  
who



who showed that it was better to mask fortresses than to besiege them, in spite of the fact that in his age the capture of a fortress was a mere matter of time unless the siege were interrupted. In the Middle Ages, if the stronger side found its enemy sheltered behind walls, it could do little beyond plundering; all its time might be spent in fruitlessly besieging one or two places. This again tended to make campaigning less and less skilful; while on the other hand the building of castles was pressed on with all the more vigour, because of their immense value both in war, as a means of holding dangerous neighbours in check, and as enhancing the importance of their owners. The strongholds on the coast of Palestine enabled a semblance of Christian dominion to be maintained long after the territorial kingdom of Jerusalem had disappeared. The Norman castles in England helped to rivet the Norman yoke on the country; extended round the borders of Wales they cooped up the wild Welsh in their mountains. It was their strong walls which enabled the Italian, and to a less extent the Flemish, cities to maintain themselves against their feudal superiors. This was perhaps the chief military reason, though by no means the only cause, of the failure of the Emperors to establish effective dominion over Italy. But on the whole, everywhere except in Italy, the strength of castles worked in favour of feudalism. It was the defensive side, as the weight of mailed horsemen was the offensive side, of the predominance of the feudal nobles. The baron could defend his dependents behind his castle walls from the aggression of his neighbours, or oppress them, if he were of a tyrannical mould, in full security against attempts at vengeance; and if he was disinclined to discharge his duty towards the king, he could from the same shelter defy his feudal suzerain to coerce him. Of this advantage gunpowder alone could deprive him, and this was in fact the first result of its introduction into warfare. From the nature of the case, cannon for siege purposes were rendered effective long before gunpowder was of any real account on the battlefield. Mobility was of no consequence in a siege, rapidity of fire not essential. Thus the mediæval castle was at the mercy of the besieger who could bring cannon against it, almost as soon as the mediæval man-at-arms had found his match in the field. The work of destroying the preponderance of the nobility could go on simultaneously in both spheres.

On the political aspect of the art of war Mr. Oman has very little to say. His subject, even when strictly limited, is so extensive that, if he had allowed himself to expatiate on the mutual

mutual influence of the political institutions and the military developments of the Middle Ages, his volume would have become two. It is the charm of history as a study, but also the standing difficulty of the historian, that every branch of human activity, whether in progress or decline, has its influence on every other. It is the main business of the specialist to ascertain, describe, collate the facts in his own department, and he may well be excused if he abstains from interweaving them with the results attained in other departments. He may also fairly argue that to correlate the ascertained facts, be they military, economic, ecclesiastical, social, or literary, to weave a sound web out of all the diverse threads, is the business of the philosophical historian, not of the specialist. The two functions are rarely united in one man: it is probably best that they should be kept apart. A writer of either class is likely to waste his time and fall into error if he encroaches on the domain of the other. But the results attained by the specialist form an indispensable basis for the philosopher: if the specialist is inaccurate, or over-technical, the general historian suffers. Probably there is no department of history hitherto so unsatisfactorily treated as the military, because writers on it have not only neglected the historian's point of view, but have been too technical for civilians. It is at any rate satisfactory that when a new and better-instructed Gibbon arises, to give another comprehensive survey of the Middle Ages, he will have books like Mr. Oman's and General Köhler's to help him in grasping their military aspect.

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ART. IV.—1. *Sir Robert Peel: from his Private Papers.*

Edited for his Trustees by Charles Stuart Parker. With a chapter on his Life and Character by his grandson, the Hon. George Peel. Vols. II. and III. London, 1899.

2. *Pitt: some Chapters of his Life and Times.* By the Right Hon. Edward Gibson, Lord Ashbourne. London, 1898.

THE great names of English politics have been much less fruitful than those of English literature in intimate biography. No Boswells have arisen to commemorate the Johnsons of Westminster; and though the historian, at least of recent times, has certainly no reason to complain of the paucity of his materials, so far as these can be derived from the dead pages of correspondence and State papers, he is but seldom assisted in his attempt to recall the past by those vivid and obviously life-like portraits which, in the case of some few great Englishmen of letters, have stamped upon the public mind an indelible impression of their personalities. It cannot be said of either of the works whose titles appear at the head of this article that they do much to remove from English political biography the reproach of a lack of vivacity; but, nevertheless, each contributes substantially, though in very different degrees, to our knowledge of two of the most conspicuous among British statesmen.

It is, perhaps, scarcely fair to a work which has been, as its distinguished author avows, written and put together in the midst of other pursuits, to place Lord Ashbourne's purposely fragmentary book on Pitt beside the monumental collection of Sir Robert Peel's correspondence which has been edited with so much care and judgment by Mr. Parker, under the direction of Peel's trustees. We have done so deliberately, however, and for two reasons: first, because the careers of Pitt and Peel present, at many points, striking coincidences or contrasts; and secondly, because, different as they are in manner and matter, the two books have a similar purpose. Lord Ashbourne's volume has been written 'to show what manner of man Pitt was.' The Peel Papers are intended to do for the most eminent statesman of the first half of the nineteenth century what Lord Ashbourne would do for the most powerful Minister of the latter half of the eighteenth. There is this further similarity between the two books, that, starting with similar objects, they reach, in one respect, identical results. Each leaves the general estimate already formed of its subject unaltered and untarnished. Lord Ashbourne observes of Pitt that 'he has been dead nearly a century, and probably all parts of his life are now well known; but

but it is worthy of note that none of his letters and no incident in his life disclose anything to his discredit or tend to lower the high estimate of his objects; and no ground has been discovered to justify doubt as to the rectitude of his motives or the elevation of his character.' Now that the Peel Papers have been published, it is possible to apply this language almost word for word to the younger statesman. The voluminous records published by Mr. Parker contain nothing that does not redound to the honour of Sir Robert Peel or testify to the purity of his life and conduct. We can well believe in the sincerity of the impression made upon the editor of the Peel Papers by the perusal of the many thousands of Sir Robert Peel's letters which it has been his duty to read. That impression is, as Mr. Parker tells us, 'that Sir Robert Peel was more than a consummate man of business, more than a "greatest Member of Parliament," more than a great statesman: he was a great and good man.' Such a tribute will surprise no one who remembers the eulogy which the Great Captain paid to his eminent colleague and comrade in civil affairs. Fiercely as the motives and conduct of Peel were called in question in his lifetime, the personal honour and integrity of the statesman have never needed a champion since the touching tribute paid to Peel's character on the morrow of his death by the Duke of Wellington.

Although Lord Ashbourne's purpose has been limited to the illustration of some chapters in the 'Life' of Pitt, readers who have begun, as all readers of all books should do, with the preface, will hardly feel otherwise than disappointed at his comparatively scanty gleanings from the rich store of hitherto unpublished papers to which he has had access. His book is interesting; but it is not so interesting as the sources of his information lead the reader to expect. As he himself states, Lord Ashbourne has had the advantage of abundant new materials. The Bolton Papers, the Papers at Orwell Park, which were formerly in the possession of Bishop Tomline, now known as the Pretymann MSS., and the Pitt Family Papers, gathered together by the late Mr. Edward Stanhope, have been drawn upon for the first time, except in so far as the second of these collections was utilised by Bishop Tomline. Yet the results are meagre; and, though in certain respects Lord Ashbourne has amplified our knowledge of some important incidents in Pitt's public career, he does not add materially to our knowledge of his private life. Nor does his book do justice to those brighter and more lovable elements in Pitt's personal character which, according to the testimony of such intimate friends



friends as Wilberforce and Wellesley, were as conspicuous in the freedom of social intercourse as was the austere gravity of his demeanour upon all public occasions.

Of the chapters which illustrate Pitt's personal history, that to which most readers will turn first is the one headed 'Pitt's One Love Story,' in which what has long been deemed the mystery of the statesman's attachment to Miss Eleanor Eden is explained, so far as explanation is now possible, in Pitt's own letters. These letters, which have been preserved among the Pretyma MSS., were addressed by Pitt to Lord Auckland, the young lady's father, when, in January 1797, he arrived at the final resolve not to think further of marriage. We have said that the letters explain the mystery, but the phrase is scarcely a correct description of a correspondence which while partially solving one enigma presents another. The two letters to Lord Auckland prove, indeed, that neither Bishop Tomline nor Lord Stanhope, nor even so well informed an authority as Pitt's most recent biographer, Lord Rosebery, had very accurate knowledge of the circumstances under which this love affair was terminated. Lord Rosebery's account of the matter is that Pitt's debts made it impossible for him to contemplate marriage. But it is evident from these extraordinary letters that this was at any rate not the sole impediment; and it is manifest that the obstacle was one which, whatever its true nature, Lord Auckland was quite ready to waive. But even in these letters Pitt does not define the obstacles. He merely pronounces them—

'decisive and insurmountable.' 'It is impossible for me, and would be useless, to state them at large. The circumstances of every man's private and personal situation can often on various accounts be fully known and fairly judged by no one but himself, even where, as in the present case, others may be equally interested in the result. On the present occasion I have had too many temptations in the opposite scales to distrust my own decision.'

Plainly this language cannot refer to debts alone; for Pitt's debts were known to everybody in 1797, and he could have had no scruple in referring to them when writing intimately on so delicate a subject to so intimate a friend. Lord Ashbourne prudently abstains from speculation as to the real causes, thus obscurely hinted at, which led Pitt to surrender, in the very moment of avowing it, an attachment which was manifestly deep and sincere, and which would appear to have been reciprocated by the object of his affection. The most probable explanation of conduct so unusual is that Pitt believed his health to be failing. The decline of his physical vigour, never really

really robust, in 1797, has been noticed by most of Pitt's biographers; and Lord Rosebery, in speaking of a crisis in his health in 1798, which he considers accounts for much in the statesman's subsequent career, observes that 'it will be curious to watch if the archives of Pitt's contemporaries, as they yield their treasures, will gradually clear up a certain air of mystery that surrounds his health in this year.' If the surmise be well-grounded that apprehensions as to his health largely account for the voluntary surrender of the prospect of domestic happiness which seemed to lie before him, it seems at least equally probable that the decline to which Lord Rosebery refers was aggravated by the sacrifice he had made. But, whatever the secret truth may have been, it is little likely that it will ever now be known. Only in these letters did Pitt ever depart from the proud reticence that ordinarily marked him. In the second of them we can hear for the first and last time the beatings of his lonely heart. 'I can only say, but it is saying everything, that that consideration' (the fact, of which Lord Auckland had assured him, that his affection was returned by Miss Eden) 'now adds to my unavailing regret as much as under different circumstances it might have contributed to the glory and happiness of life.' But this was the only approach to emotion which the writer's self-restraint permitted. Thenceforward he put all thoughts of marriage resolutely aside. The language in which two years later he acknowledged Lord Auckland's announcement of Miss Eden's approaching marriage to Lord Buckinghamshire is of the most formal kind, and gives no clue to Pitt's feelings on the occasion. 'There could be no event interesting to any part of your family which would not be so to me, and certainly this is not the instance where I feel that sentiment the least.'

These letters, as we have said, and indeed the whole of the correspondence printed by Lord Ashbourne, are serious in tone. They suggest little of that playfulness described in the charming sketch of William Pitt which has been lately published in the 'Private Papers of William Wilberforce,' and strongly emphasised in a note on Pitt's character written by Lord Wellesley so long ago as 1836 for the purpose of an article in this 'Review,' and published as an addendum to our notice in that year of Wraxall's posthumous 'Memoirs.' To that estimate of Pitt's personal qualities, by one of his closest friends, we venture to recall the attention of students of Pitt's character and career.

Turning from the personal to the political aspect of Pitt's career, the episode which Lord Ashbourne's book does most to illuminate



illuminate is the viceroyalty of Lord Fitzwilliam. Perhaps no incident in Irish history has been the subject of more abundant or more vehement criticism; and after the lapse of a century the passions it engendered have lent warmth to the pen of so cool a commentator as Mr. Lecky. We feel bound to express our decided opinion that Lord Ashbourne's account of the Fitzwilliam controversy is not only the most complete with which we are acquainted, but that it is the most decisive condemnation of the Viceroy that has yet appeared. In his view of these transactions Lord Ashbourne coincides rather with Lord Rosebery—who censures Fitzwilliam's extraordinary disregard of arrangements definitely sanctioned and prescribed by the Cabinet with all the warmth natural to a Prime Minister jealous for the strict observance of Cabinet compacts—than with Mr. Lecky, who is inclined to hold Pitt responsible for most of the mischief. But the value of the chapter on Fitzwilliam is not confined to the clear statement it contains of the facts of the controversy, or to the writer's temperate but clearly expressed condemnation of Pitt's colleague. We are indebted to Lord Ashbourne for the publication, almost in full, of a document which, to our mind, leaves no room for further discussion on the subject. The Cabinet Memorandum drawn up in March 1795, and preserved among the Pelham Papers, has often been referred to by writers on this controversy, and several passages have been quoted from it by Mr. Lecky in his 'History.' But none of these passages is so powerful or so conclusive as the purport of the whole document, which, as printed by Lord Ashbourne, entirely destroys the case for Lord Fitzwilliam, and convicts the Viceroy not merely of weakness and indiscretion, but of actual bad faith. For it is certain, from its terms, that every one of those acts of his viceroyalty which led to Fitzwilliam's removal, and in regard to which he claimed to have been given complete liberty of action by his colleagues, had been expressly repudiated in advance by the Cabinet in conclave. We do not see how any attentive reader of this remarkable document can fail to be convinced by its perusal of the gross imprudence, not to say misconduct, of Lord Fitzwilliam in going behind and beyond his instructions; and Lord Ashbourne's publication of it has dealt a decisive and final blow at the myths which have gathered round this much vexed episode.

The lack of any sufficient contemporary account of Pitt is not, indeed, to be attributed to want of forethought on the part of his friends. It is due rather to the incompetence of those who, with the best intentions, undertook to raise  
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his monument; and perhaps there is no better evidence of the innate grandeur of the statesman than the splendour with which Pitt's character shines even through the misty veil with which the ineptitude of the worthy Bishop Tomline unconsciously obscured it. On the other hand, the delay in publishing the record of the career of Sir Robert Peel, which has at length been placed before the world, is primarily the result of the statesman's own wishes and directions as expressed in his will. No English statesman, so far as we can recollect, has ever exhibited a more anxious solicitude in regard to the verdict of posterity than Sir Robert Peel. But it was his disinterested resolve that, so long as the vindication of his own reputation could only be effected at the expense of others, it should not be vindicated at all. He enjoined upon his representatives 'so to exercise the discretion given to them that no honourable confidence shall be betrayed, no private feelings unnecessarily wounded, and no public interests injuriously affected'; and they have scrupulously obeyed the injunction. The delay which has occurred in the publication of these papers may have been longer than was necessary in order to give effect to the wishes of Sir Robert Peel. His contemporaries on the political stage have, with few exceptions, passed some time ago beyond the reach of praise or blame. But other causes, unforeseen and for the most part inevitable, have militated against a speedier satisfaction of natural curiosity; and, after all, delay has its advantages. As Lord Stanhope and Lord Cardwell, the original trustees under Sir Robert's will, observed in their preface to the 'Memoir on Catholic Emancipation,' the fame of a truly great statesman 'has everything to gain and nothing to lose by well-considered delay in the publication of his papers.' And if it be true that such delay may deprive some topics of their interest, it is on the other hand evident that it 'both induces and enables the reader to contemplate every question from a calm historic point of view.'

The critic would be churlish indeed who could refuse to acknowledge the tact, discretion, and skill with which Mr. Parker has discharged the duties of an editor. But we must confess we are not altogether satisfied that Mr. Parker has taken the best means to escape from the dilemma with which he was presented in editing those parts of the correspondence which relate to the subjects of Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, upon his part in which Peel has himself furnished such an ample *apologia* in his own 'Memoirs' on those questions. The course which Mr. Parker has preferred has been to reprint,  
along



along with the illustrations and evidences of Peel's policy which are now published for the first time, extracts from the 'Memoirs,' which are cited, he says, 'so far only as may suffice to keep the biographical interest unbroken.' We do not know how this method of Mr. Parker's will strike readers of his volumes who have not read the 'Memoirs'; but for ourselves, having carefully compared the two, we think not only that the statesman's own account of these memorable transactions is the more interesting narrative, but also that it throws more light upon the essential points than the somewhat disjointed story of Mr. Parker, notwithstanding that the latter is largely supplemented by the additional information which has now become available.

Admirable as is the light in which Peel is seen in these letters, pure as his motives appear, stainless as is his character, they afford no satisfactory answer to the questions formulated by every reader who attempts their perusal. Do they justify Peel's conduct with respect to Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Corn Laws? Do they establish his capacity as a creative statesman, as distinguished from a capable executive Minister? For this is the great and inevitable crux of Peel's career; and he was himself aware of it. No statesman has ever displayed so great an anxiety in regard to the judgment of posterity, or taken such deliberate precautions to ensure a favourable verdict. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*. The very fact that he thought it necessary to draw up the elaborate memoranda in which he sought to vindicate his action in relation to these two questions is the best possible proof of the statesman's own misgiving that his conduct required explanation. Yet neither his own formal *apologia* nor the indirect testimony of these letters can be held to demonstrate that Peel's conduct in regard to either question was conduct which can be completely excused, still less justified. It is indeed impossible to set up any defence of Peel in this matter which does not strike at the root of all political consistency, and lower still further the not too lofty standards of party fidelity.

For what had been Peel's position with respect to Emancipation? To the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities he had offered, from his entrance into Parliament, to use his own words, 'an unvarying and decided opposition.' And he had not merely concurred in opposition to Emancipation; he had taken the lead in opposing it. He was responsible for persistence in that opposition when, but for him, the party of resistance must have given up the struggle. In 1812, after the death of Mr. Perceval seemed to open the way to a more liberal

liberal policy on the Catholic question, Peel voted against Canning's resolution in favour of concession. In 1817 he went out of his way to develop the grounds on which he based his opposition, in a speech which made him the darling of the Tory party and elicited what Mr. Parker calls the 'benedictions' of the Protestants in Ireland. His speech on this occasion was said to have induced no less than thirteen members of the House of Commons to change their sentiments on the Catholic question, and is one of the few instances in which votes have been changed in Parliament as the direct result of a speech. In 1819 he professed his belief that even the limited form of Emancipation advocated by Grattan and Plunket would establish Roman Catholic ascendancy in Ireland. He offered the most decided opposition to Canning's proposal, in 1822, to admit Roman Catholic peers to sit and vote in the House of Lords. The notion of what was called concurrent endowment he had deemed 'a fearful experiment,' and he had strenuously resisted it as a qualified establishment of the Roman Catholic religion. So active and so prominent was he in the Protestant cause that, in 1825, in a letter addressed to him by George IV., he was styled by his Sovereign 'the King's Protestant Minister.' When in the same year the Catholic Relief Bill, drawn by O'Connell and supported by Canning, passed the House of Commons, Peel threatened resignation, even at the imminent risk of breaking up the Ministry. And it is to be remembered that he did all this with his eyes open. Peel's hostility to Catholic Emancipation was not the hostility of invincible ignorance or narrow prejudice. He knew Ireland as few of his colleagues knew it. For six years he had administered its government as Chief Secretary; for five more he had been responsible for the Irish policy of the Liverpool Cabinet as Home Secretary. Yet he was persistently blind to all the signs of the times. When the Louth election of 1826, in which Mr. Leslie Foster, the Protestant candidate, was left at the bottom of the poll, showed how the tide was rising which was so soon to bear O'Connell to victory, Peel refused to admit its significance, and continued to anticipate a great Protestant reaction. To crown all, he had expressly assigned his views on the Catholic question, and the misconstruction to which he would be subjected by serving in a 'Catholic' Cabinet, as his chief reason for declining to take office under Canning in 1827.

In his '*Memoir on Catholic Emancipation*,' Peel makes 'the full admission' that from the part he had uniformly taken on the Catholic question, from the confidence reposed in him on that account, from his position in the Government, and from his



his position in Parliament as Member for Oxford University, the Protestant interest had an especial claim upon his devotion. He goes on to observe that—

‘if the duty which that acknowledged claim imposed upon me were this—that in a crisis of extreme difficulty I should calmly contemplate and compare the dangers with which the Protestant interest was threatened from different quarters; that I should advise the course which I believed to be the least unsafe; that having advised and adopted I should resolutely adhere to it; that I should disregard every selfish consideration; that I should prefer obloquy and reproach to the aggravation of existing evils by concealing my real opinion and by maintaining the false show of personal consistency—if this were the duty imposed upon me, I fearlessly assert that it was most faithfully and scrupulously discharged.’

This is Peel’s way of stating the case. It is a skilful statement, and no doubt it is an honest statement, but it is not a statement of the question really involved. For the question is not so much one of Peel’s duty to his party as whether it is expedient or justifiable that a statesman should adopt, upon the compulsion, not of conviction but of adverse circumstances, a policy which he has spent his whole public life in opposing, and should himself become the instrument for giving effect to that policy.

To this question we can conceive no better answer than that which Peel himself supplied with indisputable cogency and in admirable terms when, in 1831, he was pressed by his friends to join the Duke of Wellington in forming a Government which should be based upon a policy of moderate reform. Peel’s position on that occasion is absolutely unexceptionable, and it so aptly expresses the incongruity of a situation like that which he himself occupied in 1829 and 1846, that it is almost incomprehensible how the expounder of such principles should have set them so completely at naught on two momentous occasions.

‘For me individually,’ he wrote to Croker in 1831, ‘to assume the responsibility of the consequences I have predicted as the inevitable result of such a Bill would be, in my opinion, personal degradation to myself. . . . I look beyond the exigency and the peril of the present moment, and I do believe that one of the greatest calamities that could befall the country would be the utter want of confidence in the declarations of public men which must follow the adoption of the Bill of Reform by me as a Minister of the Crown.’

Is it possible to imagine a more conclusive condemnation of the course adopted by Peel on the two most conspicuous occasions in his public career?

That

That Peel was animated in his action after the Clare election by an absolute conviction that Emancipation was inevitable and essential; that in adopting that conviction he was swayed by none but honourable motives and considerations; that the charges of pusillanimity, of want of moral courage, of having acted under the stimulus of an ignoble ambition, against which he protests in his exculpatory 'Memoirs,' had no sort of foundation—we entertain not the slightest doubt. His honour and integrity are beyond the reach of calumny, and his scrupulous conscientiousness is apparent in every page of his correspondence. But it seems to us impossible to admit the sufficiency of his plea of expediency, as against the weighty considerations the force of which he understood so well and stated so admirably in reference to Reform. The same remarks and the same principles are equally applicable to his Free Trade policy. There is indeed this difference in Peel's favour between the two cases, that on the Corn Law question he had honestly changed his opinions, while on Emancipation he retained them; but, on the other hand, his responsibilities to the Conservative party were heavier in 1846 than they had been in 1829. As the late Lord Derby remarked, 'you cannot do that kind of thing twice.' It is true that for many years Peel had held enlightened views on Free Trade. So far back as 1828 he had converted the Duke of Wellington to his sliding-scale. His advent to power in 1841 led to a second modification of the corn-duties in the same direction. Almost every subsequent year of his ministry saw concessions made to the growing force of opinion in favour of the removal of commercial restrictions—concessions which involved, as a logical consequence, the removal of the greatest restriction of all. But Peel had uniformly denied the logic of this consequence. While recognising the advantages of Free Trade in other respects, he had consistently maintained that peculiar considerations precluded the application of Free Trade principles to corn. He had argued in 1842 that—

'it is of the highest importance to the welfare of all classes in this country that the main sources of your supply of corn should be derived from domestic agriculture. You are entitled to place such a price on foreign corn as is equivalent to the special burdens borne by the agriculturist . . . I certainly do consider that it is for the interest of all classes that we should pay a small additional sum upon our own domestic produce, in order that we may thereby establish a security against those calamities that would ensue if we became altogether, or in a great part, dependent on foreign countries for our supply.'



In accordance with these views he had, during every session from 1841 to 1845, strenuously opposed Mr. Villiers' annual resolution in favour of the repeal of the Corn Laws, and down to the last moment had shown no sign of yielding on this all-important point. That he at length perceived not only the necessity but the desirability of the change, and that he had the courage to act up to his new convictions, indicates high qualities of intellect and character, but hardly the highest. Consistency may no doubt degenerate into dangerous obstinacy; inconsistency may mean intellectual development; but prolonged resistance to a great reform, terminating, without any change of conditions, in a complete somersault, while it may be capable of justification, cannot claim the highest meed of praise.

We have already hinted that the correspondence published in these volumes, copious as it is, does little either to alter the estimate in which Peel's statesmanship has been held for more than a generation, or to add in any really vital respects to the knowledge already available of the true history of the most memorable passages in his career. The correspondence and diaries of John Wilson Croker—for upwards of thirty years, and indeed through all but the last five years of Peel's life, his most intimate friend—had already thrown a flood of light upon the chief transactions of the statesman's career. Taken in connexion with Peel's own political memoirs, that correspondence has informed the world fully upon almost every particular connected with the great transactions of 1829 and 1846. The information necessary to a judgment upon Peel's 'transmigrations of spirit'—to use the expression of a statesman whose own career and whose political mutations present not a few points of resemblance to the conversions and disasters of his earliest chief—has been long before the public; and if anything had been lacking in those publications to complete the chain of knowledge therein contained, it had been already supplied in the still earlier work of Disraeli, which not only does full justice to Peel's extraordinary political capacity, but presents the politics of 1845 and 1846 with a wealth of intimate information which only an actor in the struggle could have supplied.

There was one lacuna in the knowledge heretofore available, which Mr. Parker has fortunately been in a condition to supply. The trustees, in publishing Peel's first 'Memoir on the Repeal of the Corn Laws,' omitted one remarkable series of documents which the author had included in it. When the 'Memoirs' first appeared, within seven years of Sir Robert's death, the events they referred to were too recent to permit the publication of the letters which, in the course of the Corn

Law struggle, had passed between the Queen and her Prime Minister. To have included them at that time, even had the royal permission for their publication been given, would have been a breach of Peel's own testamentary instruction to respect the susceptibilities of other actors in the controversy. These letters have now, by Her Majesty's express permission, been placed at the disposal of Peel's trustees; they are published in these volumes, and Mr. Parker is fully warranted in describing them as 'enhancing the dramatic and personal interest of the political contests described.' The purport of this portion of his correspondence is set forth fully enough in the Corn Law memoir; but the text of the Queen's letters is very honourable to the Minister, and proves that, whatever prejudices, if any, had arisen from the 'Bedchamber Plot' misunderstanding of 1839, or from those defects in Peel which were so tersely summarised by the Duke of Wellington in the laconic remark, 'I have no small-talk and Peel has no manners,' had long been lived down by 1846. The style and language of the Queen's letters are the echo of that absolute confidence which Peel's integrity, capacity for affairs, and unaffected devotion to the person of his Sovereign, had inspired in Her Majesty. A letter written after Peel's defeat on the Irish Bill expresses the Queen's 'deep concern at losing his [Peel's] services, which she regrets as much for the country as for herself and the Prince.' And on the occasion of his death the royal sorrow is thus expressed in a letter to King Leopold of Belgium:—

'The sorrow and grief at his death are most touching, and the country mourns over him as over a father. Everyone seems to have lost a personal friend. . . . Albert . . . has felt Sir Robert's loss dreadfully. He feels he has lost a second father.'

Mr. Parker in his preface justly lays stress upon the interest of a portion of the correspondence, which is, as he says—

'unique, as having been carried on for twenty years between the two Conservative chiefs, a great civilian and a great soldier, leading their party, the one in the popular, the other in the hereditary House of Parliament.'

The more important of the letters of the Duke of Wellington in relation to Catholic Emancipation and the Corn Laws have already appeared in Peel's own 'Memoirs'; but to these large additions have now been made, and their effect is, we think, not only to raise the credit of the great soldier as a practical politician, but to exhibit a character, to outward view somewhat stern and forbidding, in a very attractive light.



No two statesmen have ever at any period in the history of English politics been more essential to each other than were Peel and Wellington during the period from the death of Canning to the consolidation of Peel's power in 1841. Neither could stand without the other. The Duke had immense prestige, and, at the outset of their alliance, incomparably the higher position in political life. Peel, as Disraeli has noted in his 'Sybil,' though competent to be the rival, would have been content to be the successor of a statesman who, when he assumed the government in 1828, was the foremost man in Europe. But though supreme in the House of Lords, and fully equal to the administrative duties of the premiership, Wellington was a statesman of no very great sagacity. He took a strictly administrative view of his functions. The great question with him was, 'How is the King's government to be carried on?' If the King's government, that is to say the business of the State, was being carried on effectively, especially by Conservative Ministers, he desired no more. In his opinion, as he bluntly observed at the meeting of the Cabinet in December 1845, at which Peel announced his intention to carry the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the Corn Laws were 'a subordinate consideration' to the necessity of providing the Queen with an efficient Government.

But though, after the failure of his Ministry of 1828-30, the Duke of Wellington's native good sense told him that his dream—if we may conceive of the Duke as ever dreaming—of a civil authority equal to his military renown was one that could never be realised; though he recognised the leadership of Peel, and in 1834 insisted, in Peel's absence, on making him leader in spite of himself, the authority and countenance of the acknowledged chief of the high Tory party was throughout Peel's career as Premier essential to the stability of his administration. Nothing but the authority of the Duke could have coerced the King and converted the House of Lords to concede Catholic Emancipation in 1829. Nothing less than the support of the victor of Waterloo could have maintained the practical solidarity of the Cabinet in December 1845, in the face of Stanley's open defection and the avowed hesitation of such magnates as the Duke of Buccleuch. And it must ever be remembered that in the midst of that dramatic scene of defeat and defection, so picturesquely described by Disraeli, when 'the flower of that great party, which had been so proud to follow one who had been so proud to lead them,' passed in defile before the Minister to the hostile lobby, when 'all the men of metal and the large-acred squires' revolted from

their allegiance under the pressure of a resentment which was natural and inevitable, Sir Robert Peel was sustained under all the obloquy that proceeded from his disappointed and angry followers by the zealous co-operation of the greatest subject in Europe.

What we have already written has probably conveyed the impression, though it has not been stated in express words, that the interest of the Peel Papers is derived more from their matter than their manner, more from the importance of the events with which they are conversant than from any charm of style or grace of language; and no doubt this is the case. There is scarcely a letter in these volumes which does not bear an official character. Even the most intimate letters are formal in style and tone. It is always the Minister, seldom the man that speaks. The industry of the writer is amazing; the knowledge of detail that he displays is extraordinary; the good sense and prudence, lightened by adroitness, which are never wanting in the judgments expressed or the advice tendered, incessantly command our respect. But the letters, it must be owned, are a trifle tedious at times; the sustained level of mental and moral excellence is too much for ordinary mortals. We get tired of this Aristides. To this comment, which is indeed ungrateful enough, there are, however, some exceptions; of which the correspondence with Lord Hardinge must be classed as among the most interesting—exhibiting, as it does, in the language of Mr. Parker, ‘two devoted friends, soldier and civilian, separated by many thousand miles, each playing the chief part in a desperate but victorious contest, . . . yet each finding time to watch with warmest sympathy the other’s action, and to exchange assurances of mutual confidence and unalterable affection.’ It is but fair, however, to the reputation of another great soldier and servant of the Crown in India, to point out that some of Lord Hardinge’s letters on the Sikh war do less than justice to the great qualities of Lord Gough, of whom the Viceroy wrote, within six weeks of the victory of Sobraon, that ‘he is not the officer who ought to be entrusted with the conduct of the war in the Punjab.’ Happily this estimate was shown to be mistaken within six weeks of its being penned, by the victory of Sobraon; and instead of being superseded, as nearly happened, Gough received from Wellington congratulations which more than atoned for the temporary distrust of the Governor-General.

One of the pleasantest chapters in the two volumes is that which the editor has devoted to Peel’s exercise of the patronage of the Treasury in relation to Civil List pensions, and to the recommendations



recommendations to the favour of the Crown of persons distinguished in art or literature. In all his communications on such subjects Peel showed a becoming sense both of what was due to individuals and of the importance to the State of an adequate and properly controlled recognition of art and letters. It is evident that, engrossed as he was with public affairs, Peel spared no pains to inform himself as to the claims of struggling men of letters on the scanty bounty available for their assistance; and he was both considerate and just in distributing other marks of favour to the more prosperous members of the literary fraternity. The correspondence with Hallam on the offer of a baronetcy to the historian, and with Wordsworth in relation to the poet's pension, are honourable to all concerned, and not least so to the Minister. The letters from Tom Hood are pathetic. In the last of them, written within a few days of his death, the dying humorist concludes a mournful account of his physical state with the characteristic apology for his inability to render further service to letters: 'It is death that stops my pen, you see, and not a pension.'

The correspondence with Mr. Disraeli, published in the second volume of these papers, has attracted, as was to be expected, a large share of the inattentive attention of that class of critics whose instinct on seeing a new book is to look up the index for the most eminent men referred to in it and to reproduce those anecdotes connected with them which are either discreditable or ridiculous. The comment bestowed upon the letters seems to us very much out of proportion to their intrinsic importance; but they naturally and inevitably suggest some interesting questions respecting the mutual relations of two of the most eminent among the Prime Ministers of the Queen. That Mr. Disraeli, on the formation of Peel's last Ministry in 1841, made advances, at the instance of one of Peel's colleagues, which were tantamount, at the least, to a profession of readiness to join the new administration, is as plain from the correspondence as it was natural in the circumstances. It is equally plain that the younger statesman, when taunted with the fact by his senior in the hot conflicts of 1846, had forgotten the terms and circumstances of his negotiations with the Minister, which, indeed, were of a somewhat obscure and indefinite nature. Peel himself was proved, in the course of the same famous debates, to have forgotten some of the circumstances attending his own negotiations with Canning in 1827, and occupied two hours and a half in supplying a cumbersome explanation of a somewhat complex transaction.

What is very much more interesting than this episode is the evidence

evidence which Disraeli's writings afford at every point of the immense respect in which he held the Parliamentary abilities of Sir Robert Peel. The pages of 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil,' both published before the Corn Law controversies, and of the 'Life of Lord George Bentinck,' written after Peel's death, abound in references of which not one is unkindly, many are couched in the language of absolute panegyric, and all are conceived in the spirit of sympathetic and yet clear-sighted criticism. Everyone knows the dictum in the last-named work which pronounced Peel to be 'the greatest Member of Parliament that ever lived.' But not everyone is equally familiar with the whole of the seventeenth chapter in the 'Life of Lord George Bentinck,' which concludes with that celebrated eulogium. Yet we venture to think that it contains a summary of the qualities of Peel's character and statesmanship which the lapse of close on half a century has done little to alter, and which in many respects the most ardent votaries of Disraeli's great antagonist need not hesitate to adopt. It is a remarkable evidence at once of Peel's greatness and of Disraeli's power of gauging the qualities of men, that the most discriminating homage that has been paid to the talents of the author of the Repeal of the Corn Laws has been offered by Peel's most unsparing opponent in the controversy over that measure.

Peel's relations with Mr. Gladstone were far more intimate, and naturally more friendly, than those with Disraeli. But though the Prime Minister fully recognises the ability of his young colleague, his letters show distinct traces of that distrust, or at least absence of perfect confidence, which the over-subtle refinement of Gladstone's reasoning appears to have inspired in almost all his seniors in the early period of his political career. Peel and Gladstone parted company, for a time, over the Maynooth question in 1845; and the letters written by the younger to the elder statesman, which are printed in full by Mr. Parker, are very characteristic of their author's mental idiosyncrasies. Whatever Peel thought of them he manifestly did not understand them, though he continued to write conciliatory letters with the object of minimising the differences between himself and his brilliant young subordinate. In sending on one of Gladstone's letters to his principal adviser in the Ministry, Sir James Graham, Peel frankly confesses himself puzzled, as he might well be. 'I have this day received,' he wrote, 'the enclosed from Gladstone. I really have great difficulty in exactly comprehending what he means. The last part of the last sentence is to me an enigma.' No wonder: for here is the sentence which baffled Peel:—

'To



‘To this slight modification of my sentiments in the last spring and summer I will add nothing, because I believe you to be in pretty full possession of all I can tell; except to express the greatest readiness to explain myself further, in conversation or otherwise, if upon any point I have been defective, and a sincere desire, of which I trust you think I have given evidence, to shape my conduct in such a manner as may least interfere with your general arrangements; irrespectively, so far as may be, of objections on the score of any impediment, except such as I feel *ought* to be detrimental to my character.’

Perhaps no two intellects which have ever been applied to the pursuit of politics were more fundamentally dissimilar than Peel's and Gladstone's; so that the difficulty which the older man found in comprehending the younger is scarcely surprising. How far apart the two men were in their habits of thought and in their views and interests may be gathered from an anecdote related by Mr. George Peel. We are told that one morning at Drayton Sir Robert received a copy of Gladstone's famous book on ‘Church and State.’ He opened and glanced at the pages, and as he put it aside was heard to say: ‘That young man will miss a fine career if he writes such books as these.’

But, whatever Peel's opinion of Gladstone, there is plenty of evidence in these volumes of the sincere admiration with which the masculine good sense and paramount capacity of his chief inspired the younger statesman. Peel was eulogised by Gladstone in his old age as the greatest man he had ever known. If this were the proper place, it would be interesting to indulge in some reflections on the extent to which the example of Peel's changes of opinion and policy may have influenced his successor in his equally striking departures from the principles and declarations of his early career.

A feature of these memoirs which should not pass unnoticed—for it is one which redounds to the credit not only of Peel himself, but of those whose natural desire to vindicate the statesman's actions might well have been held to justify a tone of acerbity in reference to Peel's adversaries—is the studied absence of personalities of every sort. Mr. Parker rightly says that Peel's magnanimous silence in regard to his opponents is a trait of greatness. There are only two or three allusions to Disraeli, and of Canning, Russell, Cobden, or Stanley there is not an unkind word. It was the same, says Mr. Parker, in conversation. ‘I never,’ writes Viscount Cardwell, ‘heard him speak unkindly of his persecutors; and when I mentioned this to Lady Peel her reply was: “Yes, but you cannot know that he would never allow me to do so.”’ There is not, so far as we know, a  
single

single letter, speech, or action of Peel's which interrupts this stately reticence in regard to the attacks of living adversaries, while he was uniformly generous in his remembrance and acknowledgment of the greatness of his opponents. Everyone recollects his ready and cordial admission of Canning's prior claim to the chief honours of Catholic Emancipation. There is a letter printed in the Croker Papers, addressed by Peel to Lady Canning in 1835, in which, in a cordial and unsolicited offer to introduce young Lord Canning to public life by appointing him to a lordship of the Treasury, he says :—

'I should be proud to give him (Lord Canning) the means of acquiring the knowledge that might enable him to maintain the lustre of his name, and to have the opportunity of marking that attachment and admiration for his father which separation from him in public life has never abated.'

Attempts have been made, as the editor of the Peel Memoirs remarks, to point out in what Peel's chief strength lay ; and both Mr. Parker and Mr. George Peel endeavour to define the qualities which gave Sir Robert his conspicuous position in the roll of British statesmen. Unquestionably the editor is right in saying that 'his *forte* was action.' It is upon his qualities as a man of affairs that, in almost every judgment passed upon Peel as a statesman, the chief stress is laid. 'What posterity will acknowledge him to have been,' says Disraeli, 'is the greatest Member of Parliament that ever lived.' And although Mr. Gladstone described this eulogy as a left-handed compliment, his own eulogium is not essentially different: 'Peel was the best man of business who was ever Prime Minister of this country.' The same authority is elsewhere quoted as entertaining the opinion that Peel's Ministry of 1841–1846 was the most perfectly organised administrative machine through which Great Britain has ever been governed. The pages of these memoirs make it easy to understand that this was the case. In every letter there is evidence of that keen business intelligence which Peel derived from his mercantile ancestors and which, transferred from the warehouses of Lancashire to the offices of Whitehall and Downing Street, he applied incessantly to every detail of the business of the State. In this respect Peel was the most conspicuous example of a class of Prime Ministers which has latterly gone a good deal out of fashion. Nowadays the responsibilities of office, like everything else, tend to become specialised. The work of the great departments of the State has grown to such a degree as to make it no longer possible for a Premier to exercise over  
his



his colleagues the same degree of effective control which in earlier times, and before public business had grown to its present unmanageable dimensions, it was deemed the especial function of the Prime Minister to maintain. In Peel's time the old theory of the premiership was still unaltered, and Peel was himself its most efficient exponent. The extremely valuable and interesting letters which passed between Peel and his most active and capable colleague in his last Ministry, Sir James Graham, show the extent and thoroughness with which Peel applied himself to the control and supervision of the business of the State. It appears, however, that already in 1845 the growth of official business of every kind had reached a volume which even the matchless constitution, the unwearied diligence, and the conscientious determination of Peel found too heavy a task for a single brain. In an interesting letter to Arbuthnot, Wellington's confidential friend, elicited apparently by some complaint on the part of the Duke of the infrequency of Ministerial consultation upon matters of general policy, Peel observes upon the first symptoms of that over-curiosity and over-busy-ness of Parliament under the burthen of which his successors in the leadership of the House of Commons have of late been so much more sorely oppressed. 'The fact is,' he writes, 'that the state of public business while Parliament sits is becoming in many ways a matter of most serious concern,' and he goes on to give the following remarkable summary of the business of a Prime Minister as he understood and practised it:—

'I defy the Minister of this country to perform properly the duties of his office,—to read all that he ought to read, including the whole foreign correspondence; to keep up the constant communication with the Queen and the Prince; to see all whom he ought to see; to superintend the grant of honours and the disposal of civil and ecclesiastical patronage; to write with his own hand to every person of note who chooses to write to him; to be prepared for every debate, including the most trumpery concerns; to do all these indispensable things, and also sit in the House of Commons eight hours a day for one hundred and eighteen days.

'It is impossible for me not to feel that the duties are incompatible, and above all human strength,—at least, above mine. The worst of it is that the really important duties to the country—those out of the House of Commons—are apt to be neglected. I never mean to solve the difficulty in one way—namely, by going to the House of Lords. But it must be solved one way or another. The failure of the mind is the usual way, as we know from sad experience.'

Yet, impossible as this task sounds, and as he states it to be, Peel not only contrived to discharge it, but to discharge it with  
a degree

a degree of all-round efficiency which no other statesman has ever rivalled. What the qualities were which enabled him to do so have never been better stated than in the language employed after his death by his eminent adversary Disraeli:—

‘Nature had combined in Sir Robert Peel many admirable parts. In him a physical frame incapable of fatigue was united with an understanding equally vigorous and flexible. He was gifted with the faculty of method in the highest degree, and with great powers of application, which were sustained by a prodigious memory, while he could convey his acquisitions with clear and fluent elocution.’ He thus became ‘a transcendent administrator of public business, and a matchless master of debate in a popular assembly.’

The question which has been asked and answered in different ways over and over again since his death, is inevitably raised afresh by these volumes. Was Sir Robert Peel a statesman of the first class? Was he a great man? We do not know that there is anything in these volumes to alter the character of the answer to be given to this question, which must depend in any case on the definition of greatness. As was said at the commencement of this article, these volumes leave the reputation of Sir Robert Peel almost precisely where it was before they were published. They contain nothing detrimental to his fame, while they abound in what goes to sustain his credit. On the other hand, they contain nothing which raises the previously formed estimate of the nature of his intellect and its limitations. Peel was not a man of genius, though Mr. Parker would have us call him one, and in proof of the assertion cites the two notes of it which Peel possessed, ‘an infinite capacity for taking pains, and in his work habitual success.’ These may be notes of genius, but they are not conclusive proofs of its existence: there are too many instances of laborious industry far removed from genius, and of unquestionable genius not crowned by success. If we were asked to characterise in a word the dominant quality of Sir Robert Peel, we should designate a quality seldom associated with genius—efficiency. He did everything well that he tried to do. In the realm of action he made no mistakes, and could always be relied on to do whatever needed to be done. If the definition of a constitutional statesman as a man of common opinions and uncommon abilities is a sound one, then Peel was a statesman of the first rank. For he was supremely able, and his opinions were the opinions of the average man of his class and time. But the definition is applicable more to an executive Minister than to a statesman; for the latter term surely implies some gift of imagination, some endowment of



of creative power. On this side Peel was conspicuously deficient: he not only had no imagination, but he did not sympathise with it in others. He disliked Canning; he distrusted Palmerston; he never appreciated Disraeli; he misunderstood Gladstone. The minds with which he preferred to co-operate were the practical matter-of-fact minds of Wellington or Sir James Graham. In these three volumes of letters there is an abundance of the soundest sense, and not a single foolish observation; but there is scarcely a single original idea or pregnant saying. Peel's was probably the most serviceable intellect ever applied to English politics; but it was essentially a mechanical intellect. He understood the business rather than the art of statesmanship. No political correspondence with which we are acquainted is so closely conversant as Peel's with those immediate administrative duties which preoccupied his thoughts; none is so deficient in what may be called statesmanlike speculation. There is perhaps no better available evidence of the justice of these criticisms than that which the Tamworth Manifesto affords. The Tamworth Manifesto is perhaps the most formal, deliberate, and considered statement of his political principles which Peel ever penned or uttered. It professed to be, and was, a frank exposition of general principles and views made at a moment of signal interest, on the morrow of a great constitutional change to which its author had been persistently opposed. It is an extremely adroit statement and it is a thoroughly practical statement. It expresses with great accuracy the practical character of Peel's mind, which was ever ready to accept a *fait accompli*. But read in the cold atmosphere of to-day the Tamworth Manifesto is nothing more than an affirmation that the fact of having resisted the Reform Bill was no necessary bar to the acceptance of office after it had passed, and a statement that he and his followers were ready to accept the new constitutional order and to abstain from every attempt to upset it. But though the Tamworth Manifesto is thus a proof of the strong practical sagacity of Sir Robert Peel, it is a proof of nothing more than this. It contains not a single vivid or luminous phrase; it offers no evidence that its writer divined the problems of the future, or understood the new forces which reform had brought into play. It is the programme of an adroit party manager rather than the manifesto of a far-seeing statesman. The only phrase of Peel's which is still remembered—'Register, register, register'—has for sixty years, since it was first coined, been the watchword of all political parties; but it is the motto of an election agent rather than of a Minister.

Yet,

Yet, while it is true that the Tamworth Manifesto was 'an attempt to construct a party without principles,' and that the Conservatism of which Peel was the founder strove 'to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government,' it would be both stupid and ungrateful to ignore the value of the eminent service rendered to the constitution by a statesman who, in the hour of despair and apprehended revolution, was able to rally the forces of order and, arresting with a vigorous hand the paralysis which threatened to destroy party government, to demonstrate not merely the political capacity, but the indispensability of the classes which had appeared to be for ever ostracised by the passing of the Reform Act. These letters, like almost every memoir which relates to the period of the Reform Act, testify to the exaggerated apprehensions which were seriously entertained by critics of every sort, and of which the pessimism of John Wilson Croker, who refused to enter the reformed House of Commons, was the most signal example. The depression was not confined to the Tadpoles and Tapers, who could conjecture no means whereby to repair the ravages wrought in the Tory ranks by Schedule A and Schedule B. Serious politicians seriously anticipated, during the first weeks of the first session of the reformed House of Commons, an English version of the French National Convention. In Peel's own view, as expressed in 1833, 'the question was not, Can you turn out any Government? but, Can you keep in any Government and stave off confusion?' But he resolutely set himself to work to make the Reform Bill a success, and to falsify the predictions of himself and his friends by showing that the reformed House of Commons could be made to work very much after the model of the old House of Commons. He succeeded by dint of his practical gifts, by his knowledge of the forms of business, by his happy instinct for compromise, which made it easier for him than for other men to take advantage of the elements of agreement between himself and his opponents. It is the highest praise and the greatest service rendered by Sir Robert Peel, a service higher than either the gift of Catholic Emancipation or the Repeal of the Corn Laws—for both those measures must have passed without him had he not embraced them, as they would have passed in spite of him had he continued to oppose them—that by his good sense, moderation, and knowledge of affairs he was able to preserve the continuity of English political life and of constitutional practice amid the shock of a cataclysm which threatened to subvert both. Alone among the members of his party, alone, it  
may



may even be said, among the leaders on either side at that time, Peel saw that the strength of the House of Commons as an institution, and the force of its traditions, were stronger than the violence of the crude revolutionaries who were expected in 1833 to overturn the Constitution. It is to Peel that we owe the first and most signal illustration of that special characteristic of the British House of Commons which has done so much to give stability to our politics in the nineteenth century: its power of absorbing into its system the most anarchical and seemingly destructive elements, and of deriving fresh authority and vigour from the infusion of opinions and forces which, superficially considered, might seem irreconcilably inconsistent with the spirit of the English constitution. Far as we have travelled since the commencement of the century, widely as political opinions and even axioms of government have altered, the House of Commons of Pitt and Fox, of Peel and Russell, of Disraeli and Gladstone, is in its essentials unchanged. That this is so is due more to the influence and example of Sir Robert Peel than to any other single cause.

As we have already observed, the careers of the two great Ministers whose names we have linked together in this article inevitably suggest comparison and contrast; though it must always be difficult, having regard to the wide dissimilarity of the conditions under which they worked, to fix their relative positions in the roll of British statesmen. There is a certain unsatisfactoriness about the careers of both, which makes it impossible for any sympathetic student of the policy of either statesman not to wish that each had been favoured with a more lengthened span of life. How different had been the estimate of Pitt had he lived to wear the laurels with which Waterloo would have crowned him! How much of the interminable controversy which has raged round the morality of Peel's conduct in relation to the Corn Laws would have been silenced in his favour had he been spared to lead the Peelites in 1853, and to save the country, as his authority would have assuredly enabled him to do, from the blunders of the Crimean War! But to each came all too soon 'the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears'; and posterity must appraise their fame as they were, not as they might have been.

The career of Peel was in one respect, at least, more fortunate than that of Pitt. It followed the line of natural development in political progress. In antecedents, in training, and in habits of thought more conservative than the earlier statesman, and opposed from principle to that parliamentary reform which Pitt in his youth had on principle befriended, Peel followed a course

course which ran parallel, for the most part, with the river of progress. The Reform Act once passed, the most inveterate enemy of Reform became the chief of practical reformers. In Pitt, upon the other hand, the natural growth of principles more liberal, in the first instance, than those of Peel, was arrested by the iron necessities of the struggle for the national existence of Great Britain which he was obliged to wage for two-thirds of his career as a Minister. In a word, the bloody Revolution of France, provoking an inevitable reaction in every English mind, made a Tory of the Liberal in Pitt, while the bloodless revolution of 1832 in England made a Liberal of a Conservative Peel; and Peel became, almost without wishing it, what Pitt had wished to be. Peace, retrenchment, and reform, the practical objects of Pitt's early administration, became the unattainable ideals of his later life. In the wild night of revolution the Pole-star by which he would have steered was lost to view, and he had to guide the ship by the lurid beacons of war, which drew him ever further and further from his early course.

Peel's happier fortune led him from the din of battles, which had overwhelmed his predecessor, to those paths of peace for which the whole bent of his mind so eminently fitted him. Though the great Continental struggle was not yet over when he entered on political life, three-fourths of his parliamentary career and the whole period of his power as Premier were spent in a profound European peace, in which the problems which had occupied Pitt's early thoughts called aloud for settlement under conditions peculiarly favourable to the exercise of Peel's special qualities. By a bitter irony Pitt was obliged to offer in his maturity a steadfast and uncompromising resistance to the measures to which he had been attached, and to which, in other circumstances, he would willingly have continued to devote his splendid genius; while Peel was led to bring all the resources of his unequalled parliamentary talents to the task of persuading a hostile aristocracy and a reluctant party to the adoption of measures or to acquiescence in legislation which he had all his life opposed. Could there be a more convincing illustration of the iron coercion which environment exercises over the wills and wishes of the most powerful of statesmen?

If, with equal capacities for the business of administration and for the management of the House of Commons, Pitt and Peel may be held to have rivalled each other in the possession of those qualities which make a great domestic statesman, the attempt to press comparison further fails by reason of the inequality of their opportunities. To Pitt was denied what was  
granted



granted to Peel, the career for which each was best suited, the career of a great Peace Minister. The history of Pitt's administration untill 1793 suggests that, had he been free to devote himself to domestic politics, he would have been the greatest Peace Minister England has ever known. But there is nothing to guide our guess as to what would have become of Peel had he been called upon to face the vast complications of a European war. Pitt is best known as a War Minister, but it is easy to picture him as a Peace Minister. It is impossible to think of Peel divorced from the commercial statesmanship in which he excelled. We may feel fairly confident that under his superintendence such blunders as were committed in Quiberon Bay and in Holland would never have been permitted. But would Peel have foreseen the Peninsular War and its results? Would he have displayed in the midst of a world-wide conflagration that spirit, indomitable under every buffet of adverse fortune, that perennial serenity and hopefulness of temperament, which enabled Pitt through a long succession of years to meet the enemies of England in the gate, and to become the animating brain of Europe in the Homeric struggle against Napoleon? We cannot answer; for happily Peel was never tried as Pitt was tried. To foreign affairs he devoted almost less of his mind than did Pitt to domestic legislation after 1793; and his views of foreign policy are almost a blank. Thus, though we may contrast the fortunes, we can scarcely compare the capacity of the two statesmen. But it is perhaps no unjust conclusion to affirm that, if Peel was the abler Minister, Pitt was the greater man.

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- ART. V.—1. *Examples of Carved Oak Woodwork in the Houses and Furniture of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* By W. B. Sanders. London, 1883.
2. *Specimens of Antique Carved Furniture and Woodwork (English).* By A. Marshall. London, 1885.
3. *Examples of Old Furniture (English and Foreign).* By A. E. Chancellor. London, 1898.

THIS is a self-conscious and imitative age. We look to the past for inspiration, with too little regard for the special necessities and conditions of our own day. Let him who would find full and cogent proof of the truth of this proposition view the Law Courts in Fleet Street within and without. The accomplished architect, with infinite labour and zeal, brought together a congeries of beautiful ornament and detail wholly unfitted for London smoke and fog, and, having become as it were hypnotised by the spirit of mediævalism, persuaded himself and others that a building apparently intended for a monastery in a remote part of Spain satisfied the requirements of courts of justice in the middle of London. But whatever architectural failures may be due to a too slavish regard for precedent, the present taste for the furniture and woodwork of a bygone age is less open to adverse criticism. Our needs in this respect are not essentially different from those of our forefathers; and the old models are so good, while the furniture of the mahogany age of fifty years ago is so incurably and irredeemably bad, that we cannot go very far wrong in reverting to earlier and purer canons of taste. Hence there are few pursuits which have given more pleasure to their votaries than the search for and collection of specimens of old oak handicraft: few, it must be added, in which the wily dealer has put more pleasantries upon the confiding customer. For here supply is in no wise adequate to demand. Fire, worm, damp, neglect, decay, accident, have contributed to leave comparatively little of the garniture of an old English house. It was clear very early that the stock must be maintained from other sources. What those sources are we shall indicate presently more at length; it is enough to say now that the forger's activity has, to a certain extent, recoiled upon his own head. The general suspicion cast upon old oak has made the unlearned very shy about buying, and while distrusting their own judgment they have even less confidence in the vendor's assurances and recommendations.

It is remarkable how scanty and inadequate is the literature of the subject. Church furniture and fittings have received abundant



abundant attention, but domestic furniture seems to have been to a great extent neglected. Many excellent drawings have, it is true, been published, but the letter-press in almost all cases is meagre and inaccurate. Architects and others have given us plates which, while supplying admirable working drawings for designers, are accompanied by descriptions which illustrate only the shallowness of the writer's knowledge. For instance, in a volume published not many years ago, a drawing is given of a Jacobean acorn-legged table, which has been fantastically christened 'Chaucer's table.' The author proceeds gravely to discuss the question whether the table may not have been brought from Italy by the poet, who spent some considerable time in that country *about the period of the Renaissance!*

Old carved oak furniture such as the collector, not being a millionaire, is likely to pick up, may be referred to a fairly well-defined period. There is little to be found of a date before or after the seventeenth century. Specimens of real Elizabethan work were never, in later days, sufficiently common for many examples to have survived; and when, after the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, fashion changed, the old school of wood-carvers passed away, leaving successors whose efforts are but feeble and degenerate imitations of the work of the preceding century. The simplicity of primitive times was long preserved in the forms, and is still preserved in the names, of articles of domestic use. The cup-board on which the Saxon settler ranged his drinking-cups, the side-board on which he put aside the dishes and food not in immediate use, the trestle-supported board or table on which his meal was laid, attest the rude domestic economy of the day; and what was good enough for the early immigrant served with little modification for his successors, tillers of the soil, for many generations. Scattered here and there in the dwellings of the richer thanes or in the monasteries more elaborate work might no doubt be met with, richly ornamented furniture and fittings from Italy; but classical influence was too refined, too far above the necessities of such rude times, to be taken into account in examining the development of the household surroundings of the Anglo-Saxon earl or thane. Nor will that influence be found to play a greater part at a later period. Activity and invention during the Middle Ages ran almost exclusively in devotional or military channels. Where luxury existed it was forced to accommodate itself to ecclesiastical forms. When the wealthy baron wanted to furnish his castle with extraordinary splendour he had to apply to the architect, who transferred bodily, rather than translated, into wood the fine Gothic conceptions and designs which belonged

in truth to the structure and ornament of a church. Little genuine Gothic furniture remains to our days, but we can see plenty of examples in the illuminations of missals and other works. Allowing for stiffness and conventionality of drawing, we have abundant evidence that such adaptations must have been uncomfortable and unsuitable to the last degree; but the sacrifice of comfort to dignity and sumptuousness is readily made. Pugin designed some Gothic furniture for Windsor Castle, and the fidelity with which he adhered to ancient models made his failure to produce work either in good taste or adapted for its purpose only more complete.

Domestic convenience and luxury were all but unknown to the middle classes in England before the Tudor period. During the long peace which followed the Wars of the Roses, national wealth, which showed but slight increment in the preceding centuries, increased by leaps and bounds. The franklin, the well-to-do burgher, even the craftsman and the husbandman, began to look for elegance and comfort in the place of bare necessities. Art, which had been confined to the church and the castle, deigned to visit the hall and the homestead. A school of wood-carvers of considerable skill and ability had survived the troubled times of the fifteenth century; and although their work will not often bear comparison in respect of either taste or precision with the exquisite carvings executed a hundred years earlier, rood-screens and bench-ends in many churches and carved panelling in a few manor-houses prove that the handicraftsman's skill had survived the decadence of Gothic architecture. But when Gothic architecture was obsolete, and the men were dead who worked out Gothic conceptions in stone or wood, it became necessary to look abroad for what England could no longer supply. As Tudor times advanced and the last of the old workmen passed away, having taught their mystery to no successors, the shortcomings of native talent were supplied from Flanders and the Low Countries. When the tide of the Renaissance flowing from Italy was spreading itself over the plains of Western Europe, the simultaneous growth of trade and commerce was rapidly creating wealth; and wealth refused to be confined within the narrow limits, the restrictive trammels, of the past. Just as the revival of classical learning and literature called forth a band of scholars whose acumen and industry unlocked for them with little delay the gates of their new inheritance, so classic art found equal ability and devotion in the craftsman. The *cinquecento* period produced wood-carvers in Italy, France, and Flanders whose works are the pattern and despair of modern imitators. Communication



tion between England and the Low Countries had been constant and intimate during the Middle Ages, owing to the wool trade; and when a call for the new development of art arose in England, it was only natural that the response should come from Flanders. The finer woodwork, of sixteenth-century date, which fortunately is still to be admired in many historic mansions throughout the land, was almost all executed by Flemish workmen, many of whom had doubtless sought these shores as refugees escaping from religious persecution. The richly-carved panelling, the overmantel or screen decorated with grotesque figures executed with vivacity and precision, betray their foreign origin just as surely as the 'Flaunders kist' of the church inventories of an earlier age. Of course we are not to assume that native skill was altogether wanting. English workmen, at first no doubt under the direction of Flemish artificers, but afterwards without foreign assistance, produced much good work; but in the higher class of subjects, in the more correct anatomical representation of figures and the skilful rendering of foliage, English art cannot be said to have approached the Continental standard. How high that standard was, how well-nigh unapproachable, is perhaps best shown in the magnificent wood-carving of the organ loft in the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, executed in 1535.

The excellence of Elizabethan and Jacobean work fully maintained the tradition of former years. It is only after the Civil War that the decadence becomes marked. Although much fine work of Restoration date remains in many of our great churches, no fresh impetus stimulated and directed the development of domestic furniture. As the seventeenth century closed, each decade saw less and less originality of design, and a complete degeneracy in English carved oak marks the Hanoverian age. Any date subsequent to about 1700 on a cabinet or buffet is generally surrounded by work which proves how great was the fall from the height attained in past days. Each year saw greater poverty of conception, and ruder, shallower, and more perfunctory ornament; but the art, well-nigh defunct, received its death-blow from an unlooked-for quarter. In the year 1724, the master of a West Indian ship brought home some logs of wood called mahogany as ballast, and gave them to his brother, Dr. William Gibbons, a London physician of some repute, who was building a house. The carpenters declared that it was too hard for their tools, and refused to use it. Mahogany, as we know it, is more easily worked than oak; but it must be remembered that the early importations consisted of what is known as Spanish mahogany

from the island of St. Domingo, an extremely hard variety; and the use of English oak had then for some time been largely superseded by soft-grained woods. A candle-box was afterwards made of the new wood, which looked so well that a bureau was taken in hand. This attracted the admiration of the doctor's visitors, and, amongst them, of the Duchess of Buckingham, who ordered another of the same material. A supply being easily obtained, mahogany became the rage, and all who made any pretence to be in the fashion hastened to clear their houses of old oak furniture to make way for its more elegant rival. Thus many a costly chest, cabinet, or bedstead was degraded from the mansion to the cottage. People often wonder at the finely-carved oak still occasionally to be seen in humble dwellings, and draw therefrom unwarrantable conclusions as to the wealth and refinement of the English peasant in the past. The truth is, such things only came into his possession because no one else wanted them; and such appreciation as the modern possessor has of their beauties dates only from yesterday, when the urgent inquiries of collectors have given to the ignorant very exaggerated notions of the value of their treasures.

So English oak fell out of sight. Only the finer and more massive specimens were allowed to stand in the old hall or chamber, where perhaps they had originally been put together. As the century advanced French influence became more pronounced. In the early years of George the Third, Chippendale and his successors designed furniture of peculiar grace, and executed their conceptions with workmanship that has never been surpassed. Lovers of old oak, if any remained at that period, could not deny the excellence and convenience of the new fashion, surpassing the old in many essential respects; and it is only natural that the present revival of taste should have once more brought into prominence such admirable work. To what farther perfection the Chippendale and Sheraton styles might have attained it is profitless to inquire. The long war with France shut us out from the reception of fresh ideas from the Continent, and by fettering trade and swelling taxation closed the purses of citizens. A long winter of bad taste set in: a winter only broken by a tardy and uncertain spring in the middle of the present century. The awakening is even yet far from universal or thorough. The note was first sounded by the antiquary and the ecclesiologist, who pointed out the degradation which had overtaken our churches, and insisted upon the grace and fitness of mediæval models. The extension of their principles from the church to the house was easy and natural.



natural. When attention had once been called to the excellence of the old work, the inferiority of the new stood out in shocking prominence, and all who had artistic aspirations hastened to follow the better way.

Having sketched thus hastily the history of the development of old English furniture, we may now fill in, with a little more detail, the outlines which embrace the special period which has almost the only practical interest for the connoisseur of domestic carved oak. That period is, as we have said, the seventeenth century. We will examine the ordinary and extraordinary pieces of furniture which might have been seen in an English middle-class house of the time of James I., and during other Stewart reigns. It must be premised that all those which we are about to describe would hardly be found under any one roof, for the modern rage for stuffing our rooms with furniture and ornaments finds no precedent in the past.

In the first place, the walls of the living rooms and principal bedrooms in our typical house will probably be lined with small panels of plain oak, or wainscot, taking its name from the planks of thin wood originally used to form the sides of a waggon. If the dwelling date back to Tudor times, the panels may be carved with the linen-fold or some similar pattern; it is not likely that they will be elaborately inlaid. Such rare and beautiful work as the panelling once in the inlaid room at Sizergh Castle, Westmoreland, and recently removed to the South Kensington Museum, must have been executed by foreign hands, and would only be seen in the mansions of the noble and wealthy. Above the fireplace we observe that the plain panelling of the walls is relieved by an elaborately carved overmantel, composed of recessed arches, flanked by grotesque figures. Magnificent examples of such overmantels may be seen in Stokesay Castle, Shropshire. Framed and panelled doors had, not long before the period of which we are treating, superseded the massive doors of thick oak planks, iron-bound and studded with huge nails, of less secure days. In the hall stands the great table, the 'table dormant' of Chaucer's franklin. The boards and trestles of primitive times were doubtless still used wherever there was a recurring necessity to make a clear space; such tables were often fastened on one side to the wall with a hinge, so as to be turned back against the wall, as Shakespeare says:—

‘Come, musicians, play;  
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls;  
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up.’

(‘Romeo and Juliet,’ act I., sc. v.)

But

But permanent tables were not unknown in very early times, as, for instance, on the *daïs* of a baronial hall. At Penshurst there are large tables in the hall dating from the fourteenth century, and the long narrow tables in conventual refectories belonged to this class. The top of these large tables is commonly formed of a solid slab of oak two or three inches thick; the framework is carved with a foliated pattern of conventional design; and the legs, which in the Elizabethan and preceding period had been of comparatively slender proportions, were now assuming the distended and gouty form to which the name of *acorn-legs* has been applied. When the custom of taking meals in the hall fell into disuse, a table was required which could be adapted in size to the number of diners. This end was effected by a very simple contrivance. Underneath the surface of the table were two leaves occupying together the entire space; when these were drawn out from each end the surface sank to the level originally occupied by the leaves, and the available space was thus doubled. The leaves were supported by runners drawn out of the framework of the table. These '*drawing-tables*' afforded examples of soundness and solidity of construction, in which the flimsy telescopic dining-table of to-day so conspicuously fails. Specimens of smaller Elizabethan and Jacobean tables may be seen in the communion tables, very common in churches not many years ago; their form is entirely domestic, the early Puritans refusing to tolerate any specially ecclesiastical features. Alongside the wall we may observe a small hexagonal or octagonal table, with deep framework, arched and carved, having a leaf half the size of the top and supported in the same way as the flaps of an ordinary eight-legged table. These latter, to which the name of *gate-legged* has been given, are not common before Charles II.'s reign. In the earlier specimens, which are greatly prized by collectors, the leaves are each supported by four legs, often spirally turned, making, together with the four which carry the framework, twelve.

Chairs will be found of a variety of patterns. Near the fire is a massive arm-chair, with square back, boldly carved and surmounted by an undulating cornice having the initials of its first owner, and perhaps a date; but dates are only common towards the close of the century. The high-backed chairs, with a network of cane in the seats and backs, were introduced from France and Flanders. The finer examples were at first confined to the houses of the wealthy; but as the demand spread, and the execution became less elaborate, good specimens found their way into humbler homes, and by the time of William and Mary their use was very general. The dining-chairs, which began to  
supersede



supersede the humbler bench or stool about the reign of Charles I., are of the shape now known as Cromwellian. Square and solid, their seats and backs covered with pigskin, they may be met with here and there still doing good service after an uninterrupted use of two hundred and fifty years. The legs are tied together by rails, and in the more ancient chairs these rails are close to the ground, both for greater strength and in order that the sitter may, by keeping his feet on the front rail, avoid the damp rush-strewn floor. When floors were boarded and dry the latter necessity no longer existed, and the front rail was placed higher up. In the hall or in the entrance-lobby stands a settle, with straight back more or less elaborately carved, and perhaps with lockers below the seat. The bacon-settle of west-country farm-houses is a later variety. Here the back is carried up to a height of five or six feet, and forms a cupboard in which a gammon or hams might be kept near the fire. A peculiar form of settle, which belongs almost exclusively to western counties, is the table-chair, in which the back of the seat folds over, and, supported on the arms, forms a table; these were sometimes made in two or more divisions, so that the sitter may have a table at his side. This ingenious contrivance has been copied by the modern antique-furniture maker, and such articles humorously dubbed 'sedilia' or 'monks' benches.' Dinner-waggons are generally regarded as belonging to the mahogany age, but they were not unknown two hundred years ago, and were a development of the court-cupboard described below, the enclosed cupboard being omitted and its place supplied by a drawer under the middle shelf.

Up and down the house we shall see plenty of joint or joined stools, four-legged, and carved after the fashion of miniature tables. Little chairs and stools for children are occasionally met with. Good examples of the former, made after the model of the large square-backed chairs, may be seen at South Kensington. In one of the earliest London wills preserved in Somerset House, we find a curious bequest of these joint stools. Roger Elmesley, of London, a wax-chandler's servant, in 1434, bequeaths to his godchild Robert Sharp, 'a litil Joyned stolle for a child, and a nother Joyned stolle, large for to sitte on, whanne he cometh to mannes state.' The seats and backs of chairs and settles and the tops of stools were often stuffed, and covered with leather or pigskin; and from Charles I.'s reign we meet with low broad-seated chairs with claw legs, upholstered in the modern fashion, and covered with silk brocade or damask.

No articles of ancient domestic furniture are so common as oak chests, and every house above the rank of a cottage must have possessed several in the seventeenth century. We may assume that there are at least a dozen in the chambers and passages of our ideal house. It is not necessary to go very deeply into the history of these chests, arks, or coffers, as they are called in inventories and wills. Perhaps a lady's dress-trunk best recalls the earliest type—the wicker baskets covered with hides, used by the Anglo-Saxons. In later times these portable chests were made of wood and bound with iron, having rings through which poles might be inserted for carriage, and were called 'trussing-chests.' Wherever portability was not an object, heavy 'standard' chests, strengthened with massive bands of wrought iron, were used. The arched top of some of these, cut out of the solid trunk of a tree, reminds us of the origin of the modern name. In the finer chests—and it is hardly necessary to add that these belong to the earlier part of the seventeenth century—the mouldings are deeply cut, the panels are recessed, arches and pilasters in relief give incident and shadow to the surface, and the intervening spaces are sometimes occupied by figures carved after Flemish models. The surface of the panels is often beautifully inlaid with pear, holly, and bog oak. The initials of the first owner and a date carved on the rail under the lid give additional value and interest to some of these fine old specimens. Besides the larger chests we may notice several smaller coffers, ranging down to the so-called deed or muniment boxes, of which the lid is sometimes sloped to form a writing-desk.

We may allot at least four cabinets to our old manor-house. Several distinct types were common in different parts of the country, alike beautiful in design and excellent in workmanship. On no part of the plenishing of the house were greater taste and skill expended. The earliest form of cabinet, introduced from Flanders, consisted of a large cupboard surmounted by a smaller and shallower one, standing a few inches back from the lower portion, the projecting cornice being commonly supported by heavy turned pillars. The whole of the panelled front is often carved or inlaid with light or dark wood, ivory or mother-o'-pearl being also occasionally used, while grotesque figures flank the panels above and below. From this primitive type were developed several local varieties. In Wales and the border counties an upper story is added, somewhat after the fashion of the top of a kitchen-dresser, with shelves for dishes, and the whole is then known as a cupboard *tridarn*, or tripartite cupboard.

Court-cupboards



Court-cupboards are often mentioned in ancient inventories, and are referred to by Shakespeare:—

‘Away with the joint-stools,  
Remove the court-cupboard.’  
(‘Romeo and Juliet,’ act i., sc. v.)

These differed from the ordinary cabinets in the construction of the upper portion; the dimensions of this were shortened by splaying off the corners, the centre panel retaining its original position, while the side panels slope away towards the back. These court or short cupboards are sometimes open below and supported by large acorn-shaped pillars. A fine inlaid specimen was sold in the Hailstone collection for a hundred guineas, and a very handsome example may be seen in Warwick Castle. Corner cupboards hardly belong to this period. They are almost invariably plain and uncarved, dating from the eighteenth century. Carved specimens, though common enough in the art furnisher’s show-rooms, are extremely rare in the seventeenth century.

We will now ascend the broad oak staircase, admiring the massive carved newel posts, capped perhaps with the family badge in the form of a lion, griffin, or other heraldic monster, if the dignity of the house is high. An extremely fine staircase, and one of the least known, may be seen at Lordington, near Emsworth, now a farm-house. Another, more accessible and very well known, is at the Charterhouse in London, probably constructed when that building was the town house of the Duke of Norfolk. A third is at Cromwell House, Highgate, now a branch of the Hospital for Sick Children.

The draughty houses of our forefathers early necessitated some special protection for sleepers, and this was afforded, as we see in contemporary pictures and illuminated manuscripts, by an arrangement very similar to the modern Arabian or tent bedstead, the curtains being fastened to the ceiling of the room. When the advantage of having a bedstead which could be moved in any direction was recognized, the curtain rings were detached from the ceiling and fastened to an independent framework, which became the four-poster of our grandfathers. Inventories and wills of the sixteenth and following centuries contain frequent references to these ‘beddes of tymbre.’ In our old house we find one in each of the principal sleeping-rooms, but the most costly is reserved for the great guest-chamber. This is a splendid work of art, and eminently calculated to impress its occupier with the dignity of his surroundings. The head reproduces, with scarcely less elaboration of detail,

detail, the figures and carving of the overmantels downstairs. There is a narrow shelf for books, and upon pressing a spring in one of the panels a secret cupboard is revealed. The tester, carved and panelled, is surrounded by a cornice, inlaid with lighter wood, from which a crimson silk valance and curtains hang. The posts are deeply carved, and broken, about the level of the bed, into four or five small pilasters, a construction which has given such bedsteads the name of twelve- or fourteen-posters. In the earlier examples the posts stand detached from the foot-board and bed. One of such ponderous structures was the bed of Henry VIII., described as nearly eleven feet square, and of even larger dimensions was the Great Bed of Ware, to which Shakespeare refers in a well-known passage. Underneath the bed was often concealed a small couch for a servant, called a truckle or trundle bed, which could be drawn out at night. Thus we read of the trencher-chaplain sleeping

‘Upon the truckle-bed,  
While his young maister lieth o’er his head.’  
(Bishop Hall, ‘Toothless Satires.’)

and Hudibras is said to have

‘Roused the squire in truckle lolling.’ (‘Hudibras.’)

A cradle occupies a corner of the lady’s bedroom—an heirloom in which the scions of the house are rocked for many generations. It has high carved sides, the initials of its first occupant and a date at the back, and the pent-house-shaped head forms a protection against draughts. Wardrobes or livery cupboards are not very common. They were usually made with two large panelled doors, the upper part of which alone is in most cases carved, and it is seldom that such work is other than plain and shallow. The ornate *armoires* of the Middle Ages had given place to a simpler style in this respect. No special peculiarity marks the tables and chairs which sparsely furnish these upper chambers: the modern practice of introducing the luxuries of a sitting-room into a bedroom was unknown in the seventeenth century.

Descending to the offices and outhouses, we shall find little to detain us long. Here all is of the plainest and solidest. One or two small square cupboards, such as may sometimes be picked up nowadays in the eastern counties, may be partially carved and inlaid, and we may meet with one of those beautiful little spice cupboards peculiar to the same part of England. The ends of the kneading-trough may possibly be carved. In the still-room, besides the apparatus for distilling cordials, from which the name comes, stands a linen-press, somewhat resembling  
the



the presses now used by bookbinders, but this is probably a Flemish importation. We should search in vain for the finely carved oak and walnut with which such rooms abounded at a later period, when mahogany had squeezed them out of the parlour and hall.

The admirable construction of old English oak furniture is sufficiently attested by the examples which have withstood the wear and tear of so many years. Structural features, instead of being thrust out of sight, were made to contribute to the general effect. No strain was placed against the grain of the wood: this is the besetting sin of the Chippendale and later schools. Ties and bands were openly used wherever strength was specially needed, and the various members were securely brought together by mortise and tenon, and fastened by wooden pegs with very sparing use of the nail or glue-pot. The ornament is, as we have said, of Renaissance parentage: some of the patterns employed may even be traced back through Rome and Greece to an Egyptian origin; but the taste and skill of British workmen introduced many modifications of the types they had received from their Flemish instructors. Fruit, flowers, and leaves were copied from conventional designs. The vine is perhaps the commonest, but the sunflower, the tulip, the lily, the carnation, the marigold, all furnished inspiration. Men and animals were attempted with less success. A recent writer on the subject, in a fanciful passage which would gladden the heart of Mr. Ruskin, supposes that the village carpenter, in carving a chest, took for his model some wild flower growing by his workshop, and translated it into the highly conventional form which we now see. It is hardly necessary to declare that such an artistic feat is beyond the power of any untaught village carpenter, not a genius, in this or any other age. We may assume that books of patterns were passed from hand to hand, and each locality developed its own special peculiarities in design and composition. Perhaps the best work of all is found —us, from their nearness to the Continent, we should expect to find it—in the eastern counties. There the carving is often of such beauty and refinement that we hesitate to attribute it to native hands. Excellent examples are also seen in the fine timber houses of Cheshire and Lancashire, and many remain in Staffordshire; a special feature of all this district is the very frequent use of the vine and grapes in decoration. In Yorkshire and Derbyshire are many worthy specimens, but the execution is sometimes rough and the ornament coarse. The midland counties can boast of no particular excellence, and in London and places to which the magnetism of London extended, old  
carved

carved oak was long ago almost wholly swept away by the tide of fashion. In Kent little carved work is to be found, its place being taken by deeply recessed mouldings, and turned spindles or rails split and glued on the surface of furniture, of which the panels are often richly inlaid with ivory and mother-o'-pearl.

In Sussex and the southern counties generally carved oak is no longer abundant, but the Sussex incised work has gained some reputation. In Somerset, the coarse work found in Sedgemoor and other remote districts grows in refinement as we approach the borders of Devonshire, and even before the boundary is crossed we may meet with work rivalling the productions of the eastern counties. There must have been a school of wood-carvers in Devonshire in the earlier part of the seventeenth century of singular skill and artistic capacity, recalling by their mastery over their material their predecessors one hundred and fifty years earlier, who fashioned the rood-screens and bench-ends of the West.

It need hardly be said that these scattered relics of the past come nowhere near supplying the modern demand for old carved oak. But the astute manufacturer has proved himself fully equal to the occasion. From all quarters he levies contributions ; no material comes amiss to him :—

‘Jove’s oak, the warlike ash, veyn’d elm, the softer beech,  
Short hazell, maple plain, light aspe, the bending wych,  
Tough holly, and smooth birch, supply the *forger’s* turn.’

(Fuller.)

By far the larger part of the supply is obtained from the factories in Belgium. From the workshops of Malines and other places large quantities are constantly imported into this country. The oak used, less close-grained and softer than the English variety, is by the help of machinery and cheap labour readily covered with a mass of carving, copied mainly from old Flemish models. The result is effective enough in the eyes of the uninstructed, but an abomination to the connoisseur, by reason of spiritless and mechanical workmanship, faulty construction, and meretricious ornament. To add to his exasperation, the forms follow all the modern developments of furniture—even down to the umbrella-stand and the coal-box ; while the wood itself is an eyesore to those who compare it with good native oak.

A far less innocent source of the pseudo-antique springs from the destruction—the word is now generally recognised in this connexion as synonymous with ‘restoration’—of our ancient churches. What havoc has been wrought in mediæval wood-  
work



work let the sideboards and cabinets 'faked up' out of screens and bench-ends faintly tell. 'You see, sir,' as a dealer in such wares once explained to the writer, 'we get them out of the old churches when they restore them'! An insidious clause, common in the contracts made on such occasions, to the effect that all old materials are to become the property of the contractor, is responsible for much of the mischief. The old woodwork has to be temporarily removed; unsuspected decay and dilapidations are revealed; to repair and replace would be expensive. 'We kept one or two old bench-ends,' says the vicar afterwards, proudly showing his church to the stranger, 'but the rest were too far gone, and it was quite impossible to do anything with the rood-screen.' Meanwhile the furniture-vamper from the neighbouring town has taken sweet counsel with the builder; and while fifteenth-century cabinets and impossible buffets are being pushed forward in the purchaser's workshop, the 'restoration' committee are entertaining the bishop at the re-opening of the church, and bandying mutual congratulations on the 'conservative restoration' so happily effected. An antiquary had been examining a church in the West of England a few years ago, and, meeting the vicar in the churchyard, congratulated him upon the possession of some very finely carved bench-ends. The vicar, who disclaimed any special knowledge of such matters, replied: 'I always admired those bench-ends, and thought it would have been a pity to take them away.' 'Take them away!' cried the scandalised antiquary, 'why, who ever thought of such a thing?' 'Well,' said the vicar, 'when the church was restored *the architect wanted to clear them all off*'!

In default of the much-coveted church oak, supplies are largely drawn from farm-houses and cottages. Furniture which has been relegated to the yard or outhouse, doing duty as a corn-chest or rabbit-hutch, is altered, vamped up, carved, stained, and sold for a number of guineas exceeding that of the shillings paid to the late owner for his bargain. Descending a stage lower in the scale of shams, we find the stuff which is a fraud, lock, stock, and barrel, a forgery, more or less cunning, from ancient models, marked with a more or less plausible date. Worm-holes are artfully counterfeited; indeed we hear that the 'worm-eater,' as he is called, now takes his recognised place in the hierarchy of the antique-furniture trade. Holes made by screws are covered by rusty old nail-heads, acids are used to eat away the surface in places, or to give the required tone to the colouring, sharp edges of carving are rubbed down with a wire

wire brush, and made less prominent by the application of clay and other substances. Different devices are peculiar to different parts of the country; the practised eye can often detect the very district from which a forgery has emanated.

Nothing but experience will teach the amateur to avoid such pitfalls, but one or two warnings may be of service to him. Let him shun Wardour Street *in toto*. In purchasing let him consider, in the first place, the question of price. If a comparatively small sum be demanded for work which is, as the carvers say, very 'busy,' he may presume that it is genuine. The price would not pay the forger. Let him make particular inquiries as to the *provenance* of his contemplated purchase, and follow them up by independent investigation. Let him get, if possible, a written warranty from the vendor. It is, it must be confessed, highly improbable that a dealer will indulge him so far: that worthy's leanings are altogether on the side of oral recommendations and assurances. But the absence of such warranty was recently held to be fatal to the plaintiff's claim in a very gross case of misrepresentation.

The prudent amateur will subject his proposed purchase to a careful and patient scrutiny, to see whether it is harmonious in style and construction. The forger's ignorance of the history of ornament is often the cause of his unmasking. Unless his work is a slavish copy of an ancient model he is almost sure to be betrayed into some solecism. English and foreign forms will often be confused, and a date placed on work which belongs to another period. The marks of the tools employed should be examined; modern work can sometimes be distinguished from ancient by the different size of the indentations made by the punches on adjacent surfaces. Weight is sometimes a touchstone of genuineness: counterfeits are commonly made of some wood lighter than old English oak.

Thus, through many mistakes and failures, often disappointed, often victimised, the collector will slowly gather his experience, replacing piece by piece his modern possessions with genuine furniture of Jacobean, Cromwellian, or later date; not, it must be confessed, without the occasional sacrifice of some practical convenience, and the risk of incurring some unpopularity in his family circle. Let us hope that these will be outweighed by his satisfaction in contemplating, in these days of pretension and unreality, good material, treated in honest and workmanlike fashion.



- ART. VI.—1. *Provident Societies and Industrial Welfare*. By E. W. Brabrook, C.B., Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies. London, 1898.
2. The Publications of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, Limited. Dublin. And other Works.

THE history of the property of the working class is not a mere exercise in statistics: it is a study of economic laws which are fundamental to the very existence of civilised society. Sir Henry Maine has characterised civilisation as the gradual transference of a population from a condition of *status* to one of contract. *Status*, in its fullest conception, involves the customary or forced labour of the serf, and his exclusion from the benefit and responsibility of private ownership; to this is joined the plausible advantage derived from the promiscuity of possession inherent in the manorial and feudal ideal. Contract, on the other hand, implies that every man has a right of ownership in his own labour, in the fruits of his own labour, and a right of exchange. Fully understood, with all its corollaries, there is no more illuminating generalisation in the whole course of social-economic speculation. A study of working-class property, in the light of it, will be found both interesting and instructive. If its past history is traced step by step, such a train of causality is thrown into broad relief that even the empiricism of practical politics might find food therein for reflection.

In our definition of the working man's property we adopt the language of Adam Smith ('Wealth of Nations,' Book I., chap. x.):—

'The property which every man has in his own labour, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and most inviolable. The patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands; and to hinder him from employing this strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper, without injury to his neighbour, is a plain violation of this most sacred property.'

We need not dwell in any detail on the gradual emancipation of the labourer from a primitive condition of slavery and feudal servitude. The dissolution of the feudal system left society face to face with a population of emancipated serfs, masterless men who had surrendered or been deprived of the plausible advantages of their former *status*, and who had not yet acquired the necessary mobility of character and occupation to avail themselves

themselves of the new conditions of contract or exchange. Reactionary legislation, culminating in the celebrated Stat. 43 Elizabeth, cap. ii., restored to the poor man the plausible advantage of his former *status*. The gift took the shape of conferring on the labourer a statutory right of maintenance out of the poor rate. For nearly two centuries and a half the property which the poor man had in the poor rate weakened all his efforts towards industrial freedom, and finally, in that disastrous half-century 1780–1830, reduced him to a condition of parochial servitude. From this he was at last partially rescued by the drastic surgery of the new Poor Law of 1834.

The Royal Commission of Inquiry into the Poor Law, 1832–34, found the labouring classes of this country virtually imprisoned in the parishes in which they were settled. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that this relapse into serfdom was caused by the positive enactments of the law of settlement. The law which authorised overseers to remove poor persons from a parish where they had no settlement, before they became chargeable, was repealed in 1795, and there is conclusive evidence that it was never universally or even largely enforced. The influence which brought about the imprisonment of the labourer was the spurious right of property which the poor law conferred on him. Notwithstanding the urgent demand for labour in the new industries which from time to time arose throughout the country, the labourer (and we cannot blame him) continued to sit by the promiscuous flesh-pots of the poor law.

One of the most curious discoveries of the Royal Commission of 1834 was that the only members of the rural industrial population who had not been deprived of their self-respect and competence were precisely those persons who, by moving into parishes where they had no settlement, had thereby broken loose from the fatal heritage handed down to them in the poor law. These unfortunately were the exceptions. The point here to be noted is that the few who escaped the ruin so fatal to the value and character of labour were preserved by a certain heroic recklessness which led them to abjure any share in a fund put at their disposal in virtue of the fact that they belonged to the *status* of labourer.

The conditions under which the labouring man now contracts for the sale of his labour are, so far as the legislature is concerned, free. The restrictions imposed upon him by his own associations are in many cases, we believe, ill-advised, but we do not propose to discuss them here. Our purpose is to set out the general advantages which have accrued to labour by its transference from a condition of *status* to one of contract. Our notice



notice of the injury done to labour by self-imposed restrictions on its right of free contract can only be incidental, though the importance of this aspect of the subject would warrant specific and detailed consideration.

The increased value of labour is indicated by two separate facts: first, the increased wages for which it is exchanged, and second, the increased purchasing power of these wages. In illustration of these truths we select one or two quotations from recent works on the subject, which will enable us to make a generalisation as to the course of events; and then we must endeavour to disentangle the true sequence of cause and effect, and explain its relation to the theory which we are endeavouring to establish.

The bias of Mr. G. Shaw Lefevre would not naturally be in the direction of exaggerating the improved position of the wage-earner. His testimony is therefore valuable. In an interesting paper issued by the Gold Standard Defence League, he writes with regard to the wages of the agricultural labourer, the worst paid of all the great labouring classes, as follows:—

‘It is, however, absolutely certain that in agriculture, equally as in other industries of the country, in the twenty-four years which have elapsed since the alleged deficiency of gold commenced, there has been no general adjustment of the wages of labourers in proportion to and consequent upon the fall of prices from the year 1873. On the contrary, money wages generally have risen since the fall of prices began; and as the fall of prices has been greatest in articles of prime necessity, which form the main consumption of the working-classes—such as bread, sugar, tea, cheese, the inferior classes of beef and mutton, and cheap clothing and boots—it is certain that, when measured by what the labourers can get for their money, their real remuneration for their work has very considerably improved.’

Conflicting explanations and deductions are made by currency theorists with regard to these facts (i.e., a rise in wages and a fall in the price of commodities), but their general accuracy is not disputed. Whether a gold standard is a good thing or not, the price of labour has undoubtedly moved in an opposite direction to that of commodities. If bi-metallism would have given us higher prices for commodities, it would presumably have given us higher wages also, and the disparity between the two would have remained the same, though the standard of measurement would be expressed in different terms.

The following calculation with regard to agricultural wages and their purchasing power is quoted on the authority of Mr. Little. In his report to the Labour Commission he shows

that the average price for a sufficiency of flour, butter, cheese, tea, and sugar for a week's consumption of an adult male labourer was in—

	<i>d.</i>
1860-67 . . .	50·41
1868-75 . . .	48·4
1876-83 . . .	32·62
1884-91 . . .	31·52
1892-94 . . .	29·2

a reduction of more than 40 per cent. between 1860-67 and 1892-94. At the earlier period, the average wages of an agricultural labourer are put at 12*s.* 3*d.* a week, and at the later period at 13*s.* 5*d.*, exclusive of harvest wages. An average labourer's family, consisting of himself, his wife, and three children, is supposed to require the food of three adult males. In that case 12*s.* 3*d.*—the income of 1860-67—barely sufficed to provide such a family with bread, butter, tea, sugar, and cheese. The harvest wages provided for rent and clothing. In 1892-94, 7*s.* 6*d.* only were required to purchase the same necessities, and a weekly surplus of 6*s.* remained for other purposes, independently of the harvest wages.

In the 'Economic Journal' for December 1898 there is an elaborate 'Comparison of the Changes of Wages,' by Mr. A. L. Bowley, a well-known statistician. The following figures taken from this article refer to all trades and carry the comparison back to an earlier period:—

AVERAGE REAL AND NOMINAL WAGES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AS PERCENTAGES OF THOSE OF 1891.

—	1840.	1850.	1860.	1866.	1870.	1874.	1877.	1880.	1883.	1886.	1891.
Nominal .	61	61	73	81	83	97	94	89	92	90	100
Real. . .	43	55	53	57	62	68	72	73	81	94	100

It may be noted that real wages show less sign of retrogressive fluctuation than nominal wages. Mr. Bowley's general conclusion is that 'the average real wages of regularly employed workmen and women in France, the United States, and England had doubled in the half-century ending 1891, and increased by one half in a period of less than twenty years ending at the same date.'

In an essay entitled 'The Standard of Life,' Mrs. Bosanquet institutes some very interesting comparisons between some working-class



working-class budgets chronicled by Sir Frederic Eden in 1797 and those contained in a volume published by the Economic Club in 1896. At the end of last century a labourer with a wife and nine children represents himself and family as earning 25*l.* per annum. He spent 23*l.* 8*s.* on bread. To food alone he devoted 89 per cent. of a total expenditure of 30*l.* 14*s.* His expenditure on rent was 7 per cent. of the whole, and a very small margin was left for other expenses. In a similar family in 1896, the father earned 17*s.* a week. Of this sum only 48 per cent. was spent in food, 10 per cent. on rent, and 41 per cent. was left for other expenditure.

Sir Robert Giffen's calculations with regard to the half-century ending 1883 are familiar. Money wages have, in his opinion, risen some 50 to 100 per cent.; the hours of labour have been shortened 20 per cent. The only articles which have not fallen are rent and meat. To the labourer the price of meat was, during the first half of this century, a matter of indifference: he consumed none. With regard to the high price of house-room we shall presently give an explanation which will strengthen rather than weaken the hypothesis which we are now advancing. In 1883 the labouring class numbered thirteen millions, with an annual income of 41 $\frac{3}{4}$ *l.* per head; fifty years earlier they numbered nine millions, with an income of only 19*l.* per head. Estimates as to earnings of the labouring class previous to 1834, and even afterwards, must take into consideration that the English labourer did not then live on his wages. The greater part of the English peasantry were, to some extent, dependent on the poor law, or in other words were still retained in a condition of *status*. The advance which the above figures illustrate, though by no means so complete and far-reaching as could be wished, marks the difference between the free labourer, the owner of services for which civilised society is competing, and the parochial serf, imprisoned in the place of his settlement, receiving a pittance from his employer, restrained from going further afield to look for a better market, and dependent for the rest of his maintenance on the parish dole, obtainable most easily and profusely in proportion as he abjured all semblance of economic virtue.

The sixty years that have elapsed since 1834 are a short period in the life of a nation. In connexion with the rise of wages which the statisticians chronicle, we should note the following dates: 1834, the reform of the poor law; 1846, the most important legislative recognition of the virtue of free exchange; and 1865, the further emancipation of the labourer

by the substitution of Union for parochial settlement. Is it too much to hope that we have now entered on a new era of progress, and, what perhaps is of even more importance, that we are beginning to understand the automatic principle which, in spite of natural obstacles and human folly, is leading to a happier organisation?

Assuming, then, that commodities are cheaper, and that wages are higher, we have next to offer our explanation of the process by which these results are reached.

Labour, now that the imprisonment of settlement has been relaxed, is no longer a dead weight thrust upon an overstocked and confined market. By the assistance of steam power and machinery, also in virtue of its own greater mobility and adaptability, labour is ever leaving the badly paid trades, and distributing itself afresh in those which hold out a better prospect of reward. Thus, throughout modern industrial history, there has been a continuous migration of labour away from the poorly paid primitive toil of agriculture to the new industries created by modern enterprise. The result with regard to commodities has been greater efficiency of production, and greater cheapness. With regard to labour the result has been in an opposite direction. In the first place, the distribution above indicated relieves the congestion of an overstocked and falling market, and secondly, it carries the more adventurous and competent workman to other and more lucrative employments. Its general effect, therefore, has been to raise the wages of the rural labourer by moving the surplus population to the mine, the factory, and the shop, employments preferred by the labourer mainly, but not solely, because they are better remunerated.

This consideration points to a certain unification (if the term may be allowed) of the labour market. We are fast approaching the time when the different industries will compete actively for the available labour force of the country, more especially for the services of the young, the raw material, so to speak, which is yearly led to acquire the particular specialised aptitudes for which the market offers the highest reward. We have not yet reached this point, but it is distinctly within sight. The line of separation between the men who work machines in different trades is becoming more easily surmountable every day. Improved locomotion and the greater publicity now given to all wage-earning contracts enable the prudent parent to direct his children's efforts into profitable channels. Many masters are now running after the competent and disciplined labourer, and this, as Cobden long ago remarked,



remarked, is the one necessary condition precedent to a rise of wages.

It has been said that the principal financial discovery of the end of the nineteenth century has been the wealth-conferring power of the penny. The foregoing considerations explain this and indeed other new and notable economic phenomena. The larger earnings which the better distribution of labour involves, have already created an increased demand for the simpler products of industry. The best new market for British trade consists in the greater purchasing power of our own industrial population. Sir Robert Giffen, in his recent paper on the 'Excess of Imports over Exports,' has suggested that the steadily progressive character of our own home market is diverting some of our industrial enterprise from the foreign to the home trade. In other words our own artisans are better customers than the poorer industrial classes of other nations and the dervishes of the Soudan. This suggestion may throw some light upon another hypothesis much insisted on in these days—that of the superior knowledge possessed by the correspondents of the Foreign Office as to the best way of managing our foreign trade, and the ignorance of his own business imputed to the British trader himself. We have not much doubt that Sir Robert Giffen is right in the explanation which he offers of a paradox which we all instinctively know must be untrue. If, as appears possible, we are ceasing to supply certain foreign markets, it may be not because our traders are effete, but because, following the indications of the free market, they find other forms of enterprise more profitable; and one of these new channels of profitable trade is, we believe, the new home market fed by the more abundant pennies of the poor. This tendency of a free-trading nation to hold to the more profitable and to relinquish the less profitable industries, is exactly the course followed by the units of that nation under a free contractual system. There is probably no more striking instance of the advantage of this policy than the economic history of the Jew. The Anglo-Saxon is now adopting, under the protection of free institutions, the cosmopolitan adaptability which persecution has forced upon the Jew. Just as British enterprise seeks in all lands only those operations which are profitable, so the Jews pick and choose the trades which offer the best return, and it is from this remarkable freedom and mobility of character that they get their undoubted commercial efficiency. Their success is largely due to the fact that they were never  
cluded in the feudal and parochial imprisonment which we  
have

have described, nor reduced to impotency by the so-called benefits of Stat. 43 Elizabeth, cap. ii.

Before passing on, we may notice some of the causes which still restrain our industrial population within the influence of *status*, and prevent them from availing themselves of the benefits of contract.

An imperfect knowledge of the complicated forces which govern the value of his labour has often led the labourer, of his own free will, into a policy which seems suicidal to his own best interests. Of this character are the Trade-Union practice of endeavouring to make each trade a monopoly for its own privileged members; the limitation of apprenticeship which prevents the stream of labour from flowing into the better-remunerated trades; the restriction of output in the vain hope that high prices for commodities will involve high prices for labour; the 'demarcation' regulations which practically reduce certain trades to the rigidity of Eastern caste; and the many other plans for running counter to the distributing influence of the free market. By checking movement in the several parts the advance of the whole mass is arrested. This mistaken policy is based on the plausible advantage which seems to accrue to the individuals who are sheltered from competition by the action of their Union. This is seen. What is not seen is that such restrictions multiplied a thousandfold and compacted into a systematic policy freeze up the currents which otherwise would be busily at work adjusting the supply of labour to the most urgent and therefore the most profitable demand. Such a policy ignores the fact also that, by this artificial imprisonment of labour in the less skilled and less profitable pursuits, the expansion of the home market is contracted. The continuous growth of this market, due to the increased expenditure rendered possible by the conversion of unskilled and ill-paid labour into skilled and specialised and better-paid labour, in itself constitutes a guarantee that the demand for skilled labour will be constantly progressive and remunerative.

A second obstacle to progress is to be found in the attitude taken up by a certain section of working-class opinion with regard to the poor law. We have recently heard it announced by a would-be leader of working-class opinion that the workman is now master of the rates, and that he means to take what he wants from them. This view was supported by irrelevant allusions to the iniquity of ground rents and by the exploded economics of the Marxian school. The claim now made is not that the earnings of the workman should be supplemented by  
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the rates during the period of able-bodied life, but rather that the personal responsibility of the workman shall be confined to that period. Old age, sickness, the care of widows and children, are things for which the State must make provision. Where formerly we looked to the feudal community, to the parish, and in more modern times to the Union, we are now urged to look to the State. The fallacy is Protean in its variety. 'New presbyter is but old priest writ large.' The old condition of *status* dies hard.

We do not question the power of the working class to enlarge the statutory endowments provided for poverty; we question the wisdom of such a policy. The common property of the poor rate must, of course, be appropriated before it can be used; and ownership rests in the individual pauper who has made successful application to the board of guardians and established his right to be considered incapable of maintaining himself. This is his title-deed. Is it desirable, in the interests of society at large, that the sick, the old, the widow and the orphan should be indiscriminately maintained in virtue of such a title? Mr. Charles Booth, who is not to be suspected of what Bentham used to call 'Electioneering and Bubbles,' has, by we know not what process of reasoning, selected the case of the aged for special treatment, and, admitting the unsatisfactory character of a title based on poverty, has proposed a universal pension of five shillings to rich and poor alike on attaining the age of sixty-five. Practical politicians have, with considerable unanimity, assumed that this proposal is too academic for serious discussion. Moreover, if this mode of treatment is suitable for old age, it is equally applicable to the other kinds of disability above mentioned, though this is a conclusion from which Mr. Booth himself would probably shrink.

For ourselves we are convinced that to make poverty a title to draw maintenance from a common fund is a practice which, though possibly necessary as a safety valve, and comparatively harmless under a carefully regulated poor law, can never be satisfactory to those who contribute or to those who receive the fund. Nor does Mr. Booth's proposal, liable as it is to be indefinitely extended by disciples more logical than their master, seem to us to supply an adequate substitute for those recognised forms of property which have been found convenient for the uses of civilised society.

This contrast between private and common property brings us to the second part of our subject, namely, the savings of the working classes. We have hitherto considered only the value of labour, the origin and foundation of all other property, and

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we have suggested—the subject is too great for more than suggestion—that freedom of contract has been for the labourer the condition of emancipation and progress. We have now to consider the teaching of the contractual system as applied to those periods of life when wages can no longer be earned. We have noted the reactionary advice given occasionally by labour leaders and by a certain class of politician. Ignorance and lower interests may long delay the recognition of the true principles of progress, but we are sufficiently optimist to believe that such delay will not be permanent.

Following the instincts of human nature, the example of other classes, and the obvious teaching of experience—that man is a tool-using animal, and that without tools or capital he must become destitute when the days of his strength are past—labourers, or at least a section of them, have begun to accumulate wealth. The poor-rate and the vague promises held out by Socialist politicians, that they are about to invent some new form of property which shall be common for those whose days of labour are interrupted or concluded, are not considered adequate and satisfactory by the working class.

Mr. Brabrook, the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, has lately published in popular form the experience of his office. He has cognisance, there, of some *three hundred millions* of property which has been put under his jurisdiction, because, for the most part, it is the property of the working class. In dilating on the beneficence of a wider distribution of property, as opposed to the plausible advantages involved in archaic survivals of *status* such as the poor law, or in the new Utopias of Socialism, we are urging, therefore, a practicable policy which is already going forward.

Before passing on to notice the component parts of this large sum, it is worth while to notice how even in detail there is the same rivalry ever present between the old order and the new. If space permitted, conclusive proof could be adduced to show that the advance of the Friendly Society movement has been, at every step, silently and tenaciously opposed by the tradition of pauperism. Such proof may be epigrammatically summed up in the oft-quoted remark, 'The poor-rate is a club where it is all taking out and no putting in.' Its competition therefore has been most formidable to institutions from which actuarial science was demanding adequate (i.e., increased) premiums to cover the risks insured, and this of course from a membership whose ability to pay was all too limited. Even at the present day insolvent and inadequate clubs drag on an injurious existence mainly because they are subsidised by a mischievous distribution of poor-law allowances.

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With a strange obliviousness of the history of the Friendly Society spirit (which, as we shall presently show, is something wider than the mere institution), offers to assist Friendly Societies by doles out of public taxation have become part of the electioneering stock-in-trade of the common politician. These institutions—so runs this marvel of argument—have saved many from pauperism; special facilities should therefore be given to Friendly Society members to become paupers on more favourable terms than their neighbours, and to share in a public fund contributed for their special benefit by the community at large. The public reward decreed for their efforts very strangely takes the form of condemning them to that dependence which it has been their object to avoid. The following comment is made on another aspect of this proposition by Mr. Brabrook:—

‘The Friendly Society has done so much for its members, and contributed so largely to industrial welfare by increasing their self-respect and independence,—it has been so powerful an instrument of foresight and economy, and has led so many men to positions of influence and of dignity,—that it has strong and genuine claims upon the community, whose interests it has largely promoted. It is precisely for that reason that we do not wish to see urged on its behalf a claim that cannot be substantiated, and that from our point of view implies a disparagement of the member of a Friendly Society that he does not deserve; for there is no evidence whatever that the class of men from whom the members of Friendly Societies are drawn is the class of men who would otherwise be paupers. Such evidence as there is is all to the contrary. The late Mr. Ballan Stead, Secretary of the Ancient Order of Foresters, stated in his testimony before the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor that out of the half-million of members who constituted that society, he could not find that there were as many as a hundred persons in receipt of relief under the poor-law. This is the more remarkable that the society itself does not insure (in the generality of cases) relief in old age as such, but only grants a sick allowance to an aged member when he is suffering from some defined disease which disables him from work, and even then the allowance after short terms of full- and half-pay is reduced to quarter-pay of 2s. 6d. or 3s. a week. As the society does not directly insure him against pauperism in old age, we have to seek in some other direction for an explanation of the reason for his not becoming a pauper, and we find it in the moral character of the man himself. The considerations which induce him to belong to a Friendly Society are the same considerations which keep him independent of public aid in his old age.’

According to Mr. Brabrook the present amount of invested funds belonging to the Friendly Societies in the United Kingdom

Kingdom is about twenty-five and a half millions. It should be noted however that this is not the only asset which would figure in a quinquennial valuation sheet. A sum which a competent authority has estimated at at least fifty millions should be set down as representing the 'present value' of members' contracts to pay contributions. The fact that the principal items both in the liabilities and the assets of a Friendly Society are prospective, is one which adds stability to their finance. A deficiency disclosed at a quinquennial valuation can easily be removed by a slight reduction of the benefit promised, or a slight increase in the rate of contribution. The whole secret of successful Friendly Society management lies in the businesslike adjustment of the liability undertaken by the association to the premiums which the insured contract to pay. Mr. Brabrook's argument is forcibly emphasised by the reflection that the assets of Friendly Societies are not represented merely by twenty-five and a half millions of money, but by what is far more important—a settled habit of thrifty contribution. While, then, the Friendly Society is year by year growing more equal to the limited risk which it covers, the members have acquired the habit and the character which, as Mr. Brabrook remarks, have enabled them to meet the other risks of life by appropriate action.

Nor is the training given by these admirable institutions confined to any one class. In the opinion of the late Mr. Ballan Stead, whose special experience made him a well qualified judge, there is no class of the community so badly off as not to be able to support a Friendly Society and learn therein the economic arts of life. Here is what he said in reply to a question put to him by the Royal Commission: 'No, Sir, there is not a class which cannot. Some of our best courts are in the agricultural districts where the wages are lowest. Some of our best courts are in Suffolk, Dorsetshire, Hampshire, and other places like those. I can speak of that from knowledge.' It follows therefore that there is no class in this country that is debarred from attaining the absolute independence of poor-law relief which, with very few exceptions, is enjoyed by the members of Friendly Societies.

This immunity of the Friendly Society community from the disease of pauperism is the result, we submit, of the adoption, by this large and important section of the working class, of the habit and character appropriate to the contractual system. This solid and beneficent achievement is the work, during a comparatively brief period, of classes long inured to a proletarian habit of life. Initial friction being now overcome, we may assuredly



assuredly look for accelerated progress in the future. We shall be confirmed in this view by a reference to the rapid rate of increase observed in the membership and funds of these provident associations generally. We take first the Friendly Society, for, as we have already seen, the man who insures against sickness, the only risk for which the Friendly Society makes full and adequate provision, acquires in the process the character which enables him to remain independent at all periods of life. We shall later on quote a few figures to show where some, at all events, of the additional savings made by the responsible section of the poorer class are deposited.

Prior to 1876—so Mr. Ludlow, the late Chief Registrar, tells us in an interesting valedictory report (1890, Part A)—the statistics as to Friendly Societies generally are very defective. In that year the number of members returned was 3,404,187 and the funds were 9,336,949*l.* Ten years later, in 1886, the membership was 6,703,249, and the funds 20,352,256*l.* According to Mr. Brabrook, the members amounted in 1898 to 8,078,816, and the funds to 25,408,253*l.* Of these funds 22,695,039*l.* belong to the Friendly Society proper, and 2,713,214*l.* to the collecting societies.\*

The records of the two principal Affiliated Orders go back to a somewhat earlier date. The following table is compiled from Mr. Brabrook's volume:—

THE ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

—	Members.	Courts.
1st January, 1845 . . .	65,909	1,456
1st January, 1852 . . .	89,875	1,605
1st January, 1898 . . .	731,442	4,899

The funds were, in December 1870, 1,274,935*l.*, in 1897, 5,119,842*l.*, showing an average increase per annum of 142,404*l.*

\* The funds of the collecting Companies, which are under the jurisdiction of the Board of Trade, are not included. These, in 1882, collected a premium income of 2,677,942*l.*; in 1896, 7,680,751*l.*; and the life and annuity funds were, in 1882, 2,165,679*l.*; in 1896, 14,404,271*l.* There is no means of estimating the growth of ordinary non-collecting insurance among the working class. The Prudential, a Company whose business is largely among the working class, has an Ordinary as well as an Industrial Branch. In the former the policies are not weighted with the heavy expense of collection. The premium income of the Ordinary Branch of this Company in 1879 was 293,602*l.*, in 1888 it was 904,915*l.*, and in 1897 it was 2,774,264*l.* The policies effected in this Branch are for 50*l.* or over, and represent the solid investment of an intelligent class. The Industrial business of the Companies and of the Societies includes the cost of a weekly collection, and is, and must be, a costly investment.

## THE MANCHESTER UNITY OF ODDFELLOWS.

This is the largest and most powerful Order; it has few if any branches in Manchester, but is the most successful of the numerous secessions from the original body of Oddfellows.

—	Members.	Lodges.
1st January, 1852 . . .	225,184	3,219
1st January, 1898 . . .	787,962	4,698

The funds of the Unity are given as 1,796,349*l.* in 1865, and as 8,302,390*l.* on January 1, 1898.

If this, then, has been the recorded progress of the Friendly Societies, it may be assumed, as Mr. Brabrook has justly remarked, that progress was also being made during the unrecorded period of their history. As already indicated, the immunity of the Friendly Society members from pauperism is not due to their own funds, but to their thrifty efforts in other directions. Some indication of what these are may be gathered from the following list of the investments of the working class as given by Mr. Brabrook:—

'Trade Unions .. .. .	£2,138,296
Friendly Societies .. .. .	25,408,253
Working Men's Clubs .. .. .	107,938
Other Societies under the Friendly Society	
Acts .. .. .	535,301
Industrial and Provident Societies .. ..	28,451,328
Building Societies .. .. .	56,397,457
Trustee Savings Banks .. .. .	53,699,532
Post Office Savings Bank .. .. .	108,098,641
The Railway Savings Banks .. .. .	3,124,069
The Loan Societies .. .. .	265,869
	£278,216,684'

This sum, taken with the annuities and assurances granted by the National Debt Commissioners, accounts, says Mr. Brabrook, 'for not far short of three hundred millions of money.' To this may be added fourteen millions for industrial insurance companies, and a good many millions for the 'ordinary' insurances effected by the working class. The rate of increase of this total may be indicated by the statement that in 1877 a similar computation would have brought out the total of one hundred and eleven and a half millions, and in 1891 two hundred and twenty millions.

Considerations



Considerations of space must confine our comment to one or two items of this vast sum. It will be directed to show that even when considered in detail the progressive accumulation of working-class property marks an advance in the condition of contract, and a corresponding emancipation from the plausible advantages and counter-balancing restraints of *status*.

The amount of the funds belonging to Trade Unions is comparatively small; and, though some of their efforts seem to be directed mainly to upholding a rigid system of industrial caste, it should be noted that in normal times a large proportion of their expenditure is employed to enable members to discharge their ordinary responsibilities. Thus, in 1890, out of a total expenditure of 862,000*l.*, only 107,000*l.* were spent on 'dispute benefits.' Of the remainder, 491,000*l.* were applied to sick, out-of-work, superannuation, and funeral benefits. The security of these provident funds is precarious, as the first charge on the subscriptions is 'dispute benefit.' It has occasionally been urged by the more militant spirits that the provident side of the Trade Unions is rendering the members averse from investing their funds in the somewhat dubious security of 'dispute benefits.' That the influence of the provident side of trade unionism is in favour of industrial peace there can be no doubt; and industrial peace means the acceptance of the market as the only true and impersonal arbiter, and a growing disinclination to rely on a system based on caste-monopoly and force.

We pass next to the Industrial and Provident Societies, in which class the most important is the Co-operative Society. Of the rapid growth of the movement the following figures are cited as a proof. In 1862 the total sales of the societies amounted to 2,333,525*l.* In 1872 they were 13,012,120*l.*; in 1882, 27,541,212*l.*; in 1895, 55,100,249*l.*, or nearly twenty-four times the amount of 1862. The total sales from 1862 to 1895 amounted to 815,760,341*l.*, and the profits to 72,075,568*l.*

The total number of Co-operative Societies Mr. Brabrook gives as 1,741. Of these 1,453 are 'Distributive' stores, while 259 are 'Productive' or manufacturing concerns. The number of persons employed in the Productive societies is 8,475, and the total number employed by all the societies is 61,322, of whom 33,619 are engaged in productive departments of work.

Looked at from a strictly logical point of view, there is no distinction between the distributing work done by the co-operative grocer and that which is done by the so-called Productive co-operative manufacturer; but this quite unreal distinction marks the line of a great difference in practice. The Productive Societies

Societies share their profits with their workmen. The Distributive Societies, as a rule, do not, although the Wholesale Societies have large manufacturing branches. This fact is variously interpreted. By outsiders it is quoted as a tribute to the convenience and equity of an ordinary wage contract, for the greater portion of the labour hired by the co-operative movement is merely paid at the current rate of wages. Among the co-operators themselves the subject has given rise to an interesting controversy. On the one hand, the usual system of paying five per cent. to capital and returning the balance of profit to the purchaser in proportion to his purchases, to the exclusion of labour, is defended on the ground that one object of the co-operative movement is to eliminate profit. It is lawful apparently to receive five per cent. 'interest' on capital, but we must not talk about 'profit' either for workmen or for capitalist. Economists, for reasons which may be relevant for other purposes, have distinguished between interest and profit, but in this connexion the distinction seems to us to be invalid. Once we grant the earning power of capital, the terms of the contract on which capital is employed will vary according to the risks involved. The theoretical defence advanced for co-operative practice is, we suspect, merely an afterthought. If co-operators limit the remuneration of their workmen to wages, there is nothing inequitable in the practice. The idea that co-operation is a deep-laid Socialist plot to abolish profit is entirely contrary to fact. Co-operators naturally and properly take a great interest in the dividend, which they affectionately term the 'divy,' and also in the facilities offered by the Stores for the purchase of shares by instalment.

It is, however, urged by another section of co-operators that the ordinary wage contract is not satisfactory. It is particularly unsatisfactory, they say, within the co-operative movement itself. With generous enthusiasm, they argue that the wage contract ought to include a clause giving the workman a right to a deferred payment out of profits. Their contention is supported by many considerations which are not to be gainsaid. It is not co-operators only who see that industry will advance more smoothly, and the interests of capital and labour be adjusted more easily, if a form of contract could be invented which would be satisfactory to both parties. Any plan which would convert a sullen and mutinous army into a contented and cheerfully industrious body of co-operators would obviously be of the greatest advantage to all. There is nothing revolutionary or reactionary in the proposal, and for ourselves we believe that in one way or another the principle will in the  
future



future be more and more largely adopted. What is wanted in the present crisis is not revolution or reaction, but an equitable form of voluntary contract. Towards this, the labour-partnership proposed by this section of co-operators would be a long step.

The chief difficulty with which the so-called Productive Societies have had to contend is that they have not as a rule been able to command the services of really efficient captains of industry. This is obviated when an established business, competently officered, admits to a sort of partnership the whole of its permanent staff. The motive for such a contract is, on the part of the employer, a desire to secure a willing rather than a mutinous army; on the part of the employed, a belief that he is thereby improving his industrial position.

The most notable success in this direction has been attained by Mr. Livesey, the manager of the South Metropolitan Gas Works. This, as we shall see, unites profit-sharing with capital-owning, a combination on which a good deal of its success seems to depend. Ten years ago, after the disastrous strike of December 1889, the South Metropolitan Gas Works launched their profit-sharing scheme, 'with the object,' says Mr. Livesey in a letter to the '*Times*' of January 5th, 1897, 'of attaching the workmen to the Company and of encouraging thrift, and in the hope that capital and labour in this undertaking might be reconciled.' The bonus paid to the workmen is based on a sliding scale, which varies with the price of gas. Under the revised arrangement one half of the bonus is invested in the Ordinary Stock of the Company, and the rest is payable in cash to the workmen, or, at their option, it may be deposited with the Company at four per cent. interest.

The result, at the date of Mr. Livesey's letter, was that 82,000*l.* had been paid or credited to the industrial profit-sharers in seven years. Of this total 46,000*l.* had been saved and 36,000*l.* withdrawn and spent. A portion of this 36,000*l.* has been returned and placed on deposit with the Company. The general position is thus given in Mr. Livesey's letter:—

£46,100 has been invested in Ordinary Stock.

£25,600 is on deposit at four per cent.

£71,700

The market value of the stock purchased for 46,000*l.* was over 59,000*l.*, a result largely due to the greater security produced by the better relations now existing between labour and capital. There were 2,500 profit-sharing stockholders. In

December,

December, 1898, there were 2,760 profit-sharers, holding 57,000*l.* of stock, of a market value of 80,000*l.*, while the Company held also 29,000*l.* on deposit; altogether 109,000*l.* To the profit-sharers the benefit is obvious and solid, while as to the employers, Mr. Livesey declares that his Company has unquestionably received the money's-worth of their concessions. The facts, Mr. Livesey concludes, 'show at any rate that, notwithstanding all the talk about Socialism, working men, if given the opportunity, share human frailties—if frailties they are—with the rest of us, and are quite ready to become capitalists.' If a cheerful and contented staff of workmen is not only a desirable but a necessary element in successful industrial enterprise, it is worth the notice of those whom it may concern that the form of contract offered to their workmen by Mr. Livesey's Company has secured that result. The remedy is not, of course, a sovereign remedy. Some of the workmen in the Gas Works, Mr. Livesey tells us, resist what we may call the civilising influence of the scheme, and resolutely adhere to their proletarian mode of life.

In his volume already quoted, Mr. Brabrook devotes a chapter to Building Societies. Building Societies are societies which do not build: their function is to lend money on mortgage to their members. The original object of these loans was to enable members to become the owners of their own dwellings. In this respect the Building Society has played a considerable and useful part in that 'pulverisation' of property which we affirm to be a necessary part of the contractual system. 'Looking back,' says Mr. Brabrook, 'on the whole history of Building Societies, it is certainly not too much to say that a quarter of a million persons have been able by their means to become the proprietors of their own homes' (p. 164). The same authority quotes the statement of a resident of Bradford to the effect that 'nine out of ten of the houses in that town have been built by the aid of Building Societies. If this computation be correct, it is probable that Leeds, Rochdale, Oldham, and other towns would not be far behind' (p. 211).

Other developments of the Building Society have been less beneficial. The prestige gained by the Building Society proper has led a great number of poor persons to invest their savings in associations which, though nominally Building Societies, are really trading companies for the purpose of developing urban and suburban building estates, an enterprise of an extremely speculative character. It may be that the partial subjection of these associations (of which the 'Liberator' is the ill-omened type) to the authority of public Departments has lulled into a

fatal



fatal security the vigilance of the shareholders and depositors; but, whatever the cause, it is notorious that this class of enterprise has sometimes been not only speculative but fraudulent. We confess to entertaining a profound suspicion of all legislative attempts to protect the purchaser of securities, which abrogate even to the slightest degree the good old maxim—*caveat emptor*.

While Building Societies, more especially in the great northern and midland centres of population, have done much to solve the question of the housing of the working class, it would not be difficult to show that the unsatisfactory state of things in the poorer parts of London, and occasionally in the country, is due to the fact that house-room has never been made an article freely bought and sold in an open market. Land—a very ancient and important form of property—has never yet submitted itself to the simplicity of tenure and transfer which are characteristic of the contractual system. The inadequacy of working-class dwellings in the metropolis is patent, and political empiricism is at no loss for a remedy. In its usual reactionary spirit it seeks to coerce the proprietor by statutory enactment to supply houses more costly than the customer can buy or hire. Warnings have not been wanting that the remedy was likely to aggravate the mischief, and in the poorer parts of London these fears are seen to be well-founded.

Many years ago Mr. Spencer (see his 'Social Statics,' p. 384, edition of 1851) drew attention to the difficulty into which we were drifting. The re-statement of the argument is taken from his 'Essay on the Coming Slavery,' 1885.

'The policy initiated by the Industrial Dwellings Acts admits of development, and will develop. Where municipal bodies turn house-builders, they inevitably lower the value of houses otherwise built, and check the supply of more. Every dictation respecting modes of building and conveniences to be provided diminishes the builder's profit, and prompts him to use his capital where the profits are not thus diminished. So, too, the owner, already finding that small houses entail much labour and many losses—already subject to troubles of inspection and interference—and to consequent costs, and having his property daily rendered a more undesirable investment, is prompted to sell; and as buyers are for like reasons deterred, he has to sell at a loss. . . . What must happen? The multiplication of houses, and especially small houses, being increasingly checked, there must come an increasing demand upon the local authority to make up for the deficient supply. More and more the municipal or kindred body will have to build houses, or to purchase houses rendered unsaleable to private persons in the

way shown—houses which, greatly lowered in value as they must become, it will, in many cases, pay to buy rather than to build new ones. Nay, this process must work in a double way; since even the entailed increase of local taxation still further depreciates property. . . . Manifestly the tendency of that which has been done, is being done, and is presently to be done, is to approach the Socialistic ideal in which the community is sole house proprietor.

Now the municipality, even if it embarks in the business of house-building, obviously can never overtake the whole demand. Its doings in this respect will be vigorously contested, so that the result of this reactionary policy is practically to substitute for the eager tradesman, anxious to supply the best article for the money, a harassed body which has to extort its capital from unwilling contributors, and which increases the burden of the ratepayers with every extension of its work.

We have dwelt already on the immense advantage conferred on the poorer classes by the establishment of a free market for food and the other common necessities of life. In the supply of houses exactly the opposite policy has been followed. The enactment of a statutory quality for houses has failed to produce an adequate supply. On the contrary, it has brought about a famine, which can never be fully relieved by municipal enterprise. Further, in every transaction for the buying or hiring of a house, the parties have between them to pay the poor rate, the education rate, the vestry rate, the county rate; and of recent years the aggregate of this burden has largely increased. The building of new houses, and the enlargement and improvement of old houses, have therefore come to a standstill. What else was to be expected? It is surely absurd to affect surprise.

One other illustration of our thesis may be derived from Ireland, a country which often baffles the economist. Irish land legislation has been revolutionary. It can only be compared to the confiscation of ecclesiastical property carried out by Henry VIII. The old monkish owners have disappeared entirely, but the Irish landlord remains as a rent-charger. The owner of the greatest share of Irish land is now the tenant. Putting aside the question of the justice of these transactions, we have little doubt that the more high-handed action of the Tudor monarch was, from the point of view of public policy, the less detrimental. A more unworkable system than the present system of Irish land tenure it passes the wit of man to imagine. The industrial view of life is practically extinguished in Ireland. In Ireland the annual value of land, as between landlord and tenant, is not what it will fetch in the market, but what certain

Government



Government valuers say it is worth. But even in Ireland the tenant sells his tenant-right for what it will fetch. As between outgoing tenant and incoming tenant there has never been any attempt to set aside the rule of the market. Human nature has been expelled with a fork, as between landlord and tenant; it has come back again as between tenant and tenant. What Ireland requires is the re-introduction of free contract into the management of land, the principal industry of the country.

There are occasions in the history of nations when revolution becomes a necessity, where the social economy has become so disordered that the only available remedy is either a violent division of property or the extermination of the proletariat which seeks redress in revolt. Whether the condition of the Irish nation, on the eve of Mr. Gladstone's land legislation, was approaching that condition or not, we are not prepared to determine. We may admit, however, that to the modern conscience a legislative re-distribution will appear preferable to either of the foregoing alternatives. If the Gladstonian policy had merely been a confiscation, once and for all, it would by this time be more or less ancient history, like the ecclesiastical confiscations of Henry VIII. Unfortunately, as it appears to us, the transference of property has not been complete. The impossible attempt has been made to invent for matters of buying and selling some form of arbitrament other than that of the market. That the Acts in this respect have been a failure no well informed person will at the present day seek to deny. The higgles of the market is not an operation about which moralists will wax enthusiastic, though, on the whole, we maintain that commerce has had an ennobling and civilising influence on our social life; but be that as it may, the conclusion of a bargain in the market is a dignified and elevating act compared with the intrigue, perjury, and deep-laid conspiracy to defraud which in too many cases characterise an appeal to the Courts to fix a statutory rent.

With perhaps the exception of the English poor-law and the housing of the working class, which we have already dealt with, Irish land legislation represents the most sustained and elaborate attempt to withstand the gradual supersession of *status* by contract. The failure of the Irish experiment seems universally admitted. The Acts, it is generally conceded, must be amended in one of two directions. Either, by a process of reaction, which not even the empiricism of modern politics will attempt,

we must revert, as Mr. Davitt has always urged, to the primitive communism of Nationalisation, a policy so vague and indefinable that it is not possible to consider it seriously; or we must get rid of the mediæval anachronism of Statutory Courts for the regulation of prices, and give facilities (this time, it is to be hoped, not without due compensation) for getting rid of the divided ownership introduced by the earlier Irish Land Acts. There can be little doubt that the latter is the only practicable alternative.

Everywhere the 'law of least effort' seems to justify the view that the contractual ideal of life is necessary and inevitable. The attempt to introduce a different system into Ireland has obviously failed, and it is curious to see how this fact is being recognised even by the perservid temperament of the Celt. The Rev. Father Finlay, Vice-President of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, a Roman Catholic parish priest, and we believe a Nationalist in his political sympathies, in an admirable address on 'Co-operation and the Saving of the Celt,' speaks as follows:—

'I cannot help observing that though during the last half-century we have had many political movements vigorously carried out, and though we have had land legislation in abundant measure, neither the great movements of politics nor the heroic efforts of legislation in reference to the tenure of land have appreciably affected the deadly drain upon the life of the people.'

The Reverend Father in the course of his remarks quotes the opinion of a foreign gentleman for whose judgment in other respects he has great esteem:—

'The result of his investigation was summed up in the ominous phrase, "The Celt must go." This was the course of his reasoning, as he explained it:—"The existence of a people or of a race in modern times depends upon the degree in which they are able to maintain themselves in the industrial struggle which is rife wherever civilisation has extended. Success in this struggle is won by perfected intelligence, by the use of the higher methods of industry, by the application in production and commerce of the fruitful inventions of science. The Irish peasant either will not or cannot adopt these—the sole effective means of success. By this fact he is condemned, first to inferiority, then to inaction, and finally to extinction." Gentlemen, from that forecast of our destiny I make bold to dissent.'

We also by no means share the pessimistic view of Father Finlay's foreign friend. Nationality is not an insuperable bar to the teaching of the arts and sciences of life. Hitherto English



English rule has not succeeded either by coercion or concession in acclimatising the contractual conditions of industry in Ireland. One of the happiest auguries of the future is the success which seems to be attending the patriotic efforts of Mr. Horace Plunkett, Father Finlay, and the other promoters of business-like co-operation in Irish agriculture, the staple industry of the country. The people are becoming sick of the desolating rhetoric of politics, which has succeeded only in bringing back the statutory prices of the Middle Ages, in banishing political economy to Saturn, and in depriving the country of the security necessary for all progressive industry.

Political economy is beginning to creep back again. The Co-operative Credit banking system has already established a firm hold. Co-operative Creameries and co-operative purchase of agricultural requisites, manures, seeds, &c., are giving the Irish peasant a chance of competing in the open market. The movement is only nine years old, and yet substantial and encouraging progress has been made. In the autumn of 1898 Mr. Horace Plunkett told the Economic Society of Newcastle that one hundred and fifty Co-operative Creameries were in existence, with a shareholding membership of 18,000. This was the first experiment. Later, the movement was extended, and at the end of last year there were seventy-nine Co-operative Agricultural Societies, with a membership of 8,100. The smaller societies are federated in a central association for the larger purposes of trade. 'Up to the present time,' says Mr. Plunkett, 'two hundred and eighty-three societies, scattered throughout every county of Ireland, with a membership of 30,600 farmers and labourers, mostly heads of families, have been registered, while some twenty more are in course of formation.' The dairy farming is based largely on an imitation of the Danish system, and the result has been that Irish agricultural produce is regaining old markets and capturing new.

Mr. Plunkett has been reminded by an anonymous correspondent 'that the movement of population from the fields is not peculiar to Ireland: it exists everywhere'—with this difference, that the Irish generally emigrate to the United States, while the English labourer migrates to the town. 'If the Irish race is to be kept alive on Irish soil there must be a development of manufacture in Irish towns.' To this Mr. Plunkett makes the following admirable answer:—

'We have always admitted that reliance upon a single industry, and that a declining one, is not a healthy condition for any country. But

But we hold that the prime factor in reviving lost industries, or in starting new ones, is an industrial class, and that this depends upon the creation, by education and training, of industrial habits.

Industrial habits, translated into the language used by Sir H. Maine, are nothing more nor less than the life regulated by conditions of contract. As Mr. Plunkett points out elsewhere, industrial habits have been acquired in the North of Ireland, and, we may add, in Scotland and in England, by the automatic co-operation of commerce. Co-operation, in the limited and distinctive sense of the term, does not differ essentially from ordinary trade. Its lesson is the same, and if the southern and western Irish Celt will submit himself to its teaching, the result will be the same, the secure foundation of the industrial habit.

In another part of his address Mr. Plunkett alludes to the establishment of Agricultural Credit Banks. This, though the latest part of the association's work, is probably destined to be the most important of all. Again the system is imported, this time from the well known Raiffeisen Banks of Germany. It has been said that the Celt can conspire, but that he cannot combine. The experience of these Banks seems to falsify this charge. The Celt is not unteachable, but he wants to be directed by the 'ability' of the best spirits of his own race. This guidance we are happy to see he is getting, without distinction of party or creed, from the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society.

The desirability of increasing by legitimate means the size of the normal Irish holding is generally conceded; but of what use is this, if the Irish peasant can put no capital into the land? Even those who believe in the feasibility of creating a small peasant proprietary, content with the scanty returns of their small industry, are aware of the need of capital. Credit Banks on the Raiffeisen system supply this want:—

'Up to last week,' says Mr. Plunkett, speaking in the autumn of 1898, 'we had organised thirty-one of these associations, with a membership of nearly two thousand, and the system is now likely to be rapidly extended throughout the rural districts of Ireland.'

Independent testimony to the value of the work that is being done is given by Mr. V. Hussey Walsh in an interesting letter to the '*Spectator*' of 31st December, 1898. It is worth pointing out, that Scottish agriculture was made more than a century ago by the judicious system of credit established by the  
the



the Scottish commercial banks. It has been left for the co-operative movement to bestow the same boon upon Ireland. The co-operative bank will reach a humbler class than those which are served by commercial credit, but it will teach the same lesson, viz., that a community where the punctual performance of contract is the rule has added vastly to the material wealth of its members, by rendering possible a well organised system of credit. When this is achieved every hopeful enterprise, even that undertaken by the poorest, can reckon on the assistance of capital obtained on reasonable terms.

If the reader is curious to see an illustration of the strange way in which political economy is again beginning to assert its sway in Irish affairs, we venture to refer him to a curious little book recently published—'Killboyland Bank, or Every Man his own Banker,' by E. M. Lynch, London, 1896. It is an economic treatise on popular banking credit, served up in the form of a novel. Miss Harriet Martineau, a lady by no means Celtic in her ideas, once wrote a series of economic tales, which had a considerable popularity sixty years ago; but they fall far short of this curious and gratifying blend of perfervid Irish sentiment and sound economics.

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ART. VII.—1. *Heine's Sämmtliche Werke.* In 22 Bänden. Hamburg, 1861.

2. *Heinrich Heine's Familienleben.* Von seinem Neffen, Baron Ludwig von Embden. Hamburg, 1892.  
And other Works.

‘So far as our bodies are concerned we will remain burghers of our own time, because it cannot be otherwise. But in respect of our spirits, the privilege and the duty of the philosopher, as of the poet, is to belong to no people and to no time, but in the strict sense of the word to be the contemporary of all time.’ (Schiller to Jacobi.)

HEINRICH HEINE was the spoiled child of misfortune. This troubadour-errant of irony, this aristocrat of democracy, this prodigal son of religion, proved in his life-time the petted and persecuted sport of that ‘Time-spirit’ which stimulated and tortured him. A true patriot, he was branded a renegade; a profound thinker, he was hailed as *esprit moqueur*. His deeper meanings and feelings were misjudged or mangled; his lighter sallies and arabesques have been framed and applauded. It is not grasped that his laughter, even when most jarring, is that of earnestness, not of levity. He resembles some southern volcano, whose keen and ominous fires, rumbling within the depths, or flashing intermittently on the dreaded summit, are gladly dissevered from the luxuriant loveliness of blossom and verdure that decks its base. He has been torn from his context; annotated by malignant prepossession or pedantic stupidity; praised by the frivolous, blamed by the dull. ‘All I do,’ he said, ‘is folly to the wise, to fools an abomination.’

Thus has it constantly proved since his death. His mischances, like his fame, are immortal. Conventional pseudisms have been incessantly meted out to him: his coarsenesses have been vulgarised, his refinements grossened. But ‘jesters do oft prove prophets.’ His predictions have been verified in the countries both of his birth and of his banishment, yet both countries still misinterpret their significance. To quote the rebuke of Job, ‘If he laughed on them, they believed it not.’ In England he has been much criticised, but seldom aright: his ‘want of moral balance’ has naturally been treated with less discernment here than elsewhere. England is the citadel of ‘moral balance,’ but hardly of moral intuition, the nurse of set canons more than of original development; and it perhaps needs a Shakespeare to—

‘. . . . breathe



' . . . . breathe his faults so quaintly  
That they may seem the taints of liberty,  
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,  
A savageness in unrequited blood,  
Of general assault.'

'The man,' observes Heine, 'who lives and rules within the fixed limits of a definite view of life, identifies himself therewith, and never contradicts his thoughts and feelings—that man has character'; and elsewhere he remarks of morality that it is practically religion incarnate in the flesh of custom, just as religion is disembodied and etherealised morality. We, as a nation, are over-prone to make 'moral character' synonymous with 'moral balance.' Had Burns 'moral balance'? But he certainly had 'character.' The keystone of morality is self-control; that of character, sincerity: but the deeper foundation of duty underlies them both. Respectability is often prudential. Character without morality corrupts the individual, but morality without character corrodes the community.

Heine's posthumous misfortunes have pursued him even in trivialities. Europe celebrated the centenary of his birth on December 13th, 1897. Few things, however, are more certain than that he was born on December 13th, 1799. We are aware of the disquisitions by 'Heine-Kenner' on this weighty subject; we are also aware that the necessary proofs perished in the great Hamburg conflagration. But we know, on the other hand, that all the members of his family, including his still surviving sister, maintain that his parents were married in 1798, and uphold the received date of his birth, a version further supported by much internal evidence and by his celebrated *bon mot* in 'Die Bäder von Lucca,' which brings him within measurable distance of the century now closing.\* We regard such evidence as more cogent than any extraneous theories, just as we regard Voltaire's statement, in his preface to 'Brutus,' respecting the length of his stay in England, as more convincing than the extraneous theories ingeniously propounded by Mr. Churton Collins. There is no motive discoverable why Heine should have wished to seem two years younger.

'Ah!' we can hear him sigh, 'it is the old story! While I was yet alive on my "mattress-grave," they were perpetually

\* By poetical licence 'the first man of the century.' He was perhaps under the impression that the nineteenth century began on January 1st, 1800. Those interested in the problem should consult Heine's letter to St. René Taillandier of November 3rd, 1851, where he corrects the date given in the 'Autobiographical Sketch,' and expressly says that his baptismal certificate gives December 13th, 1799, as his birthday. In his 'Confessions,' too, he speaks of himself as twenty-two when a student under Hegel at Berlin in 1821.

announcing my death in the newspapers. And now that I am really dead (though it is only a transference from the Avenue Matignon to the Avenue Montmartre) they are eager to ante-date my birth. These gentlemen have, to be frank, consistently intrigued to keep me out of the Nineteenth Century. There is the true reason for so much unexpected skill! But they cannot divorce us. Poor old Nineteenth Century! You too are now tossing on your own "mattress-grave," and you will soon rejoin me in the shades. But beware of your biographers: they will pretend that we never loved or hated each other—in a word, that we were not intimate, but lived apart. How foolish! Your agony is my agony, your irony is my irony: in death, as in birth, we are not divided.'

To understand Heine we must understand the Nineteenth Century transition. He is its epitome. What is the 'modern spirit' about which we talk so much and so glibly?

Our century began with apolaustic rationalism; its next phase was a scientific materialism; its last hours are becoming more spiritual. In the political plane Liberalism has corresponded to rationalism, the utilitarian creed to the materialism of science. Democratic ideals are at length tending to pervade the manifold forms of administration. Materialism, and the sentimentality which is materialism's literary offspring, have only been exorcised in its old age. Its struggles towards the light, its return to 'nature,' its wanton exuberance in emancipation, led it to secularise the holy. It is only just determining, by a leaven of selfless altruism, by cosmopolitan free trade in ideals, by more appreciative intercommunication, to hallow the secular. But throughout the medley of its movements—through the dry utilitarianism of the English school, the metallic hedonism of the French, the dreamy pantheism of the German—the spirit of self-sacrifice, which is the true essence of Christianity, has irradiated it. In no age has there been more comfort and more suffering; in no age has duty prompted comfort to share so much with suffering. The consequence has been a startling sense of contrast—a cleft—which has impressed individuality on thought and feeling. Now, irony is the very humour of contrasts, the electric spark of ideals in concussion with facts. Poetry, like nature, seeks to heal the ruin by garlanding the rift. It was almost inevitable that a great ironic poet should arise to personify the 'Weltschmerz,' which has all along been groaning and travailing, a weird minor of dirge-accompaniment to the pæans of liberation and invention still ringing in our ears. Conflict and contrast are the recruiting sergeants of our age. Art and philosophy may



no longer be dandled as hallowed playthings; genius must subserve life; there is no escape from conscription in the cause of humanity.

Our object in this essay is to consider Heine as a moral and intellectual force. We would willingly have dwelt on the fascination of a style which eludes description. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth'; who shall paint the wind? We would willingly have lingered in the dells and grottoes of his matchless fantasy. We should have delighted in reproducing some of his fairest and least familiar creations—the episode, for instance, of little Samson martyred for Deism; or those pure elegiacs of the dead Maria and Veronica; or that phantasmal allegory of the street performers, Mademoiselle Laurence and the dwarf who died among giants; or the grim humoresque of the Dutch Anabaptist whose old wife was jealous of his dream-flirtations with the heroines of the Old Testament. We would gladly have wandered in his unearthly gallery of dreams; or in the studio of his criticism, where the scalpel of the vivisector becomes the chisel of the sculptor; we would have exhibited his incomparable union of subtlety and simplicity, his supremacy over metre, and his still greater mastery over what we may term the *cæsura* of the sense. But the leaves are not the wood. One straight high road intersects all these by-paths. Heine's poetry, his irony, his unique humour are each, as it were, dissolving views of the soul; and that soul itself, with its pangs of love, despair, and death, its gaze before and after, its passion for the present, its wistfulness towards the past, its yearning for the future, its Germanism, its Gallicism, its Hellenism, its Hebraism, reflects and refracts a constellation of ideas which is its essence—the poesy of the soul, as it is also the soul of poesy. We shall restrict ourselves to his prose, and in the main to his serious prose. Music has embalmed his lyrics, but even the bearing of his verse is continually misread. Indeed most of the lucubrations on Heine seem but the replicas of one more or less original essay. He was, he has said more than once, 'sword and flame.' Never, to his misery, can he forgo the warfare of his epoch. He must be judged as a whole, and the burden of his commentators is that he is a fragment. We shall try to show what the message of his work and life was, and, in so doing, we shall eschew stock quotations, and that long incoherence of excerpt which deforms portraiture into panorama. Further, in eventually glancing at the letters to his own family, we shall endeavour to depict his real character; nor shall we fail to emphasise the truth that, with all his glaring blemishes, he remains a power to be reckoned with—no  
pessimistic

pessimistic Gallio, but a master of that tragicomedy which stamps all periods when the new wine is fermenting in the old bottles. To cite the vivid eloquence of Newman:—

‘Approach the flame: it warms you, and it enlightens you; yet approach not too near; presume not, or it will change its nature. That very element which is so beautiful to look at, so brilliant in its light, so graceful in its figure, so soft and lambent in its motion, will be found in its essence to be of a keen and resistless kind; it tortures, it consumes, it reduces to ashes that of which it was just before the illumination and the life.’

In the early part of this century two colossal egoisms were constraining Europe: the one that of Goethe, the other that of Napoleon. We have purposely ranked Goethe first, because his influence has proved more permanent. The full drift of Goethe's personality has been misappreciated in this country, owing to the blue spectacles of our own near-sighted Carlyle. Strange! What Goethe admired in his young hero-worshipper was the reverence of the artist; what Carlyle respected in the Jupiter of Weimar was the genius as moralist. Carlyle has repudiated the artist, and Goethe the moralist. Carlyle indeed has infused into Goethe more of Kant than Goethe would have relished. ‘Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren,’ is a different conception of duty from ‘the categorical imperative.’ Both postulate the necessity of a moral deliverance; but the one is a step towards the flexibility of the powers, the other a sanction to reconcile the ‘phenomenal’ with the transcendental. Let us not be misunderstood. Goethe's moral mission was great, but in the department of morals. He was more a sage than a seer, just as Schiller, with his noble ‘Posa’ism,’ was more a seer than a sage. Heine praised the completeness of Goethe, but he loved the incompleteness of Schiller. Life for ‘the great heathen’ was a series of classifications—a collection of specimens arranged in a cabinet with drawers. When Goethe opened the poetical drawer all appeared plastic and objective; when he opened the philosophical drawer he grew abstract and idealist, though his idealism was materialist in the sense of Spinozism: it was uniformity of substance. And when he opened the moral drawer, the subjective and mystic elements came into play. But Goethe, as he mused in isolation, surrounded by Greek casts and natural history, disliked disturbance. Unlike his great predecessor, Lessing, he detested a battle.

‘Franzthum drängt in diesen verworrenen Tagen, wie eh'mals  
Lutherthum es gethan, ruhige Bildung zurück.’

He



He sat beside his nectar and the thunderclouds were furled. As he characteristically sang in 'Faust':

'Mir hilft der Geist! Auf einmal seh' ich Rath,  
Und schreibe getröst: im Anfang war die That.'

The Deed preceded the Word. 'Be a whole or join a whole' was his motto; and revolutions are apt to shatter such wholes into fragments. Especially did he dislike the distant growl of cannon. Who knew but that the splinter of a shell might disarrange the nice order of the series and even injure a specimen? Goethe freed the minds of his countrymen before the Reign of Terror showed that the Deed was the crimson hand of the Word, the Word merely a forerunner of the Deed. He was eminently *αὐτάρκης*—'wise, perfect in himself, and all-possessing.' But he mistrusted 'emphatic individualities.' Directly Fichte translated the Fichtean system into contumacious action, Goethe held aloof—as aloof as from the æsthetic passivity of the Schlegels. For the wounds both of mediæval belief and of modern disbelief were alike distasteful to him: he detested wounds, except as pathological studies. To realise one's highest capacities was his gospel. To this end peace on earth and goodwill towards men—on the part of Goethe—were indispensable: the multitude would progress with the individual. Only, the whirling multitude disagreed. So much the worse for the rash million; and so much the better for the serene and majestic worship of 'Beautiful objectivity,' at Weimar, at Craigenputtoch, and in many less obscure portions of the globe!

Napoleon's egoism was of an opposite order: it was egotism as distinguished from egoism. Goethe, after his 'storm and stress' period, had founded himself upon the past: he acclaimed neither antiquity nor 'modernity,' but only development. Napoleon, on the other hand, discarded the bygone. He shot through the globe like a pitiless meteor, dealing destruction, his eyes riveted on the future. The reign of cannibal Saturn was at an end: he, the great Napoleon, was to make all things new. A fresh ruler of the universe, by no means the Jupiter of Weimar, but the Jupiter of Marengo and Austerlitz, was to modernise mankind. He scoffed at philosophers as 'ideologues,' but his own career was in their favour. Goethe, the very demiurge of ideas, could never lend them blood and substance: Napoleon, the man of blood, poured it into the veins of incorporate ideas. The gaolers of feudalism and priestcraft that Voltaire had hooted, that Rousseau had striven to drown in scalding pools of sentimental tears, became themselves prisoners under

under doom. The Bastille of Europe was overthrown. Out rushed the ideas—starved ideas; maltreated ideas; wicked, rebellious ideas; meek, oppressed ideas—all united in the tumult of liberation. The ghostly night with its aristocratic planets and revolving satellites was done; the burst of day with its regenerating sun was at hand. Among the ideas that thus exultant bounded into the free air was—Heinrich Heine.

This, perhaps, we may be permitted to fancy, accounts for Heine's extraordinary affinity to ideas. Through all his writings he moves among them as among old acquaintance. He shakes them by the hand as friends, or disdains them as enemies; and these very enemies he feels with and for ironically, as a human being would towards human beings who had been fellow-captives. Even in his sprightliest passages, in the very disfigurements of flippancy and irreverence, we feel that he too is an idea among, if girding at, ideas.

'Dear reader,' he remarks, of his enthusiasm for Napoleon up to the time that he 'betrayed freedom' by assuming the purple, 'let us once for all understand each other. What I praise is never the deed, but only the human spirit. The deed is its mere vesture, and History is nothing but the old wardrobe of the human spirit. But Love loves old clothes sometimes, and so I love the mantle of Marengo. . . . Perhaps Napoleon was the last conqueror. It would really seem as if now ideal interests were to be fought out rather than material, and as if the history of the world was to be no longer a romance of robbers but a history of ideas.'

His most fleshly outbursts breathe the same spell. The flesh of them is merely a masquerade: we discern the idea through the domino. Ideas are his society; his solitude is peopled with them; he is constantly greeting, not the dead, but the immortal. We know of no other author in this sense so miscellaneous ideal.

And indeed with what strange disguises would not such ideas attire their cramped skeletons at the crisis of disenchantment? With the frippery of despair, with any chance raiment that the delirium of the moment nerved them to clutch, did such resurrectional ghosts actually invest themselves, amid hoarse laughter and weak embraces, when the granite bastions were demolished by the *sans-culottes*. They had been disinterred by orgied saviours, and, as Heine has well said, 'Every tombstone seals a world.' They were revolutionaries by instinct. Goethe, towards the close of his life, mentions 'Literary Sans-culottes,' but he omits to mention Heine. He perceives the *carmagnole* of ideas, but he is blind to their choregus. Nor did Napoleon, as he rode through the Allée by the Düsseldorf Hofgarten,  
mark



mark the enthusiastic schoolboy pressing through the throng in silent homage to the marble presentment of imperial deliverance.

Napoleon had come to substitute his brother Joseph for the Elector Palatine, that 'father who daily saluted his people with "Good morning, my children," while his people answered, "Good morning, father."' With what ironical pathos Heine describes the tears of that people as they read the farewell placard, concluding with: 'The Elector begs to announce his abdication.' That night, Heine tells us, he dreamed a dream. It was the end of the world. Gardens and meadows were being rolled up like carpets. The town constable was mounting a high ladder and taking down the sun; tailor Kilian stood by him murmuring: 'I must go home and put on my Sunday-best, for I am dead, and to be buried to-day.' It grew darker and darker; the few stars that still glimmered above were falling like autumn leaves. He, poor child, ran on through the deserted streets until he reached the hedge of a waste field near a desolate farm-house, and there he descried a man shovelling up earth with a mattock, and a spiteful hideous woman at his side, holding something like a severed human head in her apron—and that was the moon; and she laid it anxiously in the open grave; and behind waited the Elector's old pensioner, who sobbed as he spelled out the inscription, 'The Elector begs to announce his abdication.' How Napoleon would have scoffed had he been assured that this lad, fresh from 'Don Quixote' in that very Hofgarten, and from the Greek irregular verbs in yonder Franciscan school, was himself a redeemed idea.

But what idea? an idea of what?

'Madame,' he ejaculates, in his early and Shandean 'Buch Legrand,' 'above all things, have you the ghost of an idea as to what an idea really is?' And then the coachman Pattinsen is made to grumble forth: 'Well, well, an idea is just an idea; an idea is any silly stuff one imagines.' In the serious 'Ueber Deutschland,' too, there is a striking passage which points out how events are only the results of ideas, and how, even if Leda's egg had been turned into an omelet, Hector and Achilles would still have clashed at the Scæan gate. But Heine has told us elsewhere that the Dulcinea whose Don Quixote he remained—while the multitude following and misunderstanding imaged his Sancho Panza—the idea that enthralled him, was an ideal.

'It is Emancipation. Not only of Irishmen, Greeks, Frankfort Jews, West Indian niggers and such like oppressed peoples; but the emancipation of the whole world, especially of Europe, that has attained its majority, and is now breaking loose from the iron leading-strings

strings of Privilege, of Aristocracy. . . . Every period has its own problem, whose solution urges mankind forward. The previous inequality, which the Feudal system founded, was perhaps a necessity, or a requisite for civilising progress. Now, however, it is a cramping influence that revolts the civilised heart. This inequality, most offensive in its collision with the social principle, reached, as might be expected, its climax of embitterment in the French nation—the nation of Society—and the French sought a forced equality by the speedy decapitation of the tallest stalks.’

This was written in 1828. Yet one more extract before we proceed to something less general.

‘At bottom it matters little for what one dies, if only it be for something that one loves; and such a warm faithful death is better than a cold faithless life. The very songs of such a death, the sweet rhymes and sparkling words, warm our hearts, that damp mists and penetrating cares would fain sadden and depress.’

‘Freedom,’ then, is the *Dulcinea*. The word sounds an impotent conclusion. But we shall find that Heine’s lady-love was no vague vision, but a revealed goddess.

‘Freedom’ is a wide and often unmeaning phrase; and the freedom of one age and country is rarely that of the next. There is free thought and free will; there is a free constitution; there are free dinners and free education; there is free living and free love. There is an outward and an inward freedom; there is the Truth that makes us free, and the show of Truth that seems to do so. ‘Equality’ is a notion no less diversified. There is levelling up and levelling down; there is the evenness of the mountain plateau and the flatness of the marshy swamp. Nor is ‘Fraternity’ a fixed idea. There is the brotherhood of brigands and the brotherhood of saints. There is the league whose banner is ‘All that thou hast is mine,’ and the Christian standard of ‘All that I have is thine.’

Sore experience eventually led Heine to advocate individual liberty and national fraternity, but neither national nor individual equality; and never equality of the compulsory sort, to which he so sarcastically alludes in the first of our extracts.

The influence of the French Revolution and of Napoleon extended to a champion of one class of freedom in our own country: we mean Byron. But the soil tinges aspiration: Byron’s freedom was alien to Heine’s. Byron was born in a land where even then political freedom was far in advance of intellectual freedom. Heine was born in a land where even then intellectual freedom was far in advance of political freedom. In their tourney with the Philistines, with the enemies of ideas, there is a kinship between them. But the  
Philistinism



Philistinism of Germany, as we shall see later on, was mainly political; that of England, mainly social. Heine says that the older generation admonished him, in his mad young days, that it too had in its time run its head against a blank wall; but it had learned to reconcile itself with the wall, to recognise in the blank wall the absolute. Here then we have a meeting-ground between Heine and Byron. Byron also waged fierce war with the defenders of an absolute wall. But even here there are distinct divergences. The causes of Byron's exile were personal, not political: he had outraged propriety: he shook the dust from off his shoes, and it was English dust.

'You are not a moral people, and you know it  
Without the aid of too sincere a poet.'

Throughout his poetry his heart never bleeds for his own country, nor does he glow for mankind: he loves independence, not humanity. The causes, on the other hand, of Heine's exile were patriotic; and, often as his grief is discharged in laughter, his country is never far from his heart. He is the jester who would rescue the Kaiser in duress. He yearns after 'The great child merrymaking over her Christmas tree';\* and he is a martyr-egoist; his tears are for the world. Byron again, though resembling Heine in his defiance of authority as well as in his militant grip of life, in his 'modernity,' had neither thought much nor suffered much. His *hauteur*, which he had been taught to consider a badge of breeding, was quite distinct from his native pride. Of his splendid and imperishable impetuosity, he said in his haste that all men were liars. The sneer that in this opinion only he may be described as self-forgotten, would be unfair; the magnificent 'self-ness' of his poetry was the volcanic vent for his passion. But he certainly tended to parade his withered affections; he wore his wounded heart on his sleeve, whereas Heine, even in his overweening heyday, was both by temperament and circumstance acquainted with grief: sorrow and he were rocked together, as he observes, by his mother in the cradle. But there is a broader distinction between them, which is even more essential. Byron cared little for individual freedom, and less for national fraternity. Personal and national independence were his idols: he believed that races have an inherent right to self-government. Heine, on the contrary, discerned clearly that community of blood does not make or justify an individual nation.

\* 'Trotz meinem Streben nach Französischem Weltsinn, trotz meinem philosophischen Kosmopolitismus, sitzt doch immer das alte Deutschland mit allen seinen Spießbürgergefühlen in meiner Brust.' ('Über Deutschland.')

‘The foolish national prejudices dwindle daily more and more; the rough edges of particularism vanish in the catholicity of European civilisation. There are no longer nations in Europe; only parties. And it is curious to notice how well they recognise each other, despite the variety of their complexions, and understand one another, despite the division of their languages.’

The race-principle of nationality culminates in perpetual and fruitless warfare. While the issue of Byron’s independence is to supplant the despot by the rebel, that of Heine’s freedom is European cosmopolitanism. But there are two kinds of cosmopolitanism. The one is that which follows on the commercial uniformity of material appanage (that, for example, of modern Japan), whereby the world becomes, as it were, one vast International Exhibition. This, it must be borne in mind, is not Heine’s. The other is that which preserves patriotism and the mission of individual nations, but refuses to found them on internecine and racial hatreds. Such was Heine’s cosmopolitanism, as, we may add, it was Mazzini’s; and Germany stopped her ears to Heine’s passionate pleading and elected to remain selfishly patriotic—‘like leather,’ as he puts it, ‘shrivelling in a frost.’

The condition of England in the second decade of this century was in sharp contrast to that of Germany. There were discontented and unemancipated sections, but there was a united nation with a free constitution—a constitution which springs from and represents the invincible British good humour and fair feeling. England was, in her narrowest days, in Milton’s words, ‘a soil most genial to liberty.’ Her very childhood was passed in the open air, and her temperament has been braced by the breeze. If, like her climate, she has lacked the sun ‘which ripens fruits and wits,’ she has inhaled the ozone of island tempests. Germany, on the other hand, was in hospital—and that one of many wards. There was no united nation, no faculty for growth, but a pompous and a paltry ‘Bund.’ The political and social atmosphere was unwholesome in the extreme. There were thirty-five sovereigns,\* mostly of the pettiest, but all alike peddling and pedantic; there was a stifling censorship of literature; there was a repressive statecraft, with the clergy of two communions enlisted in its service; there was an unpopular and insolent nobility; and there was a patriotism derived from the liberation-war of 1813, which boasted exclusive Teutonism, and execrated everything

\* One Emperor, five Kings, one Elector, seven Grand-dukes, ten Dukes, ten Princes, and one Landgrave. Four free cities completed the ‘Deutscher Bund.’  
French.



French. It was the recoil after Napoleon; and a great gulf became fixed between intellectual and political, public and private activity.

The 'Christian-German' programme of Absolutism found an incongruous ally in 'The Romantic School.' The so-called Romantic School originated at Jena from the philosophy of Fichte and Schelling, the Napoleon and the Rousseau respectively of thought. Egoism and Naturalism are the literary parents of its ironic freedom. On the one hand the accentuation of the 'Sovereign I,' on the other the outlook on the material world as a living organism—as visible thought, in the same way that thought was invisible nature—gave the impetus. At first it was mainly evident in the deep if chaotic humour of Jean Paul. Fichte, we repeat, and afterwards Hegel, emphasised 'the self-conscious human I'; they said in effect: '*Cogito, ergo est.*' Schelling's universality of that 'I' could find scant expression in a policy-mongered State. Outwardly enslaved, it threw itself back on mediæval sentiment, with its symbolism of nature animate and inanimate, as a means of reconciliation; and the State manipulated the Gothic monstrosities of the sham structure as a buttress for its oppressive propaganda. We have no space to dilate on the various exponents of the doctrine. Suffice it for the English reader to say that Wagner is the Romantic School translated into music.

There was the active slavery of the Romantics; there was the passive freedom of Goethe. Heine set himself to make freedom active. He had grown up in the midst of all these influences. Nobody more than he was drawn towards the real romance and chivalry of the Middle Ages, their devotion and discipline, their mysticism and miracles. Nor has any one more wholly seized the magic of the 'Volkslied.' In his 'Loreley' he practically created an ancient one, and in his 'Two Grenadiers' a modern one, for Germany. But 'the time was out of joint.' In what he has finely termed 'the great Morgue of literature' four dead faces—among the few that he adored—beckoned him away: the faces of Cervantes, of Luther, of Lessing, and of Schiller. The Romantic School proved a masquerade of religion and sentiment in a country downtrodden and faithless. Far better for him had he been able to surrender his will to a diviner guidance—to that which inspired the heroes of his revolt. But he was impetuous and insurgent. He lacked that 'divine conversion of the will' which Amiel makes the claim of Christianity. He became, to employ Milton's grand invective, 'a tiger of Bacchus.' He scathed both Church and State: he exposed the sloth of  
2 F 2 patience

patience and the rust of patriotism: he denounced the professions of the Christianity and Judaism around him: he proclaimed 'The Emancipation of the Flesh,' 'The Rights of the Holy Matter,' 'The Reconciliation of the Body with the Spirit. As we scan 'Ueber Deutschland' and 'Die Romantische Schule,' or the closing passages of 'Die Stadt Lucca,' we seem to take refuge within the precincts of some dim and stately cathedral while a thunderstorm rages outside. The scornful lightning flashes through the sacred pictures of the rose-window—blasphemy from heaven against the pale emblematic repose of effigy and architecture. The sullen thunder is redoubled through the aisles. The owls hoot eerily from the sheltering belfry and the ravens croak around the grinning gurgoyles. Had Heine assailed living and unaffected religion in this manner we could not pardon him, but genuine religious life was extinct in the mouldering high places of Germany: only the Protestant pastors of the country districts, who so often afforded shelter to the poet pedestrian, as he lovingly remembered, preserved it.

"Are the Berlinese Christians, then?" exclaimed the Signora in astonishment. . . . I spoke in the previous chapter of the positive religions only in so far as they have been privileged state-religions. But there is a pious dialectic, dear reader, which will authoritatively assure you that an adversary of such a state-religion is also a foe of Religion and the State, a foe of God and the King, or, in the trite formula, of the Throne and the Altar. But I tell you this is a lie. I honour the inward holiness of every religion, and I subject myself to the interests of the state. If I do no special homage to anthropomorphism, I yet believe in the majesty of God. And, even if Kings are so foolish as to resist the spirit of the people, or so ignoble as to corrupt its organs by neglect and persecution, I yet remain in my heart of hearts an adherent of the monarchical principle. I am no enemy of the throne, but only of the ennobled vermin that have built their nests in its crevices, and who have been so well characterised by Montesquieu in the words "Ambition in league with indolence, greed for wealth without toil, repugnance to the truth, flattery, treachery, perfidy, perjury, contempt of public spirit, fear of kingly virtue, and interest in kingly shame." I am no enemy of the altar, but I hate the snakes lurking beneath its old rubble—those base cunning snakes that smile, innocent as flowers, while they spurt their venom into the goblet of life, and whisper slander in the ears of the devout, the glistening worms with soft words.

"Mel in ore, verba lactis,  
Fel in corde, fraus in factis."

He preached in all seriousness that modern Romanism was continuation of ancient Cæsarism; that 'Rome sends her dogma



dogmas into the provinces'; that the Holy Alliance was one of papacy with despotism. In the words of Tibullus—

'Roma tuum nomen terris fatale regendis.'

Yet he has related with infinite humour how he himself might have been Pope. The Abbé Schallmeyer, his maternal uncle's friend and his own preceptor, wished to consecrate his talent to the Roman priesthood. But his eventual conversion to Lutheranism was more than formal, and not merely the 'entrance-ticket to European civilisation.' In Luther above all he saw the rediscoverer of the Bible for Germany, and in the Bible—'homely and mysterious, as the whisperings of a primæval grandmother'—he prized the Fatherland of the Spirit. In Luther, too, he descried a Protestant both against false asceticism and against that puritanism which takes the colour from life.

'Only so long as religions are at rivalry with each other, and are more persecuted than persecuting, are they glorious and honourable. Only then exist inspiration, self-sacrifice, martyrdom, and the palm. How beautiful and holy, how lovely, strange, and sweet was the Christianity of the first centuries, when it still resembled its divine Founder in the heroism of suffering. Then still breathed the fair story of a mysterious God, who, in the shape of a gentle youth, wandered under the palms of Palestine, and preached the love of mankind, and revealed the doctrine of freedom and equality which was in later times acknowledged by the bare reason of the greatest thinkers, and which has inspired our age in the form of the French Gospel. Compare with this religion of Christ the various Christendoms [which various countries have erected into state-religions, for example, the Roman Apostolic Catholic Church, or that Catholicism without its poetry which predominates in the High Church of England. . . . The system of monopoly is as ruinous to religion as to trade. . . . Whoever has lain in ambush for the secret of societies knows that priests honour God far less than the laity, because the former can mould Him at will out of bread and words to suit their own service. And he knows that the nobility honour the King much less than *roturiers*, and despise in their hearts that very monarchy before which they prostrate themselves in public and for which they exact the prostration of others. They resemble those showmen of the market-place who exhibit for money some Hercules, or giant, or dwarf, or savage, or fire-eater, whose strength, loftiness, boldness, invincibility, or, in the dwarf's case, wisdom, they praise in exaggerated rhetoric, to the blare of trumpets and under the mask of motley—while all the time they laugh to scorn the credulity of the mob, and mock at the theme of their eulogies, the poor creature whom custom has rendered uninteresting and familiarity has robbed of illusion. . . . I am convinced, however, that a time will come when

when the Kings will refuse to be the puppet-show of contemptuous aristocracy, when they will break down their ceremonials, spring across their marble booths, and indignantly discard the tinsel trappings which allure the rabble—and that then the freed Kings will be free as other men, and walk free among them, and feel freely and marry freely, and freely declare their meaning, and that will be the emancipation of Kings.'

Such fiery thoughts made Heine the founder of 'Young Germany.' The contrast between England and Germany may be strikingly illustrated in this connexion. Some ten years later, Disraeli—like Heine, of Hebrew descent—led 'Young England.' But 'Young England' aimed at revival and amelioration in that very feudal spirit which Heine spurned. Disraeli recognised that our country thrives by adaptation and adjustment; that it is the country of natural growth, and not of forced luxuriance; that, like its native oak, the old trunk still obeys the magic of the spring, and has not, after the manner of the Brazilian aloe, to wait a hundred years before it shoots up into sudden and ephemeral blossom. In interdependence rather than in independence, in the mutual responsibility of classes, he discerned an English root for democratic ideas. England is great because of that very insular inaccessibility to ideas which repelled Heine. An idea knocks at our gates perhaps for generations before it wins admittance; but when it once enters it becomes naturalised like any other foreigner, and it becomes actualised: it dwells and walks and votes and has commerce with the people; it becomes part of the public life, and parcel of the national behaviour. 'Philistinism,'\* after all, stands for two great habits, those of decency and order. Habits are applied principles; principles, the application of ideas. Philistinism errs in deifying custom and depreciating ideas; but its very common sense, which is the logic of habit, enforces the central ideas which its principle represents. With all its drawbacks it is for us a regulative energy, typified by our jurymen, and our 'Times' newspaper. Mr. Matthew Arnold was

\* In this regard it is interesting to note that the phrase of 'Philistinism,' as expressing the arch-adversaries of light—which Mr. Arnold took from Heine, together with, *inter alia*, the division of the world into Hebrews and Hellenes—is of much older date. Goethe used it; but its origin seems to have been in the year 1693 at Jena, when a pastor Götz, preaching to the students from the university pulpit on the text, 'The Philistines are upon thee, Samson,' left the word as an embodiment of the townsmen in their quarrels with the gownsmen. See Scherr's 'Kulturgeschichte,' p. 622. There is also a trace of its unconscious application by Milton in the 'Areopagitica,' where, inveighing against the obscurantist monopoly of learning, he says: 'What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and coulters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges?'



mistaken when he identified the Teuton Philistinism attacked by Heine with the Goliath of his own abomination. These considerations hold good also of our religious world. Its dearth of spiritual insight vanishes gradually, and not by leaps and bounds—through conduct far more than through enlightenment. One of Heine's hobbies was the study of national myth and fable. He maintained that under these popular superstitions—such as those of the fay Abunde, of Tannhäuser, or of the Flying Dutchman—lurk the real popular beliefs. We may extend this to the current coin of daily parlance. Of the dead the Englishman exclaims: 'Poor So-and-so'—he is exiled from a land of practical comfort. But the German murmurs: 'Der Selige'—'the blessed.' Despite his philosophical scepticism, the 'heavenly home-sickness' pursues him. For the German there can never cease to abide some celestial beer-garden where he can sit and listen to eternal harmonies. Long afterwards, when a great change of body and soul had overtaken him, Heine tells the story of the Greenlander who retorted on Danish missionaries that the Christian heaven would scarcely suit him because there were no seals there. 'Be consoled, dear reader; there is a persistence beyond the grave, and, in another world, we shall, each of us, find our seals once more.'

Mr. Arnold is further misled in his assertion that Heine's 'direct political action was null,' and that 'Letters' were his sphere proper. This is that very reproach against which Heine kicked—'Only a poet!' 'Young Germany,' it is true, achieved no immediate change, nor did the violent demagogues succeed in upheaval. 'Direct political action' was, from the temperament of Germany, impossible. The July revolution of 1830 in Paris raised the hopes of conflicting patriots, and necessitated Heine's exile. He has ironically observed that Spandau was far from the sea, that oysters were not procurable, and that the irons in the fortress were very cold all the winter; also that they were singing 'Lafayette aux cheveux blancs' on the boulevards. So to Paris he was driven with so many other and opposite patriots. He loathed the demagogues, and he discountenanced the radical revolutionaries headed by Börne. He perceived the fatuity and the futility of practical rebellion. When the 'Hambach festival' rallied the forces of discontent and of enthusiasm for the Poles, there was a suggestion, he tells us, that the outbreak should start by shooting a sentry. 'What!' was the indignant remonstrance of a platform-Jacobin; 'kill an innocent sentry, the father of a family! I, too, am a father.'

Once more, eighteen years afterwards, rose the sterner revolt of 1848. Once more was the pioneer France thrown into the arms

arms of plutocracy; once more were the hopes of united Germany doomed to disappointment. Heine was persecuted not only by the Government, which mauled and suppressed his works, but by the extreme patriots, who, while they profited by his open-handed succour, suspected him as lukewarm and Gallophil. He soon came to detest the Teutomania that worked at the expense of progress and goodwill. He keenly realised that the 'equality' of proletarian agitators was a pretext for savagery, retrograde and iconoclast.

'I was struck once in the Göttingen beer-cellar by the wonderful alacrity of my "ancient German" friends in preparing their proscription lists for the day of triumph. Exile was decreed for every one descended even in the seventh degree from a Frenchman, Jew, or Slav. Whoever had written a word against Jahn or had in the least ridiculed old-German absurdities was to be executed—by the axe, not the guillotine, though the latter originates from Germany, and was familiar to the Middle Ages as "the Italian trap." I remember that on this occasion it was seriously discussed whether a certain Berlineser author who had written against gymnastics in the first volume of his works was to be sentenced until the second volume had appeared and perhaps modified his original utterances!'

German thoroughness, German impracticability, German inner-consciousness! Heine's view was larger and more human.

'Oh, the People, this poor king in tatters, has fallen on flatterers far more shameless, as they swing their censers round his head, than the courtiers of Byzantium or Versailles. These court lackeys of the People incessantly vaunt its virtues and excellences, crying aloud: "How beautiful is the People, how good is the People, how intelligent is the People." No, you lie. The People is not beautiful; on the contrary, it is very ugly. But its ugliness is due to its dirt, and will vanish with public baths for the gratuitous ablutions of his Majesty. A piece of soap, too, will do no harm; and we shall then see a People in the beauty of cleanliness—a washed People. The People whose goodness is thus magnified is not good at all. It is often as bad as other potentates. But its baseness comes from hunger. When it has once well eaten and drunk it will smile, gracious and well-favoured as the rest. Nor is his Majesty over-intelligent. He is possibly stupider than the others—stupid with the bestiality of his minions; he will only love or heed the speakers or howlers of the jargon of his passions; he hates every brave soul that converses in the speech of reason, and that would ennoble and enlighten him.'

Thus did Heine indicate a higher and wider range to German patriotism. The greater parliamentary freedom which is now making itself felt, the religious emancipation and national unity which have come to pass, are the direct fruits of his ideals.



ideals. But freedom itself is not yet organic in Germany. To what have ideas brought Germany, after all? To what have they brought France, with her undignified 'moments of emotion'? In England, with our Dagon of healthy compromise, we are still free and stable. Let the following statistical excerpt illustrate the persistent immaturity of German politics:—

'Since the present Emperor came to the throne, from 488 to 621 persons have been annually condemned for this mild form of high treason (*Lèse-Majesté*), and it is noticeable that, among them, 183 were under twenty-one and 7 under fifteen years of age.'

This is the Germany that begrudges Heine a statue. And in France the Dreyfus imbroglio has followed on the heels of the Panama scandals, while the mask of 'anti-Semitism' veils a campaign against capital and authority. That this labour question would become a critical issue was, as we shall see, manifest to Heine in the forties. He had ardently embraced the humanitarianism of Père Enfantin, but he shuddered as he foretold the Commune. Heine, even in blessing Lassalle, apprehended the suicide of equality when translated into fact, and gauged its value as an ideal towards which the spirit of society must approximate. And to what did ideas eventually reduce Heine himself?

'Yes! Happy are those in the prisons at home, happy those in the garrets of temporal misery, happy the lunatics in their mad-house, and happiest the dead. As regards the writer of these pages, I dare not indulge in selfish complaint, for I have, to some degree, tasted the fate of them all by virtue of that strange susceptibility, that involuntary fellow-feeling, that disease of mood, peculiar to poets and without its precise name. However well-liking and gleeful I flit by day through the sparkling streets of Babylon, at even-fall, believe me, the melancholy harps awaken in my breast; and by night crash all the drums and cymbals of sorrow, the Janissary-orchestra of the world's agony. The whole shrill appalling masquerade dances before my eyes. Ah! what dreams! Dreams of the dungeon, of wretchedness, of madness, of death! A shrieking medley of wisdom and folly, a hotch-potch reeking of *Sauerkraut*, and yet redolent of orange blossom! . . . Constantly in my dreams I sit on a curbstone of the Rue Lafayette. It is a moist autumn evening, and the moon streams on the dirty pavement in long streaks that transform the mud into gold and even embroider it with diamonds. The passing crowd, too, are only glittering dirt. Stockjobbers, gamblers, cheap scribblers—the flash coiners of thought, and cheaper damsels whose guile is only that of the body. . . . Between them all the carriages rattle and the lackeys jump, gay as tulips and common as their masters. . . . In one of these golden coaches, if I mistake not, lolls Aguado, late dealer in cigars, and his pawing steeds bespatter my

my whole rosy-red habiliment. . . . Yes! to my own wonder, I am clad completely in flesh-colour, for neither the climate nor the season allow the simple nakedness of ancient Greece, when King Leonidas with his three hundred Spartans danced the night before Thermopylae without a shred of raiment, garlanded with flowers. Like that of Leonidas in David's picture is my own clothing, as I sit in my dreams on the curbstone of the Rue Lafayette, while Aguado's damnable coachman bespatters my flesh-garment—the brute! He bespatters, too, the fair chaplet on my brows, which, however, in confidence, is withering, and has lost its scent. Ah! they were once fresh joyous blossoms when I first decked myself with them and thought they would march with me next morning to battle—to do or die for the Fatherland. . . . That is long ago. Morose and idle, I sit in the Rue Lafayette, and meanwhile the flowers fade on my head, my locks too are whitening, and my heart waxes faint in my bosom. Great God! how the time drags in such deedless waiting and at last one's courage flickers out. . . . I watch the people pass. They glance pitifully at me and whisper in each other's ear, "Poor fool!"

But he was not long to remain 'well-liking' even by day. The Rue Lafayette was to be exchanged for the Rue d'Amsterdam, and eventually for the death-in-life of the Avenue Matignon. That 'flesh-colour,' those flowers—which symbolised his revival of Renaissance-Hellenism, which had adorned his proclamation of Titian as a 'Protestant of the flesh,' and his reanimation of a pantheon exiled into museum-statuary—faded away into the spectral presentment of 'A Christ by Morales,' over which the detached spirit already seemed to brood, longing to be 'free among the dead.' Once more did this protagonist of 'modernity' return crushed and broken to the great home of the Bible. But for him was to be slain no fatted calf. He was proud even in humiliation: his cardinal taint was his native self-will, and not, as some have imagined, irreverence or intemperance. He had really immolated himself for his country. It would have been so easy, as he said, to have remained at home and comfortably to have indited tame romances. He had suffered the pangs of banishment for over twenty years: he was now hemmed in by sordid vexations. He might well have re-echoed Zechariah,—'What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends.' He recanted his joyous pantheism. Like that other poet-exile of Pontus:—

'Id quoque quod viridi quondam male luit in ævo,  
Heu nimium sero damnat et odit opus.'

He compared himself to the mediæval minnesinger who, smitten in the plenitude of his glory with leprosy, roamed through the  
lan\_\_\_\_\_



land and sang his songs to the awful rhythm of the leper's rattle.

'On the rack I will confess all. Yes! I have returned to God like the prodigal son after my long swineherdship among the Hegelians. Is it misery that sends me home? Perhaps a less miserable reason. A heavenly home-sickness overtook me, and urged me on through gorge and forest over the dizzyest peaks of Dialectic. On my way I found the God of the Pantheists, but he was of no avail. This poor dreamy being is cramped into the web and growth of the world—the world's prisoner. He gapes on you without will or power. To have a will one needs personality, and free elbow-room is indispensable for its manifestation.'

Yes! 'God is all, but all is not God.' This formula of his glowing youth he had at length learned to interpret. But the 'new birth,' 'the conversion of the will,' this he could not learn. His genius hovers in a borderland between the spiritual and the sensuous. If his body could not emancipate itself from the spirit, neither could his spirit entirely renounce the body. This borderland, which sheds such a charm over his every word, is the region with which we set out—the domain of ideas. Great is the mission of ideas; but they are elements of earth, and can destroy as well as minister. Life is not a frenzy of the elements, and true freedom is the surrender of the will to the high and the holy. Heine protested to the last that his life had been beautiful and noble, that his morality had been in consistent accord with an inward sanction. Alfred Meissner, in his '*Revolutionäre Studien aus Paris*,' bears witness to his true religious feeling. He was certainly graced with a generous candour as rare as gratitude: he could confess that he had been wrong. His impressive testament contains an exalted passage:—

'Je meurs croyant en un Dieu uni et éternel, créateur du monde, et dont j'implore la miséricorde pour mon âme immortelle. Je regrette d'avoir dans mes écrits quelquefois parlé des choses saintes sans le respect qui leur est dû, mais j'étais plutôt entraîné par l'Esprit de mon époque que par mes propres propensions. Si j'ai à mon insu offensé les bonnes mœurs et la morale, qui est la vraie essence de toutes les croyances monothéistes, j'en demande pardon à Dieu et aux hommes. . . . La grande affaire de ma vie était de travailler à l'entente cordiale entre l'Allemagne et la France, et à déjouer les artifices des ennemis de la démocratie, qui exploitent à leur profit les préjugés et les animosités internationaux.'

We must now turn to the family letters which complete his before-published correspondence. It is a refreshing task. The disconnected letters to his friends which are included in his  
works

works constantly need elucidation. They reveal a sensitive, aspiring, petulant soul, but they cast little light on the two dubious onslaughts of his pen—that on Platen, and that on Börne. With regard to the latter we have hinted a clue in our remarks on the Patriots. With regard to the former, scandalous as it was, it is palliated by the fact that his friend Carl Immermann was its true reason, and not merely a personal revenge for the disgraceful manner in which Platen had handled him in his two Aristophanic comedies, ‘The Fatal Fork,’ and ‘The New Œdipus.’ But these family letters harbour no vexed problems: they are likenesses of the affections. We feel, in reading them, as we do in that great chamber of the Uffizi where the master-painters have hung their own votive-tablets to posterity. They are at once portraits and performances. The correspondence is chiefly with his mother and sister, and its keynote is so tenderly struck in the two sonnets dedicated to the former that we cannot refrain from translating one:—

‘To my mother, B. Heine  
(Born von Geldern).

‘In folly mad I left thee once forsaken.  
I fain would roam the wide creation over  
And look where Love might hide, or footsteps of her,  
That I, in love, might clasp her overtaken.  
From street I walked to street with search unshaken,  
At every threshold stood, a suppliant rover,  
And begged with palm outspread for dole or trover.  
My portion cold was hate and gibe to waken.  
And still I wandered seeking Love, and ever  
Love-seeking, Love herself encountering never;—  
Till back I turned and homeward, sick and tired.  
Thou camest forth to greet me, glad and willing;  
With tender dew thy tender eyes were thrilling.  
Ah! That was Love—the Love so long desired.’

His affection for his mother was religious. ‘You, dear mother,’ he writes in one of these letters, ‘were always a God-fearing woman, and for your sake the dear God will always stand by us.’ He signs himself sometimes ‘Your obedient son’; late in life he calls her ‘Dear, good prize-mother.’ His affection for his sister Lottchen was romantic. Four great men of this century have been distinguished for their lover-like devotion to a sister—Byron, Macaulay, Mendelssohn, and Disraeli. Charlotte Heine, afterwards von Embden, ever remained a child, sportive and gifted, with striking affinities to his own deeper nature. He commemorates her in his famous lay, ‘My child,

we



we once were children,' when he describes their make-believe to be grown-up people in the hen-coop:—

Our childhood's games have vanished,  
And all things vanish must,  
The World, and its honey, and money,  
And Faith and Love and Trust.'

The first letter addressed to her bears date March 22nd, 1820. He was then a young student. His parents had just removed from Oldesloe to Lüneburg:—

'I am thinking of all my letters. You ought to write to me how all is going on *there*, and how you all fared in your emigration. The room of your old music club is doubtless hung with crape—its walls during the last fortnight must have re-echoed no "*Allegro*"—only "*Adagio*"—and the streets, how dead-alive they must now be! Did you cry at starting, and how did you feel on the journey? I sit many a night on my wooden chair and read quite mechanically in my great learned books, while my thoughts hover round the Lüneburger Heath, anxiously watching whether your coachman naps, whether your carriage is on the right road, whether a wheel be broken. Are you worthy of my enormous love for you?'

A year later, he was under Hegel at Berlin, a brilliant figure in a brilliant society. The subjoined extract from a letter of congratulation to his future brother-in-law is wise for so young a head, and significant of his future attitude:—

'I hope that you and my sister will be a happy couple. . . . For I am sure that, unlike the rest of our fine society, you do not prize in a woman merely a one-sided pre-eminence of mind, heart, or body, but, if I judge you aright, acknowledge the truest culture in a fair symmetry of the powers, and true charm only in the harmony between soul and body. My Lottchen is music—all symmetry and harmony. Her brother cannot forbear saying as much to her betrothed. As regards the political side of your note, I rejoice that my sister's bridegroom is no revolutionary. I find it quite natural too for a man *à son aise*—a happy *fiancé*—to oppose the upheaval of existing forms—to desire his own repose and Europe's. With me other considerations predominate; and besides a somewhat queer feeling steals over me when I read in the papers about folks frozen to death in the streets of London or starved in the streets of Naples.'

We find the following remark on his just published '*Ratcliff*' in a letter written soon afterwards to the same correspondent: 'The true poet does not present the history of his own time, but of all times; and on this account a genuine poet is always the mirror of a universal present.' This tallies curiously with the words of Schiller which we have prefixed as motto

motto to this essay. Again he writes to von Embden this commentary on his own character :—

‘I hope that we may before long approximate more in our feelings; and that you will be able to recognise the good in me which often lies too deep below the surface. I have already avowed your keen penetration in practical life. Perhaps you may have noticed that mine is equally just in ideal life—I mean in everything dependent on ideas.’

The October of 1823 found him at Hamburg (where he says there is ‘a culture-conductor on the top of the town hall’), and elicited a characteristic ebullition :—

‘The thought of you, dear sister, still sustains me, though the mass of people, with their stupid hate and nauseous love, depress me. . . . I am striving to perfect myself in the most various branches of study, and so hope to become a more versatile and accomplished writer. The poet is only a fraction of me. You know me long enough to understand this. I have duly noted your advice to let heaps of my tragedy die. Ah God! I only wish I could let lots of enemies die in it too! The Lüneburger Heath is a third of eternity, and has bored me consumedly, and out of boredom I have been making verses and inscribing them to you.’

This same confidante-sister’s description of him at this period will not be without interest :—

‘He looked younger than his age; he wore no beard until his incurable illness. The fine, almost girlish features were framed by locks of a light brown. His lips would twist into a satirical smile whenever they uttered anything witty or playful; and his gray-blue eyes, otherwise rather languid, would then light up. He was of middle height, always elegantly dressed. Throughout his life there was something distinguished in his air. He was always industrious and occupied, and unremitting in his attendance at lectures. The student habits were uncongenial to him; he did not smoke; he never drank beer; wine only in moderation; and he eschewed the nightly carousals of his comrades, although he joined a college club (“Burschenschaft”).’

Meanwhile his first ‘Lieder’ and ‘Reisebilder’ had made him famous. He had taken his Doctor’s degree. His parents were anxious that he should practise as an advocate, with a view to some State appointment or even a diplomatic career. All his inclinations drew him to Berlin, where he was acquainted with Hegel, Humboldt, the Schlegels, Varnhagen von Ense, and the galaxy of talent that surrounded Varnhagen’s celebrated wife. But his home affections led him fatally to Hamburg, where his parents were to settle under the ægis of their  
millionaire



millionaire kinsman. Commercial Hamburg disgusted him. It was there, too, that he suffered the love reverse which embittered his life. The so-called practical career was not to be his destiny. The success of his first publications, arising as it did from their union of the freshest romance with the most scorching satire, revealed the efficacy of new and trenchant weapons. Platen tried in vain to satirise their combination of wit and pathos. Heine resolved, much to the chagrin of that rich uncle—to whom he owed and repaid at once so much kindness, harshness, and misconception—to travel before embarking on his literary voyage. He visited London, where, jaundiced by ill-health, and with small opportunities for appreciating our national spirit, he saw little but 'the eternal roast beef and mutton, vegetables dished up *naïve* as God made them, . . . fog, porter, and Canning. Send no philosopher to London, and, on my conscience, no poet.' A second book of songs appeared, and enchanted Germany. Baron Cotta invited his collaboration, and Heine, anticipating royal emolument, complied: but Jesuit intrigues thwarted the favourable predispositions of the Bavarian King. Baffled and restless, Heine started on the Italian journey, whose southernmost limit proved to be Florence.

' . . . I see Italy, but I cannot hear her, and yet I am not quite debarred from conversation. Here the stones have voices, and I understand their dumb eloquence. I find myself quite on terms with a broken column of ancient Rome, a ruined bridge of old Lombardy, or a weather-beaten pillar of the Goths. Often and often do I bend my ears for the whispered secrets of antique palaces which elude the dull stir of day. But I return at nightfall, and the moon is a good interpreter. It reads the style of stones, and renders it in the speech of my heart. Yes! at night I can catch every word. The new folks with their opera-phrases are asleep, and the old folks rise from their chilly beds and discourse the loveliest Latin!'

He was recalled by the prostrating news of his father's death, that 'Väterchen' to whom he was tenderly attached. The appearance of his last outspoken 'Reisebilder' frustrated his final hopes of State preferment. To Paris, as we have seen, in 1831 he transferred his body, but not his soul; as he was never wearied of quoting to his sister, 'Calipso ne se pouvait consoler du départ d'Ulysse.' He discerned that his mission was to form a fantastic bridge between the romanticism of the past and the realism of the present. Despotism in every shape he treated as a saturnine grotesque. Paris welcomed and at first intoxicated him, but his heart was on the other side of the Rhine:—

'Ah,

'Ah, Germany, my true-love parted,  
I'm not so far from tears as thee.  
Light-hearted France seems heavy-hearted,  
A burden all this buoyant glee.'

Such is the burden of his home letters at this time. He is always trying to spare his mother both expense and anxiety. His two brothers never quite understood him: his wealthy uncle and cousins regarded him as a brilliant failure. His nature demanded the womanly for its support, and he found it in the childlike sincerity of a *grisette* whom he educated, and whose affection appealed to the sheer simplicity that underlay his nervous temperament.

'Paris, 13 September, 1841.

'Dearest, darling sister,—At last I am able to announce my marriage. On the 31st of August I espoused Mathilde Crescentia Mirat, with whom I have already been *tiffing* for the last six years. She is, however, of the noblest and purest heart, good as an angel; and her conduct, during our long association, so blameless as to have made her an example of virtue to all my circle.'

And to his mother he writes:—

'... Her only drawback is her impulsiveness and caprice, which often irritate me to the damage of my health. I grow more and more attached to her from the bottom of my heart; more and more she becomes the deepest need of my life; but perhaps this too will cease in time, with all other human feelings. I anticipate such a crisis with horror. I should then be left a solitary prey to my moods of wretchedness, unredeemed by sympathy. At other times I am tormented by her helplessness and inexperience should I die. For she is careless and innocent as a child of three.'

On the 5th of May, 1842, occurred the great Hamburg fire which turned so many of Heine's compositions to fragments. His sister imperilled her life to rescue the poet's manuscripts, and his utterances of this date are pathetically free from reference to his own loss; full of anxiety for his mother (whom he beseeches not to frank her letters), and of admiration for Lottchen, who wrote to him 'with the calm heroism of a field-marshal.' In the same year took place the engagement of one of her daughters:—

'You are still so young both in mind and body . . . and will soon be a grandmother, and the dear old hen will be a great-grandmother. If only I could see our dearest father for one moment! That is my constant thought, and the happiness makes me sad. . . . If I could only be with you for a few days!'

He was, however, to re-visit Germany with great precautions in the ensuing year, but he could only look forward to bringing his



his wife on some future opportunity. And meanwhile, despite his abnormal nerves, his failing eyesight, his political, pecuniary, and other troubles, he had been electrifying both France and Germany in works both German and French. He had published 'Lutetia,' and handled with consummate insight the political and social conditions of a stirring time. His diagnosis was prognosis. He analysed prophetically the elements of Louis Philippe's 'Bourgeoisie.' He predicted the Franco-German war; he afterwards predicted what has recently happened—the Franco-Russian alliance: he predicted that civil war of society which is still thundering its anarchic message.

'The propaganda of Communism boasts a language universally intelligible. The alphabet of this international dialect is simple as hunger, envy, and death; it is readily learned, and will develop into a world-revolution—the great struggle between the possessionless and the oligarchies of possession.'

Heine paid his longed-for home visit with his wife in the summer of 1844. It is amusing to peruse his nephew's description of the poet's landing with his impatient wife and her pet parrot—his family, as he styled them. It was in keeping that the too-natural lady should be ill at ease in the formal house of the benevolent but crotchety millionaire, who forbade any language but German at his table. Heine's jest about his uncle Solomon's dinners was that a footman stood behind him on one side of the table to hand dainties, while a second waited on the other to offer accusatives. But on the whole, the meeting was a success; and the poet, after jealously dispatching his wife to a *pension* in Paris to await his return, lingered on for a while alone.

At length he had to say farewell, and the tragedy of his life was henceforward to deepen. His disease crawled month by month to its pitiable catastrophe. Every kind of aggravation dogged him—squabbles with his publisher Campe, misunderstandings with his cousins, fears for the financial future of his widow, the so-called patriots who bit the hand that fed them.\* But, throughout, the unaffected single-heartedness of his home affections breathes like the relieving motive in a tempestuous symphony. This is for us the singular charm of these letters. To the scavengers of posthumous gossip, the auctioneers of privacy, they may seem trivial, but when we remember that he has been taunted with heartlessness and malice, the solemn sweetness of his intercourse with his own becomes his most

\* The French government had given him a small pension, and this incensed the 'Franzosen-Fresser' section of Germany, headed by Menzel.

persuasive advocate in the courts of posterity. Take this, to his mother, on his reunion with his wife:—

‘. . . . We were both quite dazed by the joy of meeting again. We open our mouths wide at each other, speak of you, laugh again, and the parrot screeches amid it all as if demented. . . . You see, dear mother, I am happy as far as man can be in this imperfect world. My only lack is a healthier head and the neighbourhood of my good mother. Did you make Jette look very often how the wind was blowing on Wednesday night?’ And again: ‘It is late and my pen is much worse than my heart.’

In the December of this year (1844) he lost his uncle.

‘He was often harsh to me. Even this summer in his excitement he struck me with his stick. Ah, God! how gladly would I recall his blows.’

Then followed the most miserable dispute with his cousin Karl, who wanted to dock the pittance which the dead patron had paid. He had to fight a duel as in the old university days. One by one, his later triumphs issue from the press, but he comments far less on them, or his bickerings, or his malady, than on the interests of those at home. Persistent are his loving disguises of that awful illness. He was fruitlessly attempting new cures and new abodes. He protests he has given up the doctors, for he has noticed that all the lately deceased were attended by physicians! His penultimate letters are full of distracted love and loving distraction for the wife who was at once mistress, nurse, child, and friend. The revolution of 1848 dealt him a heavy blow: it blasted his political hopes, and it coincided with his physical collapse. Our next extract speaks piteously for itself and him:—

*‘Passy, 10th June, 1848.’*

‘Dearest sister,—My wife wishes me to keep you no longer in too complete delusion as to my true state of health. This has hitherto been necessary for mother’s sake. But if I die, I do not wish you to receive too violent a shock. This, dear child, will I hope not happen so soon, and a dozen years may pass over me as I am, God pity me! For the last fortnight, I have been so paralysed that I have to be carried like a child; my legs are mere cotton-wool; my eyes terribly bad; my heart, however, right, and brain and digestion sound. I am well cared for and lack nothing to defray the great expenses of my illness. My wife bears herself splendidly, and we live very happily. Should I die in this condition, my end is far better than that of thousands of others. Now you know where you are. I wanted so much to see you this summer. Perhaps I might manage it next New Year, or perhaps you will come here. This year I am glad not to have you by me on account of the world-spread revolution orgy, which you have doubtless to endure as well as we. . . .

But



But shall I ever be better? God knows, who guides all for the best. . . . We shall conceal my illness from mother as heretofore.

‘Shadow-love and shadow-kisses,

Life of shadows weird to view;

Think you, sister, all our blisses

Changeless bide, and firmly true?

All we cling to, love, and cherish,

Dreamery, it melts and goes;

Eyes and hearts forget and perish,

Hearts and eyes aslumber close.’

Yet he still insisted on dispensing with dictation, though a single letter would often absorb a whole day. His intellect was never keener, nor his hold on life intenser than when the whole outer world was ebbing away. It is to these last years of agony that we owe the ‘Lazarus’ and the ‘Romancero.’ Many deeds of kindness, too, are chronicled in this last act. He was devoted to children, and would spin them fairy stories: would tell how good the cakes were in heaven, and how the angels, for lack of napkins, would wipe their tiny mouths with their wings.

‘Dear good little mother,’ he writes, ‘you must almost be content if in future I employ a secretary. . . . I wrote to you long ago that my arm is cramped; otherwise things proceed as usual. . . . Only Mammon, the craven Mammon, that slunk away into ambush before the terror of the Republic, is once more emerging. . . . I love you inexpressibly.’ And once more: ‘Although writing is forbidden me, I cannot forbear a line of New Year’s congratulation. . . . That New Year’s cracknel we used to eat as children, over coffee compounded of three beans and three pounds of chicory—not a touch of sugar!’

We can almost hear the gasps of effort through the disjointedness.

But an immense pleasure was to gladden him before life was wholly sapped. During the November of 1855 Gustav and Lottchen visited him for a month. The sister thus records their arrival:—

‘Mathilde stood on the doorstep, embraced me, and said that before I entered my brother called out to her: “I feel Lottchen is coming; you need not prepare me; bring her in; I would not miss a minute of her presence.” As soon as I saw him, he exclaimed: “My dear Lottchen!” and folded me in his arms for a long time speechless. Then he leaned his head on my shoulder and extended his hand to his brother. His joy at seeing me was indescribable; and I dared not leave his bedside, save at mealtimes, till late into the night. . . . I feared the shock of the first view of his sufferings; but since at this time I only saw his head, which smiled on me with marvellous and transfigured beauty, I could surrender myself to the transport of meeting. Towards afternoon, however, when the nurse carried me to the *chaise longue*, and I gazed on the contorted body from which

which the legs dangled lifelessly, I had to summon all my courage to endure the sight. My room adjoined his, and already on the first night his protracted convulsions alarmed me fearfully. Almost every evening the same spasms repeated themselves, but when I hastened to the sick chamber and laid my hand on his brow, it seemed to relieve him. He often assured me that I exercised a strange magnetic influence over him, of which he was conscious however lightly I entered the room. In his more painless moments we often laughed together over old home-memories. Only his right hand retained its nervous force. . . . Some months since his constant secretary, Richard Reinhold, had quitted him, and he had recently been replaced by a singularly gifted and gracious lady, who united French *esprit* with German depth.'

This was Camille Selden—'La Mouche,' as Heine calls her, from the device on her seal—to whom he addressed his last letter, with the signature of 'Nebuchadnezzar the Second.' When the hour of parting arrived, Heine had prepared a poem for his sister, which the maid—that Nemesis of authors—had consigned to the flames. 'Be consoled,' he ejaculated; 'when you come again, I will compose another far more *fiery* lyric for you.'

She was never to return. He died on the 17th of February, 1856. In the Appendix to these 'Letters' appears a touching note from the nurse, Catherine Boulnois, to Madame von Embden. His consciousness remained unimpaired almost to the very end, and his last solicitude was for his mother and sister. His widow, who speaks of him, in a subsequent communication, as 'l'homme de génie qui me fit l'honneur d'associer sa vie à la mienne,' died on the anniversary of his death in 1883. His mother only survived him till 1859.

Ah! who shall judge that scintillating spirit, whose ordeals were themselves unwritten irony, and whose articulate irony has been so often vindicated by his age; whose poetry—and (may we add) whose courage and devotion—are a legacy for ages to come? 'The poet's irony,' forcibly observes his nephew, 'never fastened on the ideal, but on the realistic residue of particularism and intolerance—above all, on their missionaries who sought to throttle a people's aspirations.' Heine loved much, and much shall therefore be forgiven him.

In the Vatican Museum stands a significant group of Apollo and the Muses. A careful observer will mark that Melpomene wears a pensive smile above her terror-stricken mask, while Thalia mourns sternly with the badge of Comedy in her hands. That is the true irony of the modern transition; that is the inward tragicomedy of things; that is the bitter-sweetness of Heine's life and work.



- ART. VIII.—1. *Considérations sur la France.* Par J. de Maistre. Londres (Neuchâtel), 1797.
2. *Les soirées de St. Pétersbourg.* Par J. de Maistre. Paris, 1821.
3. *Mémoires d'outre Tombe.* Par Chateaubriand. Nouvelle édition par Edmond Biré. Paris, 1898.
4. *Le Génie du Christianisme.* Par Chateaubriand. Paris, An X (1802).
5. *La France Juive.* Par Edouard Drumont. 145<sup>e</sup> édition. Paris, 1898.
6. *Le Péril Protestant.* Par E. Renauld. 10<sup>e</sup> édition. Paris, 1899.
7. *Praticiens Politiques (1870-99).* Par J. Ernest-Charles. Paris, 1899.
8. *La Tristesse Contemporaine.* Essai sur les grands courants moraux et intellectuels. Par H. Fierens-Gevaert. Paris, 1899.
9. *La Synergie Sociale.* Par Henri Mazel. Paris, 1896.

FRANCE, despite her wealth, courage, and intelligence, is in a parlous state. To opine that she is sick unto death would be to ignore her wondrous vitality, to forget the repeated recoveries of this august patient, for whose health and prosperity the world is bound to pray. But her condition is alarming indeed. Everywhere we detect the symptoms of disease. At home she is distracted by intrigue and corruption. She faces the world abroad with an ominous mixture of pusillanimity and arrogance. Her army long since passed beyond the control of the law, and has turned itself from a useful servant into a tyrannical mistress. This untrammelled Republic, in fact, has rewritten the ancient adage. It has stripped kings of their divinity, and yet believes in the soldier's divine right to do wrong. While professing an admiration for the sacred principles of 1793, it has prayed for a tyrant, and it has only abstained from bowing the knee because no tyrant is forthcoming within its borders. To disguise the discontent which paralyses her at home, France turns her eyes abroad. She has abased herself abjectly at the feet of Russia, because the Czar personifies the all-powerful dictatorship after which she pines. A free nation, she hangs a foreign flag in all her streets, and flatters a foreign potentate in such terms of adulation as would appear extravagant were they addressed to a benevolent autocrat of her own. That her submission meets with no reward does not irk her in the least; on the contrary, she endures with manifest patience the slights and encroachments of her 'great ally.'

ally.' And then, as if to atone for her subservience to the East, she faces the West with a bold and insolent front. She boasts that she is ready to meet England on the sea, as in 1870 she was prepared to vanquish Germany in the Vosges. Wherefore she stealthily follows the enterprises of Great Britain with her policy of pin-pricks, and, in that fatally sanguine temper which commonly inspires consumptive patients and nations in decay, she opposes energy with intrigue. She sends out agents whom her own Ministers disown, and conceals her real intentions from her faithful citizens. Marchand was left stranded at Fashoda because only one part of the triple plot succeeded. Had Prince Henri d'Orléans marched from Abyssinia with the troops of Menelik, had the Marquis de Morés joined the Mahdi, as he hoped, then the prayers of French politicians might have been answered, and France might have fought England under alien flags.

But a worse sign of decay than this unstatesmanlike cunning is France's newly acquired pride in her navy. If she be not patriotic, she is as Chauvinist to-day as she was thirty years since. The general who declared in 1870 that the French army was ready to the last gaiter button was not a whit worse than M. Lockroy, who lately told the Chamber that the French navy's superiority to her rivals was assured. And how? By submarine navigation. Now this astounding statement would have some force if M. Lockroy could prove, first, that submarine navigation is an invincible artifice of war, and, secondly, that France has a fleet of submarine boats. But on the first point he is content with dogmatic assertion, on the second he perforce confesses that France's submarine fleet consists of one ship. In brief, his argument is this: I believe in submarine navigation, and I should like to have a fleet of submarine boats. Therefore France is prepared to make war against all the fleets of Europe with the 'Gustave Zédé.' In other words, the jawbone of the ass is always good against the Philistines. The worst of it is that M. Lockroy knows his assertion to be false. Not many months since he admitted that France had no navy, but a naval museum. Now, that he may win a popularity at the hustings, he commits the sin of General Lebœuf, and were he taken at his word would drive his country to another Sedan.

This inability to face the truth is the clearest proof of decay, the best evidence of that invincible sadness which oppresses France—a sadness which is acknowledged by her own philosophers as well as by her kindest critics. Between her heart and her tongue there is a constant opposition, and though she is half conscious of her weakness, the hope of despair persuades her



her that war perhaps may be a cure for her restlessness. Whence comes this restlessness? That is the question posed by friends and strangers alike; and the one element of humour in the situation is the manifold causes which are assigned. It is all the fault of Nietzsche, says one; Wagner is at the bottom of it, cries another. If we had not perplexed ourselves with Tolstoi and Ibsen, declares a third school, we should not to-day be face to face with disaster. Again, the historian of the older fashion charges the literary decadents with the ruin of France; as though a literary coterie, which is hardly known elsewhere than in London and the Latin Quarter, could affect for good or evil a thrifty industrious nation. But these pessimists, one and all, have mistaken symptoms for causes. The internationalism of art and letters which afflicts France to-day is no more than a symptom of national distrust. The most gifted of modern peoples is afraid to follow its own genius. It seeks its literature in Russia, Norway, or England, its music in Germany, its philosophy anywhere rather than in its own clear intellect. And then we are asked to believe that these vague symptoms of distrust are in reality its causes. Truly history repeats itself, and we remember the voice of Renan insisting that France was beaten in 1870 because she had not given proper attention to German metaphysics, while Gautier murmured that disaster was the just reward for a lack of sympathy with the Romantic movement. But we do not take these declarations seriously. We remember that Renan and Gautier were talking on the borderland of jest and earnest; that a Frenchman is a *blagueur* at heart even in the moment of defeat.

Yet, when we have brushed away all the trifling symptoms of disease, we return to the truth that the cause of France's unhappiness is not material but intellectual. Her wealth and prosperity are undeniable. Her thrift, if it diminishes her population, makes famine and distress impossible. Though a species of jealousy has enamoured her of colonial enterprise, she can live within her own borders, as upon a virgin soil. So devoted are her citizens to their country that not even the greed of gain can persuade them to cross the seas. Still they are discontented, and a prey to constant unnecessary agitation. Now the real reason of disquietude is that France has never lived down her infamous Revolution. The monsters who abolished the *ancien régime* put nothing in its place save lawlessness and hypocrisy. That which Joseph de Maistre said of the constitution of 1795 is true of all the constitutions which have since been invented in Paris. 'Is there a single country of the universe,' he wrote in his '*Considérations sur la France*,'

France,' 'wherein you could not find a Council of Five Hundred, a Council of Ancients, and five Directors? This constitution can be presented to all human associations, from China to Geneva. But a constitution made for all nations is good for none. It is a pure abstraction, a scholastic work done to exercise the wit upon an ideal hypothesis. All imaginable reasons unite to make it clear that the divine seal is not upon this work, which is nothing but a theme, and which is already marked with all the characters of destruction.'

In the Revolution of 1789 France forgot her traditions and stamped upon her history. She thought, so to say, that she might live *in vacuo*, and, disembarrassed of her atmosphere, make a dashing return to first principles. Her intelligence was acute enough to invent fifty new constitutions; she saw the meaning of all things, and deemed herself superior to the tyranny of kings or priests. She ignored only this: that her roots had sunk deep into the past, and that you can no more drag up a nation than you can drag up a tree without endangering its life. But France, proud in her freedom of thought, submitted first to the tyranny of Napoleon; thereafter she fashioned several kinds of monarchy, autocratic and limited; she made trial of republics, and in a moment of inspiration invented the Liberal Empire. To-day she lives under a 'free' government which she does not trust, and proves by her love of pageantry and her consistent restlessness that she would accept the domination of the first strong man who put a splendid yoke upon her. She is tired from sheer curiosity. What nation, indeed, could live through a century of experiment and be strong?

She has been racked by iconoclasm on the one hand, and on the other by the reaction which iconoclasm always necessitates. Nor has her folly been anywhere more clearly manifested than in her attitude towards the Church. Indeed, the present sorrows of France are the direct result of an inevitable reaction of Catholicism; and it has been proved once more that fanaticism, in any shape, is a worse danger to a country than an armed foe. At the Revolution France accepted open-eyed the doctrine of Voltaire, and, essentially Catholic as she was and is, she closed the churches, suppressed the festivals, and put the Supreme Being on the throne of God. The crowd was satisfied with the masquerade of Robespierre, and cheerfully joined the sport of priest-baiting. But the reign of irreligion was brief. Napoleon restored the ancient creed, rather because he thought it useful than because he approved its influence. He treated it as he  
treated



treated the Government, with a proud contempt. While he enforced the old observances, he kidnapped a Pope, he urged the Cardinals to take cold baths, he spoke arrogantly of 'my bishops.' In brief, he put himself at the head of the Church, as he was at the head of the State, at the head of the army, at the head of the Théâtre Français. Therefore it was not from him that the true reaction came. To understand the revival of religion we must turn to the works of Joseph de Maistre and Chateaubriand, the heroes who passed through the Revolution with their faith unshaken and a whole-hearted confidence in their country's ancient institutions.

Now Joseph de Maistre was a very notable example of that which is most rare in France, a staunch Conservative. He has been called the Voltaire of reaction, but both in style and intelligence he was far better than that. He at least did not bow the knee to the prevailing dogma, and, at a time when the people claimed a sovereignty, he insisted that man needed only to be governed. While the Revolution fancied that it had destroyed the superstitions of religion and aristocracy, Joseph de Maistre preached the gospel of feudalism, and declared that the path of safety ran back to Catholicism and absolute monarchy. The shallow reasoning of the new Republicans said nothing to him. He preserved amid the wreck of all creeds a touching faith in original sin. His gaze was set resolutely backwards, and he knew that the true France was still anchored to tradition. History, he saw, could never be annulled, and, exiled though he was, he preserved a faith in the ultimate regeneration of his country. A genuine patriot, he did not understand 'the European spirit.' In his eyes France preceded Europe, and he cried 'France for the French,' not as the parrots of to-day, but with the strength of earnest conviction. 'All the united factions of the French Revolution,' he wrote, 'desired the abasement, the destruction even, of Christianity and the monarchy: whence it follows that all their efforts will result only in the exaltation of Christianity and the monarchy.' It is a bold argument, yet partly justified by the event. At least Joseph de Maistre did not believe that the world began with the taking of the Bastille. He knew that the foundations of his country lay far deeper down. He was, in fact, what Barbey d'Aurevilly called him, a true prophet of the past.

While Joseph de Maistre preached reaction in a style picturesque and sonorous as Burke's own, Chateaubriand was the apostle of a Romantic Christianity. Far removed as he was from the conservatism of de Maistre, he defended the Church in a more popular if less energetic spirit. In the words of

M. Brunetière,

M. Brunetière, 'he proved that a believer is not necessarily an imbecile or a rascal; that Voltaireanism is opposed to the truth of history; and that in the falsehood of all religions the reality of the religious sentiment still exists.' And while the pitiless logic of de Maistre terrified and still terrifies the uninstructed reader, Chateaubriand became an immediate influence, an influence which has remained unto this day.

So France alternated between piety and free-thought, until the disaster of 1870 compelled another revision of theology and politics. All the men and all the measures which were associated with the Second Empire instantly appeared odious, and the avowed object of the new Republic, as of the old, was the complete secularisation of France. This object, conceived by Jules Ferry, was carried out in a spirit of harsh intolerance by Gambetta. They were narrow men both, each after his fashion. The one was a serious statesman, with serious views, which he was determined to impose upon the world. The other was a voice, a temperament, a whirlwind, capable of sweeping away all opposition. They supplemented one another perfectly. Jules Ferry thought, Gambetta acted. Jules Ferry devised a policy; Gambetta imposed it on the people, having first translated it into such phrases as would sparkle in the newspapers and live in the memory. When he said, 'We must make citizens and not sacristans,' the battle was half won, and all the world was apt to believe for the moment that 'clericalism was the enemy.'

The conflict, once engaged, was long and bitter; yet the clergy never relaxed its opposition. Jules Ferry, in reviewing his work, again and again declared that he had fought only in defence of freedom. 'I maintain,' said he, 'that there is nothing either menacing or aggressive in the position we have taken up: it is purely and simply a position of defence.' Anticleric he was—so much he confessed; irreligious never—so much he asserted. The distinction is too subtle to be made in France, and all the priests cared to know was that the Republican policy snatched the task of education from clerical hands. 'Gambetta directed the people,' says M. Ernest-Charles, 'because he expressed at the right moment his hatred for the Empire and the clergy.' For a while the Republicans triumphed. With a Jew prefect in every department the anti-clerical Government felt secure. The faithful Catholic was exposed to every indignity: the bigotry of freethinkers surpassed the worst bigotry of the Church. The word 'God' was expunged from schoolbooks, and the sanguine politician thought that 'God' was expunged from the hearts of the people. To  
appear



appear at mass was for many a citizen the end of a career, and it is still discreditable to have been educated by the clergy or to have been married in a church.

The stout Republicans, in their zeal for 'liberty,' thought only of reprisal. Liberty for them meant leave to do as they liked, and to this licence they added a corollary: the right to impede by every means the freedom of others. We may admit as freely as possible the bitterness of the French clergy, but no admission will make the position of MM. Ferry and Gambetta more amiable. These statesmen not only did violence to their own principles; they prepared a reaction, which a trifling intelligence would have told them was inevitable; and by their own lack of sympathy they have involved their country in a network of mean and disgraceful intrigue. They did not destroy the Church—for that last act of intolerance they had neither the courage nor the power—they did but scotch it, and so envenom it against the State. Had they done more or less, conciliation might have been possible. The precise action which they took ensured a civil war of slyness and agitation. For, despite its countless experiments in bad government, France is Catholic at heart; and Joseph de Maistre is in reality nearer the temper of the modern Frenchman than the nimble-witted Voltaire.

Meanwhile there were signs at every point of a Catholic revival. The militant aggressiveness of the Republic was soon laid by; and even though the average Frenchman dared not pay an official visit to church, he made it clear by the attitude which he assumed towards Jew or Protestant that his blood was still thick with the prejudices of Catholicism. We ourselves have heard a cultivated Frenchman, who cannot be charged with a love of the Church, condemn a colleague on no better ground than that he was a Protestant. 'He speaks a language I don't understand,' objected the freethinker; and perhaps he was hardly conscious himself that a latent Catholicism spoke within him. Again, the modern literature of France is persistently 'neo-Christian.' The small coteries of letters, which believe themselves in the van of progress, are enchanted with the artistic expression of piety. It is the Christian Verlaine, not the Pagan, who has won the admiration of the Latin Quarter. Verlaine himself was incapable of pose. He wrote 'Sagesse,' as he wrote 'Parallèlement,' because it corresponded to his mood. But his followers are not so ingenuous as the master, and they cling to the volume which least fits their humour, because they are clever enough to see that it squares with the fashion. In this argument, however,

M. Huysmans

M. Huysmans is a far better witness than Paul Verlaine. For M. Huysmans, despite his arrogance and exclusiveness, is so far a journalist that he has always followed an impulse from without. When there was a call for naturalism he outdid Zola himself in the minute examination of tiresome impropriety. No sooner had Æstheticism penetrated Paris than 'À Rebours' came to assure the world that M. Huysmans was abreast of the mode. At the first hint of Satanism he wrote 'Là-Bas,' and sent all the world hankering after the black mass. It is a by no means insignificant fact that to-day he is engrossed with Catholicism, which he approaches, not in the temper of devotion, which is foreign to him, but in that same spirit of curiosity which in 'À Rebours' led him to the cult of jewels, and in 'Là-Bas' persuaded him to take a passing interest in demons and demon-worship. There are those who find in 'En Route' and 'La Cathédrale' the expression of a regenerate piety. We fear that these simple souls find what they seek. To us the later works of M. Huysmans are masterpieces of cynicism. But they have this other interest, apart from their eloquence and brilliant observation—they show that the popular sentiment is setting towards Catholicism. To repeat a phrase already used, they are a symptom, not a cause, of 'neo-Christianity.'

But in such experiments as those of M. Huysmans there is no sincerity. Neither he nor his followers are true reactionaries. Rather they are Radicals with an æsthetic leaning towards the Church, and their evidence is the stronger because it is undesigned. Among the men of letters the last true Conservative was Barbey d'Aurevilly, the lineal descendant of Joseph de Maistre, a hero savage in his admiration of the Church, savage in his love of monarchy as in his hatred of popular government. But he had neither school nor influence, and he is rather a prophet born out of due season than a symptom of the modern world. When he spoke he was a voice crying in the wilderness, and even those who might have made him their leader noticed him not. No, the Church turned aside to manufacture a literature of her own; and, even remembering the violence of M. Ferry and his friends, we may say with confidence that no controversy has ever produced a more disgraceful set of pamphlets. Truly the war has been carried into the enemy's camp and fought out with the enemy's weapons. The Church also has dipped its pen into the gall of falsehood and contumely. It has refrained from no animosity: it has suppressed no bitterness. However good its cause may have been, it has disgraced the cause by the levity and blackguardism of its argument. These are strong words, yet



yet unhappily justified. The Church has been fighting the true battle of freedom—of freedom for all, for the Catholic as well as the Agnostic. Its cause was as strong as it was honourable, and when, in 1892, Leo XIII. declared that it was the duty of all good Catholics to rally to the Republic, it was armed with Papal authority. But it preferred the momentary advantage to the ultimate good; it took its instruments where it found them. It countenanced all the unscrupulous light-horsemen of debate, and proved that so holy an institution as the Church can stoop when it pleases her to the use of the basest instruments. It replied to Gambetta's appointment of Jewish prefects by a general hatred of the Jews, and it had always St. Bartholomew to remind it of the Protestant peril.

So it has come about that the Bible of the Catholic movement is M. Édouard Drumont's '*La France Juive*.' Before we discuss the book a word must be said of the author. He is one of the most remarkable and dangerous men in France. Rumour and his type proclaim him a Jew, and if he be one there is nothing unique in his hatred of the chosen race. Persecution has oftentimes been avenged by this kind of cannibalism, and M. Drumont can find many a distinguished precedent for his fury. At all events, he hates the Jew with all the venom of a vitriolic pen. Whether his language arises from sincere conviction or not it is difficult to say, though a complete lack of conscience would seem to indicate an intellectual rather than a positive rage; and possibly no man ever hated anybody else so insanely as M. Drumont says he hates the Jews. As a controversialist, M. Drumont is nothing if not reckless. He has so small a respect for truth that, when his wild statements are refuted, he never thinks it worth while to apologise for or correct them. Worse than all, he is an ingrained pedant, who is easily mastered by his insufficient learning, and in the hottest controversy he can never overcome a certain pomposity of manner. This enormously increases his power for evil, since his statements, made in light-hearted contempt for reality, are weighted with a style which appears serious. When M. Rochefort preaches murder and rapine, nobody takes much notice of him; but when M. Drumont takes up his heavy-shotgun weapon, invites the citizens of Paris to massacre, and hints that presently the gutters will flow with the blood of Jews, there is a definite peril in his pretended majesty. Concerning his influence there is no manner of doubt. He is the foremost champion of the militant Church. In whatever corner of France you travel, there you will see the country *curé* with the '*Libre Parole*' in his hand, and you will hear its shallow arguments repeated

repeated in every pulpit. So it comes about that many an honest workman is persuaded to hate a race of whose existence he is only just aware. The situation reminds one of an ancient fable. An Italian peasant was found flogging a Jew. 'Why,' asked his master, 'do you flog that Jew?' 'Because,' replied the peasant, 'he crucified my Saviour.' 'But,' objected the master, 'that happened nearly two thousand years ago.' 'Well,' answered the peasant, 'I only heard of it yesterday.' And so it is with thousands of Frenchmen; they hate the Jew, though it was only yesterday that they grasped his imputed malevolence.

But that is M. Drumont's one and only aim—to inspire a hatred against the race to which he is believed to belong. He has no other policy, no other opinion. His paper, the '*Libre Parole*,' is single-hearted in preaching the crusade. His own leading article, day after day, puts the villainies of the Jews in a fresh light. The rest of the paper is a tissue of lies, designed to prove that every crime committed in France is committed by a scoundrel of Hebrew blood. It is dreary reading, but it is sensational, and it responds to the temper of modern France. Now at the present moment there is little or no cause why the French should thus detest the Jews, for no country in Europe is more free from the Jewish domination. The French cannot plead, with the poor of East London, that they are undersold by Jewish immigrants: they cannot argue, with the peasants of Southern Russia, that they are forced from their holdings by Jewish usurers. No, the hatred is a religious hatred, inspired by the Church and fostered by the pompous eloquence of M. Drumont. Thus it is that the Catholics avenge themselves on Gambetta's patronage of Jewish prefects.

M. Drumont, then, fights the battle of the Church, and he fights it without the smallest dignity. Insults jostle his heavy periods in the columns of the '*Libre Parole*.' He hastily finishes a religious exhortation and then invites the crowd to fight upon the Boulevard. For many months the strip of pavement beneath his office has been a common battle-ground, and the appearance of the Editor or his staff upon the balcony is the inevitable sign of conflict. While he inspires the roysterer, he vapours largely of patriotism and the Catholic faith, and he hopes by intimidation to secure the support of every Government. But from whatever point of view you regard him, he is a menace to the State, and a powerful argument against the licence of the press—that licence where-with Jules Ferry and Gambetta hoped to crush the Church, and which the Church has turned with adroitness and elasticity against the Republic.

Édouard



Édouard Drumont is strong, because he is a man of one idea, and that idea he has expressed in the twelve hundred pages of 'La France Juive.' He begins his work with a boastful reference to Taine. 'Taine,' he says, 'has written the Conquest of the Jacobins; I wish to write the Conquest of the Jews.' It would have been wiser to leave Taine out of the question, for the name suggests a comparison which proves that M. Drumont has neither the style nor the method nor the urbanity of Taine. He starts with two propositions: first, that no Jew ever achieved a great work; and secondly, that every man he hates is a Jew. Of course he proves neither of his points; but this disciple of Taine has small respect for a lucid argument, and he begs the question with an easy contempt for his readers. On the first point the whole course of history confutes him; as to the second, he finds his hatreds and calls them Jews.

For instance, he takes up Disraeli's hint that Napoleon might have been a Jew, and embroiders it after his own fashion:—

'Freemason Napoleon certainly was, and far advanced in the secrets of masonry; a fierce Jacobin, the friend of Robespierre, he had all that he needed to play the rôle expected of him. Finance adopted him; the Michels, the Cerfbeers, the Bedarrides supplied him with capital, from his first Italian expedition to the moment when the coffers of the State were empty. His mere appearance ensured the success of every enterprise. In one day he took Malta the Impregnable; to return to France for the eighteenth Brumaire he quietly crossed the Mediterranean, furrowed with English cruisers. Freemasonry had organised about him that kind of conspiracy of enthusiasm which floats in the air, is communicated from place to place, and ends by gaining a whole country.'

Thus M. Drumont; and you ask, was ever a more confused argument advanced by any partisan? The aristocratic M. Drumont is so deeply in love with the *ancien régime* that he hates Napoleon. Therefore Napoleon is a Jew. But what of Napoleon's greatness? An effect of luck. His appearance ensured success. M. Drumont contrives to hint that even the Napoleonic triumph was a disgrace. Who but a Jew could have taken Malta and crossed the Mediterranean in safety? The Freemasons, who are Jews in a more fiendish shape, made his reputation, and the rest was easy. Into this dilemma M. Drumont's imprudence constantly drives him. Either his hatreds are not all justified, or all Jews are not contemptible. But M. Drumont continually wants to prove too much, and, as he always arranges his facts to suit his arguments, his mistakes are inexcusable.

Sometimes his method of innuendo is more subtle. His treatment

treatment of M. Waddington is eminently characteristic. M. Waddington could not, like M. Drumont, boast an ancient French name; moreover he had been educated at Cambridge. On the other hand he had elected to be a French citizen, and he had served the country of his birth with loyalty and distinction. But M. Drumont did not like him; he disapproved his action at the Congress of Berlin, and he suspected him of serving England rather than France during his embassy in London. Wherefore it was clear that, in M. Drumont's vocabulary, M. Waddington was a Jew. But how to prove it? Nothing is easier, since a speech made by M. Crémieux comes pat to the purpose. Now Crémieux, in a moment of enthusiasm, referred to 'the noble, loyal, and pure conduct at Berlin of our Minister of Foreign Affairs, of our Waddington.' But M. Crémieux is a Jew; therefore it follows as night the day that Waddington, who is generally reproached with being an Englishman, is also of Hebrew descent. M. Drumont's argument is so ingenious and disingenuous that it is worth quoting. 'This word *our*,' he writes, 'seems to prove that Waddington is of Jewish origin; at any rate Crémieux could not have meant that the Minister of Foreign Affairs belonged to them because they had bought him. But Jew or no Jew, Waddington in any case spared nothing to defend his race or to earn his money.' That is the kind of rubbish which M. Drumont bolsters up with no better evidence than the gossip of the Boulevard or the assertions of an acrimonious press. Such statements prove him an unscrupulous partisan. He sets out to write an historical treatise, and he takes not the slightest trouble to sift his evidence or to verify his statements.

Thus he drags us through the weary length of French history, espying everywhere the sinister machinations of the Jew, until he would persuade you against his will that the Jews were the only men in France. But it is for Gambetta, the extravagant patriot, the discursive orator, that he reserves his choicest abuse, thus revealing the Catholic bias of his book. For, whether Gambetta carried Hebrew blood in his veins or not (and M. Drumont provides us with no proof) one thing is certain—he possessed none of the Jewish characteristics. On the contrary, he was a typical Southerner, a Provençal with quick instincts, who never could think unless he was talking. A true Frenchman, he served his country when his country most needed service, and in both his strength and weakness he personified the *midt*. 'Wherever he went he spoke, and wherever he spoke he managed men.' Like Mr. Gladstone, he had a large share of the histrionic temperament, and though he sometimes had little

ough



enough to say, he always made a brilliant presentation. Never parsimonious, like the Jew, he was lavish both of his own property and of the property of others. Yet he was popular rather by promise than by fulfilment. In brief, he seemed what his native province made him; and if you would understand Gambetta's character you must turn away from the special pleading of M. Drumont to the inspired portrait drawn by Alphonse Daudet in 'Numa Roumestan.'

What has been said is sufficient to prove the temper of M. Drumont's book. It is the reply of the Catholic party to the secularistic policy of Gambetta and Jules Ferry, and its success is a striking proof of the change of opinion in France. In fifteen years one hundred and fifty thousand copies of this book have been sold. It is characteristic of M. Drumont that in addressing his book to Frenchmen he 'recommends its author to their prayers as Christians, and the work to their reflexions as Frenchmen.' Its sole end and object is civil war, and though its tone may be styled temperate when compared with the tone of the 'Libre Parole,' the purpose of both book and newspaper is bloodshed. That which has been accomplished in Algiers M. Drumont, the deputy for Algiers, would see accomplished in Paris; and it is the worst symptom of modern France that this Jew-baiter, who weighs his words so lightly, should have the power to dictate a policy or overturn a Government.

But the Jews are not the Church's only enemies. The Protestants and Freemasons still remain to impair the Catholic influence, and while M. Drumont has done his best to influence the people against the Jews, other friends of the Church are carrying on an active warfare against the sects who are represented as the faithful allies of Jewry. What M. Drumont has done for the Jews, M. Ernest Renauld, in his 'Péril Protestant,' does for the Protestants, but with less tact and even greater violence. Moreover this work carries on its title-page an evidence of its religious origin. It is published by the 'Librairie Saint-Joseph,' so that, if it bears not the *imprimatur* of the Church, it has met with the Church's public approval. Yet it, too, is compounded of false argument and dangerous assertion, which, if they were taken seriously, could only end in violent massacre. The author's argument is briefly this: there are in France 650,000 Protestants out of 38,000,000 of inhabitants, or one in sixty; and yet wherever you turn you find Protestants in positions of trust and influence. The natural inference is

† the force of the Protestant character is rewarded by success,  
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but that inference M. Renauld brushes hastily aside. The explanation, he says, is of an admirable limpidity. 'The Parliament is packed with Protestants, whom an official candidature has put there—Opportunists, Radicals, Socialists; all in essential agreement, and all working for their sect. The Ministry in general contains a still larger proportion. There is one Protestant to sixty Frenchmen; there have been as many as six Protestants to ten Ministers. The common rule is two or three at least.' This plain statement seems to satisfy M. Renauld. But we confess that, if it be true, it drives us back upon a previous question: Why does a tiny minority govern France? Is it that the Protestants have more wits, or the Catholics less energy? Or is it that France is so weak that she will always submit to intrigue? This last question we cannot answer in the affirmative, and it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that if the Protestant predominance be genuine, it must be based upon intellectual merit or strength of character.

M. Renauld, however, like M. Drumont, finds that success is disgraceful if it be not Catholic, and he proceeds to rewrite the history of the Reformation after the approved method. He refers with a noble indignation to the wives of Henry VIII.; he asserts that while Luther was a monster of vice, Calvin died of his debaucheries; thereafter he explains that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was a political triumph; and you feel sure that he would be rejoiced to hear the tocsin sound once more. Then, having proved that no Protestant was ever a patriot, he declares that all Protestant countries, especially England, are inclined to secret societies, which gives him an opportunity to condemn the Freemasons as the enemies of sound religion. But the Protestants are not only the enemies of sound religion: they stamp under foot the common laws of morality. Thus we hear, without displeasure or surprise, that 'England, a Protestant nation, is excessively perverse. It is there that shameful, vile, and crapulous debauch flourishes in all its hideousness, without prejudice to vice in a white tie.' Having detailed at superfluous length the wickednesses of Protestant countries, M. Renauld draws this speaking contrast: 'We should look in vain for facts of this nature in France, Spain, or Portugal, in Poland or Austria, Catholic countries, or even in Russia, which is schismatic.' This slight tribute to the schismatic member of the Franco-Russian alliance is indeed touching. Emboldened by the thought of it, he thus concludes: 'Our Catholic clergy, in its immense majority, is of irreproachable



able morals, worthy of all respect, prepared for the last sacrifices, accessible to lofty and generous sentiments. The Protestant clergy and the peoples of that religion stagnate in chronic and inveterate immorality.' After which, if we cannot follow our author's argument, we may at least applaud his courage.

For our part, we have no desire to frame an indictment against a whole nation, or against a whole sect. It would be easy, if it were not irrelevant, to refute the hasty generalisations of M. Renauld. This gentleman, we are confident, knows nothing whatever of the England which he thus engulfs in a wave of immorality. But he at least has no scruples: he is not deterred by doubt or ignorance. With an effrontery which not even fanaticism can excuse he has attacked all those persons who differ from him upon the question of religion, and he appeals to readers as ignorant and foolish as himself, so that, with the Church to aid him, he may gain an influence which his own recklessness does not merit. It is a sad spectacle—these antiquated and needless animosities eternally stirred up by such men as M. Renauld and those who prompt him. Their only excuse is that they are a natural reaction from the anti-clericalism of twenty years since.

It is for the Universities of his own country that M. Renauld reserves his bitterest wrath; for the professors and teachers of those Universities are not only, by a large majority, Protestants: they are also Dreyfusards. Therefore they deserve neither quarter nor consideration. After many pages of incoherent abuse it is thus that this Catholic gentleman concludes his tirade: 'To ashes, to ashes, with the University. Let there not stand one stone upon another of these palaces, where for a hundred years the poison has been distilled drop by drop, which carries slowly but surely death to the social body. And the members of the University, let heavy punishments be inflicted upon them; let them be constrained to hard labours; let them be penned, held two and two in leash; let them have no contact with the rest of mankind, for the moral leprosy which covers them is most contagious for society. And when they shall have rendered up their wretched souls, let them be thrown into a common ditch from which men will turn away with horror in reading this epitaph—

*Ils sont passés en faisant le mal.'*

That such stuff should be written after thirty years of free government is hardly credible. It is even less credible that

the Church should give it its tacit approval. Like M. Drumont, M. Renauld seems to have no other ambition than bloodshed, and if his expression be coarse, at least his meaning is plain. But when we read such literature as this we begin to understand the sadness and disquietude of France. No country whose institutions are thus bitterly assailed within its own borders can live at peace, and the popularity of the literature from which we have quoted proves that, if the Catholic reaction was justified, its champions have fought the battle with mean and treacherous weapons. They were strong enough to appeal to reason; they have appealed to passion; and while, may-be, they have advanced their own cause, they have brought their country to the verge of revolution.

When the more pompous books of the movement adopt this tone, it is not surprising that the leaflets and journals devoted to the Catholic cause have doffed the last rags of restraint. Appeals to violence are common, and hymns are sold by the thousand whose sole object is to inflame the citizen against the Jews. Here, for instance, is the 'Marseillaise anti-sémite,' which you may purchase any day in the Rue St. Sulpice:—

' Vivent la France et la Russie,  
Vivent ces deux vaillantes sœurs!  
Amour sacré de la Patrie,  
C'est toi qui fais battre leurs cœurs (*bis*).  
Tous les traîtres feront silence,  
L'union nous rendra vainqueurs:  
Oui, Dieu protégera la France,  
Et nous, soyons ses défenseurs!  
A nous les cœurs vaillants!  
Chassons les mécréants!  
Serrons nos rangs  
Et que les Francs  
Triomphent des tyrans!'

When you remember that the traitors and miscreants are Jews, Protestants, and Dreyfusards, you understand the meaning of the song, and realise the full significance of the Catholic vengeance.

We must not leave the subject without one word for that amazing journal, the 'Croix,' which, with the 'Libre Parole,' has fought the fight of Catholicism. It is a slim sheet, and it may be purchased for a halfpenny. At the head of the column is a rough cut of the crucifix, which is the one concession made by the journal to its name and policy. For the rest, it is as malicious and untruthful as the rest of the Catholic press.

Scarce



Scarce a single number appears without some monstrous statement which half-an-hour's enquiry would modify or upset; but, like the '*Libre Parole*,' it never apologises when its falsehoods are exposed. It takes shelter behind the prerogative of the press, and implies that if it prints inaccurate statements it is well within its right. And this paper, with its crucifix, the symbol of its faith, is circulated everywhere in France; and its prosperity is but another proof that the Catholics are growing in power, and that they care not by what means they ensure their progress.

It was the Dreyfus case which gave the Church her grand opportunity, of which, as her bitterest detractors cannot deny, she has taken full advantage. Indeed, it may be said to be a case of her own creation, since it was M. Drumont who first elevated what might have been a simple question of justice into a national scandal. It is worth while, perhaps, briefly to repeat this oft-told tale, since, if we keep the ecclesiastical prejudice in mind, the crisis, otherwise incomprehensible, appears plain enough. Towards the end of 1894, then, an *entrefilet* appeared in the '*Libre Parole*,' to the effect that an act of treachery had been committed in the War Office. That a secret, unknown even to the Ministry, should be revealed to M. Drumont was significant enough, and it is not surprising that a few days later the editor of the '*Libre Parole*' asked, as though doubt were no longer possible, whether the miscreant were a Jew. Had not this air of false mystery been wrapped around a simple crime, the trial of Alfred Dreyfus might have been conducted in the open, and five years of infamy avoided. But the Catholic party saw the chance of a victim, and perceived that if it could prove a Jew guilty of 'parricide' against his country it would be immensely strengthened. Thereupon General Mercier was persuaded to grant an interview to the '*Figaro*,' and the fate of Dreyfus was sealed. Ten days before his trial, his condemnation was certain, and the papers discussed, not the chances of his guilt, but merely what punishment was adequate to his crime. It reminded one of Bret Harte's story of the lynchers, who came to the town hall to ask if the trial of their victim was finished, because, said they, if it is finished we should like the room to lay out the corpse.

So the living corpse was laid out on the Isle of the Devil, and the triumph of the Church seemed complete. A Jew had committed the great transgression, and the cry of jubilation that went up implied that the fatherland was well sold if a Jew suffered the penalty for selling it. At the

the outset, the satisfaction of the Church was but moderate. Justice has been done, said the Catholic party, and the infidel is punished. But what has it profited us? Then came M. Zola's rhetorical accusation, and France was divided into opposing camps. The famous alliance between the stoup and the sabre, which has reorganised the politics of France, was speedily cemented. The Church at last had a cause for which to fight, and, since the Protestants were ranged upon the side of the Jews, she fought it with her might. Not only were her own champions loyal to the cause, but her most inveterate enemies were for the moment silenced. M. Rochefort, who had devoted years of his life to throwing contempt upon the priests, espoused the cause of the sabre, and so perforce espoused the cause of the stoup. The ancient parties were re-divided, and the Church in every case was the gainer. So high ran the feeling of militant Catholicism that Dreyfus himself was forgotten; while the nation ceased to interest itself in the misery inflicted illegally upon a mere Jew, and proclaimed that in condemning Dreyfus, of whose guilt it had no proof, it was fighting for the glory of the Church and the credit of the army.

Even the Church was surprised at her own influence. For two years she has prevailed against all the forces arrayed on the other side; and yet these forces include all that is unprejudiced in France. The Jews, the Protestants, the professors, who owe no allegiance to the Catholics who flout them, are united for a common end. But hitherto, though the whole weight of reason is on the side of the *intellectuels*, the Church has won the battle; and though there will doubtless come a day of reprisal, she will never sink again to her former impotence. The Catholic revival is assured; its friends have openly declared themselves. Such a policy as that pursued by M. Jules Ferry will, at least for some time, be impossible in France. But with their victory the Catholics have proved themselves, alas! violent and unscrupulous. Truly they have travelled far from the magnificent conservatism of Joseph de Maistre and the picturesque enthusiasm of Chateaubriand. Neither of these masters of eloquence would have stooped to the slanders of M. Drumont, to the coarse scurrility of M. Renauld. Neither would have endorsed the insolence of the many Leagues which have disgraced Paris, and which even M. Brunetière, almost the last of the old-fashioned Catholics, whose Review has changed its opinions in accord with the recent revival, cannot tolerate. Neither would have deigned to intrigue with Pretenders of all complexions.

The dignity and the tolerance of the *ancien régime* have passed,



passed, along with its aristocratic inequalities, away from France. The Church, in its opposition to the democracy, has taken to itself the baser methods of the democratic party, and, as all must admit who follow the controversy, has embellished these methods with a malice all its own. What the result will be it is impossible to foretell. Perhaps, when the agitation is finished, and the stoup is once more divorced from the sabre, the Church may revert to her ancient attitude of dignity. As the political press is only too apt to represent the worst side of politics, so ecclesiastical journalism often mirrors the worst side of the Church; and it may be hoped that, when the voice of agitation is hushed, the Church will again take up her quiet work of education and alms-giving, which she pursued, in the face of strenuous antipathies, throughout her evil days. Some good may come out of even the miserable Dreyfus case, if France comes to understand, by a bitter experience of ferocious fanaticism, that intolerance such as that devised by Ferry and preached by Gambetta is certain to be visited with a heavy and merited punishment.

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ART. IX.—1. *Romantic Ballads, translated from the Danish, and Miscellaneous Pieces.* Norwich, 1826.

2. *The Zingali; or an Account of the Gypsies of Spain.* Two Vols. London, 1841.

3. *The Bible in Spain; or the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman in an Attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula.* Three Vols. London, 1843.

4. *Lavengro; the Scholar, the Gypsy, the Priest.* Three Vols. London, 1851.

5. *The Romany Rye: a Sequel to Lavengro.* Two Vols. London, 1857.

6. *Wild Wales: Its People, Language, and Scenery.* Three Vols. London, 1862.

7. *Romano Lavo-Lil.* Word-Book of the Romany. London, 1874.

8. *Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow.* By William I. Knapp, Ph.D., LL.D. Two Vols. London, 1899.

“Tachipen if I jaw ’doi, I can lel a bit of tan to hatch: N’etist I shan’t puch kekomi wafu gorgies.

“And, forsooth, if I go thither, I can choose a place to light a fire upon, and shall have no necessity to ask leave of these here Gentiles.”

“The above sentence, dear reader, I heard from the mouth of Mr. Petulengro the last time that he did me the honour to visit me at my poor house, which was the day after Mol-divvus 1842.\*”

DEAR reader, do you recognise the spell and own it, or does it let you pass harmless by? If you do not care about Mr. Petulengro—and though the gypsy fire on the lonely heath may be romantic, ‘these here Gentiles’ is plainly vulgar—there is nothing more to be said. The gypsy fellow cannot wage his battle with you, as he compelled Lavengro to do, ‘with his naked mawleys.’

“The tussle commenced, and when it had endured for about half an hour, Mr. Petulengro said, “Brother, there is much blood on your face; you had better wipe it off”; and when I had wiped it off, and again resumed my former attitude, Mr. Petulengro said, “I think enough has been done, brother, in the affair of the old woman.”

Much blood is shed in the pages of ‘Lavengro’ and ‘The Romany Rye,’ the blood of braggart Coachmen and Flaming Tinmen, of jockeys and of bruisers, and quite enough has been done in this way in the affair of George Borrow. If you do not like him you can leave him alone. Nothing is easier in

\* ‘The Gypsies of Spain,’ ii., p. 145.



these days, when the new books of a single year would (were any one unfortunate enough to possess them) occupy all the shelves of a large library, than to leave a dead author alone. On the other hand, nothing is harder, if so be the dead author is one of 'the small transfigured band' within whose pages there still lives imprisoned a restless, breathing spirit.

'I now took up the third book; it did not resemble the others; the binding was of dingy calf-skin. The first object on which my eyes rested was a picture; . . . there was a human figure upon the beach, wild and uncouth, clad in the skins of animals, with a huge cap on his head, a hatchet at his girdle, and in his hand a gun; his feet and legs were bare, he stood in an attitude of horror and surprise, his body was bent far back, and his eyes, which seemed starting out of his head, were fixed upon a mark in the sand—a large distinct mark—a human footprint.'

There was no need for Lavengro to exclaim as he does, 'Hail to thee, spirit of De Foe!' Which of us does not remember that picture, and those most moving words, the sound of which will continue to murmur in Anglo-Saxon ears so long as the Atlantic surge breaks upon our coast?—'It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand.' These are the things we love in literature, the print of a man's naked foot in the sand; and wherever we open 'The Bible in Spain,' 'Lavengro,' or 'The Romany Rye,' there we see very plainly a large distinct mark—the footprint, the naked footprint, of George Borrow. Poor Robinson, on his desert island, was terribly put about by the sight. 'I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil.' But in the pleasant realms of literature, of the book-shelf and the tobacco-jar, we are not easily scared, even at the witching hour of midnight, and we hail the naked footprint with a delight that permeates the marrow and expands the midriff; nor do we care a rap how the footprint came to be there, or anxiously enquire about the character of the man who was thus happily endowed by Nature with the one literary gift worth having, namely, the power of leaving it there. Enough for us that there it is.

George Borrow had naturally enough to put up with a good deal of hostile criticism at the hands of his contemporaries. The Lord Chief Justice of England observed the other day very forcibly in the course of an address to the jury in a libel case, that if a man chooses to publish a book in which he roughly  
assails

assails the character of Queen Elizabeth, he must expect to be hostled by those sturdy patriots who venerate the memory of the high-spirited Lady who founded our navy, re-settled our religion, and gave us a poor-rate. George Borrow attacked 'with his naked mawleys' many people and many things dear to the minds and memories of the men and women of his day; nor was he by any means a scrupulous fighter or a very perfect gentle knight. Indeed, it must be admitted he was somewhat of the bravo, and did not when angry spare age or even sex. True it is he seldom fails to bid us observe that he is a member of the Church of England, and even when in Wild Wales he would have nothing to do with Dissenters. But for all this he clearly did not belong to the respectable party within the Establishment; and although no doubt it was a fact that he spent nearly five years in *ventas* and *posadas* in Spain, 'whilst wandering through the country in the arduous and unthankful task of distributing the Gospel among its children,' it is none the less true that the fascinating record of his labours contains passages and employs a phraseology which gave serious umbrage to his staid employers, whilst on the other hand affording infinite comfort and delight to their half-starved children, searching their barren book-shelves for literary sustenance. With the quarrels of the quarrelsome no one need concern himself. George Borrow, after he had escaped from the clutches of the London publisher and had fought the Flaming Tinman in the Staffordshire dingle, still haunted by the stately shade of Isopel Berners, had no real cause to complain of the nature of things. 'Lavengro' and 'The Romany Rye' did not indeed meet with the success that made 'The Bible in Spain' the book of the season. But what of that? Between the first edition and the second of 'Sartor Resartus' there stretched long years. We dare say it was hard to be told by the 'Athenæum' that 'Lavengro' could scarcely be called a book at all, and by 'a rich Scotch dandy named Sterling,' in the pages of 'Fraser,' 'that the story of "Lavengro" will content no one'; but had Borrow been a true philosopher he would not have found such ineptitudes so intolerable as he did. His friend Dr. Thomas Gordon Hake, a man of marked originality, and by the testimony of his friends of rare humour, had the wit to see, and the sense to write, in the 'New Monthly' for April 1851, that 'Lavengro's roots will strike deep into the soil of English letters.' Never was prophecy better fulfilled, or a happy image more completely justified. 'Lavengro' has struck deep. At this time, when the newspaper-presses hum around us, and impart even to the library something of the damp atmosphere and



and noisy clatter of a Lancashire mill, and when every kind of artifice is employed both to gauge and to swell popularity, when books are 'listed' and writers 'run,' when publishers send forth their catalogues illustrated with portraits of their clients, and enriched with paragraphs impartially expounding the merits of their publications, it is sometimes easy to forget that these are not the channels down which the true literary tradition is transmitted, nor are these the moulds in which are cast the enduring reputations. Literature can take care of herself, and can well afford to bestow a good-natured smile upon the efforts, the legitimate efforts, of men who, having sunk money in the concern, naturally desire to get a good trade interest upon the capital so employed. Disraeli, in one of his delightful letters to his sister, letters which in our natural eagerness for a biography we sometimes overlook, says:—

'Washington Irving's works have been read of late only by the author, who is daily more enamoured of these heavy tomes. He demanded for the new one a large price. Murray murmured. Irving talked of posterity and the badness of the public taste, and Murray said that authors who wrote for posterity must publish on their own account.'

Nor is there anything in this, when you come to think about it, so remarkably unreasonable.

The fame of Borrow has come down to us by the legitimate channels: he has never been without his untaught votaries. True it is that some of his best books were left for years in the old editions to circulate themselves as best they could, even as once was the Bible in Madagascar, with such marvellous results. But 'The Bible in Spain,' at all events, has never suffered even a temporary eclipse. Separated, after the first gush, by decent intervals, as becomes a classic, edition after edition appeared, to satisfy an affectionate if not vehement demand. In quiet places and in noisy streets, in dull chambers in London, in pleasant country rectories and college gardens, in easy chairs beneath summer trees, at the bottom of boats, in ships on the sea, in both hemispheres, men and women, boys and girls, were to be found reading and re-reading 'Lavengro,' 'The Romany Rye,' 'The Bible in Spain,' and 'Wild Wales'; and as they read, and still more as they re-read, did they become the custodians of the Borrow tradition, the conservators of his fame, and the missionaries of the faith that, be Borrow's faults what they may, and saving all just exceptions, the man who had studied the Welsh Bards, translated Kœmpe Viser, and been under the tutelage of Mr. Petulengro and Tawno Chillo, had become a deathless British author.

For

For some years past Borrowians all the world over have been moved and stirred, first by the rumour and afterwards by the announcement, in Mr. Murray's List of Forthcoming Works, that a 'Life,' authoritative and exhaustive, of Borrow was being prepared by an American gentleman of erudition and boundless enthusiasm, in which we should learn many things we had long wanted to know, things which would enable us to annotate our copies of Borrow even as that spiteful book of the spiteful and Reverend William Beloe, 'The Sexagenarian,' stands annotated upon the shelf. The forthcoming 'Life' of Borrow was much talked about and a most befitting mystery long invested its author. We were told how for the love of Borrow he had abandoned college and university, home and country, sold his Lares and Penates, and like his hero taken to the road and the caravan. In our rambles through East Anglia we have come upon traces of this itinerant investigator. He had even been seen in Spain, so it was asserted: he had ridden by night, a dim figure, into Villafranca; he had been heard of at Valladolid; nor had he failed, on reaching our shores, to seek out in distant Cornwall 'the place called Tredennick, which being interpreted means the house on the hill.' East Dereham, though apt to pay scant attention to strangers, learned to know him; and, oddest thing of all, he became an authority as to the true boundaries of Dumpling Green, where was born in 1772 Ann Parfremment, 'the dame of the oval face, olive complexion, and Grecian forehead.' 'There is a reflection in the mirror behind thee, a travelling hat, a grey head, and a sunburnt face.' "My dearest son." "My darling mother." Ann Parfremment, Borrow's mother, was born at Dumpling Green, which, so this traveller from across the seas tells us, is bounded on the north by East Dereham, on the east by Badley Moor, on the south by the brook Tud, and on the west by the highway to Yaxham.

The Borrowian heard all this without surprise. Who should stir enthusiasm and make a Professor take to the road if not George Borrow? Was there not once an Augustine friar of Seville, called, if we mistake not, Father Manso, who passed every moment that he could steal from his clerical occupations in the company of the Gitáños, until he fell under the censure of the Inquisition? Did we not also know in Seville 'a highly extraordinary individual,' who came if you called Manuel, into whose hands in early youth a manuscript copy of *Lois Lobo* had fallen, which took such a hold of his imagination that he studied it night and day until he had planted it in his memory from beginning to end? Sad were the subsequent adventures  
of



of Manuel, and they may be read in the same veracious history as told us of the Augustine friar, 'The Gypsies of Spain.' The company of George Borrow is—who will deny it?—at least as fascinating as that of any possible Gitáno, whether of Spain or England, be his name Jara or Brono, Lovell or Lee; nor can any compilation of Lois Lobo possibly contain anything quite so exciting as the tale that tells how the child Leonora tipped Lavengro a stave of the 'Song of Poison.' It was not, then, surprise we felt, but anxiety lest something should happen to prevent the publication of 'The Life of George Borrow' by Professor Knapp. Other 'Lives' have been promised, and somehow have failed to appear; Borrow has been dead nearly twenty years; and—who knows?

Happily the 'Life,' to employ stock phraseology, 'now lies before us,' and to its carefully composed and detail-loving pages we refer our readers, with perfect confidence that if they are Borrowians they will be grateful to Professor Knapp for the fruits of a lifetime's devotion. Like 'Clarissa Harlowe,' the 'Life' has been terribly cut down. The author's account of its origin and progress is very interesting. Professor Knapp's first acquaintance with Borrow's books (for the *man* he never saw) began in 1852 or 1853, when he first entered college; a long residence in Spain enabled the predestined biographer of 'Don Jorge' to tread many times the lines of travel of the marvellous colporteur. When Borrow died, in 1881, a more than half-forgotten man in what are sometimes called 'literary circles,' the Professor made a collection of all his books and fugitive pieces, and eventually secured (what cannot the born collector or predestined biographer secure?) his papers, the correspondence of half a century, his note-books of travel, his manuscripts, and the scattered remains of his library.\* Thus initially equipped, the Professor wrote a pamphlet at New Haven, U.S.A., in the year 1887, and pledged himself, were time only granted him, to produce a biography. But when he essayed this task it was brought home to him that the 'Life of Borrow' could only be written in Norfolk, and after a considerable sojourn in its most famous city. Professor Knapp made up his mind to go to Norwich, but he had to wait seven long years before he was actually free to do so.

\* One budget of letters—those written to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the basis of 'The Bible in Spain'—Professor Knapp was unfortunately unable to get sight of. He made repeated attempts, but they could not be  
<sup>†</sup>strange to say, they have recently turned up, just where they were  
 but too late for the Biography.

'The termination of the septennate,' says this truly heroic biographer, 'found me domiciled in Norwich, exploring its mute memories and its treasures. The first year (1895) was devoted to a careful reading of the "Chronicle," the "Iris," and the "Mercury," from 1800 to 1833, in testing the "fictions" of "Lavengro" in the light of "the truth" of contemporary data, and in familiarising myself with the places and traditions, the abodes and haunts, of my hero.' 'The second year (1896) saw the composition of the "Life" half completed; but alas! on a scale much too minute and exhaustive, as the publishers were not slow to assure me. Bowing to their cooler judgment as the thermometers of opinion, the whole was rewritten in '97 and concluded in the present year on a more conservative scale. This is all I need to tell of the history of the book. "Con lo dicho basta y sobra!"'

A biography thus conceived, thus wrought, and thus brought forth deserves to be treated with the utmost respect.

There is one remark we feel we must make. Professor Knapp is an enthusiast who has kept his head. His judgments are cool and well considered; he is indeed singularly free from even the ordinary bias of the biographer. He is by no means unduly kind to his hero's virtues, and certainly he is not even a little blind to his faults. More than once we found ourselves marvelling at his moderation, and half inclined to kick against his impartiality. Even in the region of mere conjecture he leans to the side of severity. For example, he is prepared to attribute Borrow's fierce and savage but deeply suggestive and thought-provoking attack upon Sir Walter Scott, in the famous Appendix to 'The Romany Rye,' to the mere supposition that Borrow sent Sir Walter in 1826 a copy of the 'Romantic Ballads,' and that the sorely over-taxed author of 'Waverley,' who was perhaps more 'exposed to authors' (to use the great Duke's striking phrase) than any other man who ever lived, forgot to acknowledge it. If it was so, Sir Walter was indeed unlucky. How many fools did he suffer, if not gladly, yet civilly, whilst forgetting to acknowledge communications from two such formidable tonguesters as George Borrow and Thomas Carlyle! For our own part, we think there is more in the Appendix than mere wounded *amour propre*. Again, Professor Knapp, with an almost Levitical scorn, leaves the philology of Lavengro severely alone. He will have nothing to say to it. Perhaps it does not matter now. In heaven, we are told, there is but one language. The fact is that the amateur, however brilliant, is no longer allowed to gallop his Pegasus in the paddocks of Science. Borrow, it appears, was in the habit of applying to his wife, as a term of endearment, a Spanish



a Spanish word which means 'dray-horse,' his presumable intention being to say 'Beloved one.' There is much to be said in favour of your mother tongue.

There is one question before all others that the Borrowian is eager to put. He may indeed seek to conceal his anxiety; he may profess an indifference by saying, 'What do I care whether "*Lavengro*" and "*The Romany Rye*" be true or not?'—but he does care. It ought not perhaps to matter much; perhaps not at all: fiction is every bit as good as fact, and, indeed, who can tell the difference? '*Le Vrai n'est pas toujours le Vraisemblable*,' as Borrow himself observes in the Introduction to the English translation of Vidocq's '*Memoirs*' (4 vols., 1829), which we now learn for the first time—and sorry we are to know it, for the book is both dull and disreputable—was the handiwork of *Lavengro*. None the less, we all do want to know how much of Borrow's books is '*Wahrheit*' and how much is '*Dichtung*.' Professor Knapp's answer is, we hasten to say, as satisfactory as possible. 'You may believe as much of "*Lavengro*" and "*The Romany Rye*" as you choose,' i.e., every bit as much as you would have believed had they appeared under the sober and convincing title, '*The Early Life of George Borrow, agent of the Bible Society*.' The books are strictly autobiographical, and give as full, true, and particular an account of their author, from his birth on the 5th of July, 1803, at East Dereham, until the autumn of 1825, as it was possible for him, being what he was, to give to anybody. If you want an answer to the famous question, 'What is truth?' you must, of course, study the case of '*Derry v. Peek*,' in the House of Lords 14 Appeal Cases 337; and there you will learn, among many other things, that it is almost impossible for any statement of fact to be absolutely true, and that truth in the mouth of any man is a thing not absolute, but relative to the belief of the speaker. How much of '*Lavengro*' and '*The Romany Rye*' did George Borrow believe to be true? Unhesitating is our answer: 'All or nearly all.'

It is well to get it into our heads, and it is no fault of Professor Knapp's if the fact does not permanently reside there, that the five volumes of '*Lavengro*' and '*The Romany Rye*' are but the record of twenty-three years, and indeed it would be more accurate to say of but sixteen years; for though it is true that the moving incidents of the visit to Hythe churchyard, where in a low-eaved pent-house lay ranged the skulls of the Danes, and of the reading of '*Robinson Crusoe*,' belong to the first seven years of Borrow's life, the real grip of *Lavengro* is not felt, the  
naked

naked footprint does not appear in the sand, until 1810, when his father's West Norfolk regiment was ordered to Norman Cross, in Huntingdonshire.

Merely to attempt to recall all the scenes and incidents and 'extraordinary individuals,' all the odd adventures and scraps of conversation that he met with, from the viper hunter of Norman Cross to the horse fair at Horncastle, is to be bewildered. If ever man had the gift of describing a ramble or a road-side adventure, the changes, of a summer's day or the fitfulness of moods, and of investing the most familiar surroundings, village inns, and commons, even Blackheath, with the mystery of the desert, it was George Borrow. His relapses into the commonplace are as full of craft as the knocking at the gate in 'Macbeth.' His method of importing into his narrative a sense of wonder and impending change is his own. It is easier to say what it is not than what it is. It is the very opposite of Hawthorne's, who, by his exquisite choice of words, his dreamy philosophy, his subtle humour, his sense of the infinite, makes New Salem and Miss Pyncheon's poor little shop swim in an atmosphere of romance. Compared with Hawthorne, Borrow is blunt and brutal, but he can produce his own effects in his own way. De Foe no doubt taught him never to be afraid of detail, even of apparently dull detail. Verisimilitude without detail is impossible. Clothe your lies in the garments of circumstance! Naked truths seldom gain admittance even to the households of Faith. The disreputable Vidocq may have suggested to Borrow's more artistic sense what excellent use can be made of conversations if skilfully reported. The conversations in Borrow are of the very first order. Fielding may have reminded him how effective in a narrative of constant movement from place to place are bursts of eloquence. Whatever be the theme, Borrow's eloquence is magnificently courageous: he is never afraid of an apostrophe. In the now forgotten language of the prize-ring the tongue, that 'little member,' used to be called 'the red rag.' Borrow was always ready to hoist his 'red rag' over any animating subject.

There was another secret he had completely mastered: how to move his characters on and off. Never does a new one appear—and they are always appearing—but the reader smacks his lips, knowing as he well does that the moment Borrow has done with the fellow off he will go without another word. There was once a Shakespearean enthusiast, we almost think it was S. T. C. himself, who maintained that the James Gurney



Gurney who but once opens his mouth in the whole Shakespearean drama, and then only to say :

‘Good leave, good Philip.’ [*Exit Gurney.*]

was a creation of the finest art. For our part we think this is carrying things a little far, but the principle is sound. How effective in ‘Lavengro’ is the nameless but ‘dapper’ man who, when Borrow was standing at the corner of Oxford Street and the road to Tottenham Court watching Lord Byron’s hearse go by, observed: ‘Great poet, sir, but unhappy. Fate of genius, sir; I too am frequently unhappy.’

It was in the neighbourhood of Norman Cross in the year 1810 that Borrow, then a boy of seven, first met the gypsies, and was introduced to Ambrose Smith, the Norfolk gypsy, now known to the world as Jasper Petulengro. It is the first of the great scenes in ‘Lavengro,’ and to think of it is to hear once more in your ears the thundering hoofs of the horse of the fierce rider predestined to a violent death, whose sudden appearance scattered the gypsies and left the little boy alone in the lane gazing after the retreating company. ‘A strange set of people,’ said I, at last. ‘I wonder who they can be.’

When first we heard of Professor Knapp’s great undertaking, we own we did not envy him his task of pursuing in sober mood his wayward hero through the enchanted pages of his own *Dream or Life or Story*, call it what you like. It is easy enough to go to Edinburgh and sleep facing the Castle Rock; it is no great hardship to cross St. George’s Channel and take the train to Clonmel: but this is not to do what Borrow has told us he did. Better stay where you are, and, taking down ‘Lavengro’ from its place, read there how the boy lay on the bank of Tweed and wept, so stirred was he by the beauty of the scene, and how afterwards, with his father’s regiment, he marched into Edinburgh Castle, and was sent to the High School, where adventures befell him.

“Scotland is a better country than England,” said an ugly, bleary-eyed lad, about a head and shoulders taller than myself, the leader of a gang of varlets who surrounded me in the play-ground, on the first day, as soon as the morning lesson was over. “Scotland is a far better country than England, in every respect.”

“Is it?” said I. “Then you ought to be very thankful for not having been born in England.”

“That’s just what I am, ye loon; and every morning when I say my prayers, I thank God for not being an Englishman. The Scotch are a much better and braver people than the English.”

“It may be so,” said I, “for what I know—indeed, till I came here, I never heard a word either about the Scotch or their country.”

"Are ye making fun of us, ye English puppy?" said the bleary-eyed lad; "take that!" and I was presently beaten black and blue. And thus did I first become aware of the difference of races and their antipathy to each other.'

The famous account of the 'bickers' between the boys of the Auld Toon and the New, particularly the passage beginning 'A full-grown baker's apprentice was at their head,' is very much in the style of Fielding, though no doubt the latter author in such passages purposely intended the mock-heroic. David Haggart, of whose tragic fate Professor Knapp can tell us, perched above Edinburgh on the edge of a horrible crag, thinking of wight Wallace, from whose death he declared he would not flinch could he but be a great man first; the Papist gossoon Murtagh pining for a pack of cards in the place of those his Uncle Phelim stole when he went to settle in the County Waterford—what pictures are these! The landlord at Clonmel—the Irish Protestant—who can forget his eloquence?

"You never saw more elegant lodgings than these, captain," said the master of the house, a tall, handsome, and athletic man, who came up whilst our little family were seated at dinner late in the afternoon of the day of our arrival; "they beat anything in this town of Clonmel. I do not let them for the sake of interest, and to none but gentlemen in the army, in order that myself and my wife, who is from Londonderry, may have the advantage of pleasant company, a genteel company; ay, and Protestant company, captain. It did my heart good when I saw your honour ride in at the head of all those fine fellows, real Protestants, I'll engage, not a Papist among them, they are too good-looking and honest-looking for that. So I no sooner saw your honour at the head of your army, with that handsome young gentleman holding by your stirrup, than I said to my wife, Mistress Hyne, who is from Londonderry, 'God bless me,' said I, 'what a truly Protestant countenance, what a noble bearing, and what a sweet young gentleman. By the silver hairs of his honour—and sure enough I never saw hairs more regally silver than those of your honour—by his honour's gray silver hairs, and by my own soul, which is not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with one of them—it would be no more than decent and civil to run out and welcome such a father and son coming in at the head of such a Protestant military.' And then my wife, who is from Londonderry, Mistress Hyne, looking me in the face like a fairy as she is, 'You may say that,' says she; 'it would be but decent and civil, honey. And your honour knows how I ran out of my own door and welcomed your honour riding in company with your son, who was walking how I welcomed ye both at the head of your royal regiment, and how I shook your honour by the hand, saying, I am glad to see you honour, and your honour's son, and your honour's royal military Protestant regiment. And now I have you in the house, and right proud



proud I am to have ye one and all; one, two, three, four, true Protestants every one, no Papists here; and I have made bold to bring up a bottle of claret which is now waiting behind the door; and, when your honour and your family have dined, I will make bold too to bring up Mistress Hyne, from Londonderry, to introduce to your honour's lady, and then we'll drink to the health of King George, God bless him; to the 'glorious and immortal'—to Boyne water—to your honour's speedy promotion to be Lord Lieutenant, and to the speedy downfall of the Pope and Saint Anthony of Padua."

"Such was the speech of the Irish Protestant addressed to my father in the long lofty dining-room with three windows, looking upon the high street of the good town of Clonmel, as he sat at meat with his family, after saying grace like a true-hearted respectable soldier as he was."

It cannot have been anything but difficult to follow prosaically in the wake of so phosphorescent a writer, but Professor Knapp abates neither heart nor hope, but steers right on; and as he goes he annotates, filling up dates and supplying names. How mysteriously does the grim, horrid, and hitherto unnamed figure of the murderer Thurtell (consult the 'Dictionary of National Biography' for the career of this worthy) cross the path of Lavengro! He is described in the twenty-fourth chapter: one of the two men who break in upon Borrow (then an articled clerk to a Norwich attorney) and the Norfolk magistrate, who, having pocketed the thousand pounds (secured on mortgage) which Borrow had brought him, was treating this amazing limb of the law to a glass of Madeira, the first the boy had ever had. The object of the visit of the two men, one of whom was slightly known to Borrow, was to obtain the use of a pigstye (which is good East Anglian for a small enclosure of land) for a prize-fight. The magistrate refused, and thereupon Borrow's acquaintance flew into a passion and departed hastily.

"With a surly nod to me, the man left the apartment; and in a moment more the heavy footsteps of himself and his companion were heard descending the staircase.

"Who is that man?" said my friend, turning towards me.

"A sporting gentleman, well known in the place from which I come."

"He appeared to know you."

"I have occasionally put on the gloves with him."

"What is his name?"

Here the chapter ends. We now know the man's name. It was Thurtell.

But perhaps the most difficult feat even Borrow ever accomplished is connected with the name of the famous bruiser who

is called in 'Lavengro' Big Ben Brain, but whose real name, unless we have forgotten our lore, was Ryan, Mike Ryan, who was champion of England in 1790. Professor Knapp calls him Bryan, but whether Bryan or Ryan his name in the ring was Big Ben. Borrow's father was a gallant, hard-working, ill-paid Christian soldier, who had no luck in his profession, and whose one battle took place—

'neither in Flanders, Egypt, nor on the banks of the Indus or Oxus, but in Hyde Park . . . . The name of my father's antagonist was Brain.

'What! still a smile? did you never hear that name before? I cannot help it! Honour to Brain, who four months after the event which I have now narrated was champion of England, having conquered the heroic Johnson. Honour to Brain, who, at the end of other four months, worn out by the dreadful blows which he had received in his manly combats, expired in the arms of my father, who read the Bible to him in his latter moments—Big Ben Brain.

'You no longer smile, even *you* have heard of Big Ben.'

Captain Borrow, as his life went on, became a deeply religious man, and between him and his wayward, puzzling second son there existed but an imperfect sympathy. They were however held together by one strange link—their common interest in Big Ben. The name of this bruiser was as a kind of refrain in their lives, the only hymn in which both could join—his mighty chest, his skin brown and dusky as a toad's. It came to be the Captain's turn to die.

'Were those words which I heard? Yes, they were words, low and indistinct at first, and then audible. The mind of the dying man was reverting to former scenes. I heard him mention names which I had often heard him mention before. It was an awful moment; I felt stupefied, but I still contrived to support my dying father. There was a pause, again my father spoke: I heard him speak of Minden, and of Meredith, the old Minden sergeant, and then he uttered another name, which at one period of his life was much on his lips, the name of—— but this is a solemn moment! There was a deep gasp: I shook, and thought all was over; but I was mistaken—my father moved, and revived for a moment; he supported himself in bed without my assistance. I make no doubt that for a moment he was perfectly sensible, and it was then that, clasping his hands, he uttered another name clearly, distinctly—it was the name of Christ. With that name upon his lips, the brave old soldier sank back upon my bosom, and, with his hands still clasped, yielded up his soul.'

But we are lingering by the way. On every side strange figures beckon us to hob-a-nob with them, dog-fanciers and coachmen,



coachmen, Armenians and publishers, country doctors and recluses; but we hurry on. Even Sir Richard Phillips, publisher, editor, and proprietor of the 'Monthly Magazine,' shall not detain us, though it is irritating to find the impartial Dr. Knapp taking his part, and actually asserting that the reason why Borrow's translation into German of the 'Philosophy' of this ineffable ass was a failure, was not because of the muddiness of the original composition, but because Lavengro did not know German! It appears that a subsequent translation of the same book by another hand is intelligible enough.

The compilation of 'Criminal Trials' which Borrow prepared for Sir Richard Phillips appeared in March 1825, and may still occasionally be had of the second-hand booksellers, a wily race, who ask a great deal more for it than its value, which intrinsically is nothing. But the question remains to be asked—is there resting anywhere on mortal shelves or buried deep in any human depository a book called 'The Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell, the Great Traveller'? Dr. Knapp believes that some such book exists somewhere, though it may be only in a magazine; but as he has not yet found it, the question is still open. There were Sells at Norwich, says Dr. Knapp: the well-known artist was John Sell Cotman; but one cannot quite forget that there is another kind of 'sell' beside the Sells of Norwich, and on the whole we are disposed to agree with Mrs. George Borrow, who always treated this 'Joseph Sell' with the scepticism of a Betsy Prig.

Of the Professor's skill in tracing the itinerary of his wandering hero it is only fair to give an example:—

'On the 13th of May, 1825, then, George Borrow begins to write the "Life of Joseph Sell," which he finishes on the 18th. On the 20th he disposes of the manuscript, and abandons London on the 22nd, after a little more than a year's residence (April 2nd, 1824, to May 22nd, 1825). From London he proceeds to Amesbury, in Wiltshire, which he reaches May 23rd; visits Stonehenge, the Roman Camp, and Salisbury. The 26th he leaves Salisbury and travels towards the north-west. On the 30th he had been walking four days in a northerly direction when he arrives at the inn where he meets the author, with whom he passes the night. On the 31st he purchases the pony and cart of Jack Slingsby, whom he saw at Tamworth when he was little more than a child. (The regiment was at Tamworth from April 28th to May 3rd, 1812.) June 1st he is on a dingle in Shropshire. On the 5th he is visited by Leonora, and on the 8th is "drabbed" with the *manrieli* (cake) of Mrs. Hearne. He is saved by the opportune arrival of Peter Williams. Passes Sunday, July 12th, and the following week with the Welsh preacher

preacher and his wife, Winifred. On the 21st he departs with his itinerant hosts towards the old Welsh border, Montgomery. Turns back with Ambrose Petulengro. Settles in Mumber Lane (Mumper's Dell), near Willenhall, Staffordshire. Borrow's fight with the Flaming Tinman must have occurred about the end of June. The horse-fair at Horncastle was held from the 11th to 21st of August.\*

But we cannot help adding that this sort of minuteness is apt to pall, even upon the most ardent Borrowian. At all events, we do not want to read it twice.

The question is more important, what can Professor Knapp tell us of 'Isopel Berners,' to whom he refers somewhat coldly as 'the remarkable character introduced into "Lavengro" and the "Romany Rye"?' 'Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn.' Almost as well might one speak of a remarkable character called Ophelia introduced into 'Hamlet.' We should be sorry to have to determine by some rule of thumb how much of the unbought popularity of George Borrow depends upon his portrayal of this unique and fascinating girl, who had managed to learn in the workhouse of Long Melford two lessons seldom taught in such places, to fear God and take her own part, and who tipped Lavengro the hint which enabled him to floor the Flaming Tinman. We forbear to rhapsodise, and regretfully add that the Professor can tell us nothing about the tall girl. Perhaps it is as well.

'We have a vision of our own,  
Ah! why should we undo it?'

After these early years there comes a gap in Borrow's autobiographical disclosures.

'The conclusion of the "Romany Rye" left George Borrow, just entered upon his twenty-third year, on the road from Spalding to Lynn and Norwich in the autumn of 1825. From that date the public heard no more of his movements till the "Bible in Spain" revealed him for an instant on the way to Russia. In his intercourse with Richard Ford he calls the interval of seven or eight years the "veiled period," which he intended to keep secret in his autobiography, then in preparation, and which he did keep secret ever after.'

To lift veils is the duty of biographers. Professor Knapp has lifted this veil with the usual unsatisfactory result. There is not much to tell, and what is told is not as edifying as one could wish. The 'veiled period' was not spent, as Borrow would have had us believe, in romantic travels, but was divided, for the

\* 'Life,' vol. i., p. 104.

† Ibid., p. 110.



most part, between London and Norwich. It was occupied in translating Danish poetry and Vidocq's memoirs, and generally, to use words of his own, quoted by his biographer, 'in drifting on the sea of the world.' Borrow's tastes and habits, though not disreputable, were never what is called respectable; and there can be no doubt that during this uneasy yeasty period he was a head-strong young fellow who, though he had served his articles to a bald-pated and unusually respected Norwich solicitor, took no steps whatever to be admitted upon the roll of attorneys, but, 'instead of that,' lived an irregular life and translated 'romantic ballads.' It is plain Borrow kept odd company, and was not free from the twin taints of fishing in preserved waters and of Atheism. Nor was he averse from the liquor of heroes. See his ballad 'Six foot three.'

Such was the really dangerous condition of Borrow when the Bible Society came to his rescue, and, amazed by his linguistic attainments, turned him into a colporteur. Loud was the laughter of Norwich. The Martineaus rolled in their chairs. Miss Harriet records it thus: 'When this polyglot gentleman appeared before the public as a devout agent of the Bible Society in foreign parts, there was one burst of laughter from all who remembered the old Norwich days' (see passage quoted by Dr. Knapp, vol. i., p. 162). We dare say it was very amusing, but the 'Bible in Spain' is still more amusing, and those laugh best who laugh last. Norwich has ceased to snigger over the youthful indiscretions of George Borrow, and has long forgiven him for not becoming a junior partner in the highly respectable firm of Rackham and Simpson.

We owe the 'Bible in Spain' to the Rev. Francis Cunningham, the rector of Lowestoft from 1814 to 1830, who married Richenda Gurney, the sister of Joseph John Gurney and Mrs. Fry. You may read of him in Mr. Hare's book, 'The Gurneys of Earlham.' He had for a brother the still better known vicar of Harrow, of whom (so it is said) you may read in the best-remembered novel of Mrs. Trollope. The lady who afterwards became Mrs. George Borrow, then Mrs. Clarke of Dalton, probably introduced Lavengro to Mr. Cunningham, who in his turn brought him under the notice of Joseph John Gurney, by whom he was introduced to the Bible Society. There was something about Borrow which was at once attractive and alarming to this excellent Society. They admired his stature, his daring, his acquirements, but his phraseology startled them not a little. Nor were they wrong in their diagnosis. Thus does the Rev. Mr. Jowett, writing from the Society's premises in London in July 1833, admonish Lavengro:—

'Excuse

‘Excuse me if, as a clergyman, and your senior in years, though not in talent, I venture, with the kindest of motives, to throw out a hint which may not be without its use. I am sure you will not be offended if I suggest that there is occasionally a tone of confidence in speaking of yourself which has alarmed some of the excellent members of our committee. It may have been this feeling, more than once displayed before, which prepared one or two of them to stumble at an expression in your letter of yesterday, in which, till pointed out, I confess I was not struck with anything objectionable, but at which nevertheless a humble Christian might not unreasonably take umbrage. It is when you speak of the prospect of becoming *useful to the Deity, to man, and to yourself*. Doubtless you meant the *prospect of glorifying God*, but the turn of the expression made us think of such passages of Scripture as Job xxi. 2, xxxv. 7 and 8, Psalm xvi. 2 and 3.

‘Believe me, &c.,

‘JOSEPH JOWETT.’\*

A most excellent letter, it must be admitted, so good indeed that Borrow was moved to reply to it after a fashion that won Mr. Jowett’s heartiest approval.

Borrow’s first job for his new masters was to go to Russia and to see through the press the entire New Testament in the Manchu tongue. The translation had been made by M. Lipóftsof, who was however prevented by a Government appointment from proceeding any further with the undertaking. It was a big thing to do, and Borrow laboured at it night and day, and whilst he laboured he loved to fancy himself, as soon as the book was ready, ‘wandering, Testament in hand, overland to Peking by way of Lake Baikal and Kiakhtha, with side glances at Tartar hordes.’ But the ‘Bible in China’ is one of the books that never got itself written.

Borrow’s Russian occupations engaged him from August 1833 to September 1835, when he returned home to his mother in Norwich. The colporteur was ever a good and affectionate son to a mother who seems always to have understood his despondent humours. Just before he left Petersburg for good she had written to him:—

‘My dear George, do not be melancholy. You should rather rejoice and be thankful to God for assisting you to bring your work to a conclusion. I think the Bible Society will employ you; but if not, thank God you have a home to come to. I do not wish you to remain abroad. I am very lonely and shall be glad to see you. I have not spent the money you sent home.’

\* ‘Life,’ vol. i., p. 161.



Mrs. Borrow was right, as mothers are apt to be. The Bible Society did employ her son again, first in Portugal and afterwards in Spain. The records of his labours in these fields, are they not written once and for ever in the 'Bible in Spain'?

The connexion with the Bible Society was finally severed in 1840, and on the 23rd of April in that year George Borrow was married at St. Peter's Church, Cornhill, to Mary Clarke, the widow of Henry Clarke, R.N., and a daughter of Edmund Skepper, a lady whom he had known for some years, and who, with her daughter, who still lives, had lately paid a somewhat mysterious visit to Spain in search, so gossips said, of Lavengro himself. The marriage was a fortunate one. Old Mrs. Borrow approved, the new Mrs. Borrow was delighted, the step-daughter was more than acquiescent, and Don Jorge apparently did not mind. By the marriage Borrow became possessed of a comfortable if unpretentious home in the county he dearly loved, and entitled to his share of an income which, though not large, was enough to provide him with the beef and ale in which his soul delighted. To say that he became a happy man would be a flat untruth. He was seldom happy; like Goldsmith, he was not at peace with himself; he was restless, ambitious, jealous; but he had his good times as well as his bad, his hours of exaltation as well as of depression. He was thirty-seven years of age when, his wanderings over, he and his wife and her daughter settled down at Oulton Cottage, Lowestoft, when he at once began to arrange the manuscripts and notes he had written in the Peninsula. The first result of these labours was the 'Gypsies of Spain,' which appeared from the presses of 'Glorious John' in April 1841, and did fairly well; the second result was the 'Bible in Spain,' which, lingering a little unduly in the press, came out in three volumes in 1843 and had a success 'instantaneous and overwhelming.' Borrow was very happy and exultant. Sir Robert Peel referred to him in the House of Commons. He was a great man in Albemarle Street. He felt too that he had that within him which was bound to come out, and which, when it did come out, would carry him still further. He had no pious Mr. Jowett by his side to remind him that it is good to be humble, and unwise to couple yourself with the Deity. Still, how natural to be proud of having written the 'Bible in Spain'! Edition followed edition in rapid succession—six in the first year!

The method pursued by Borrow in the preparation of 'The Bible in Spain' was this. He persuaded the Bible Society to lend him his original letters, which after some hesitation they did

did in June 1841. Mrs. Borrow was then set to work turning the correspondence 'into an unbroken narrative, connected here and there by a few strokes of the pen with the fresh composition of an episode or two not contained in the letters, such as life in the *Cárcel de Corte* and the journey to Tangiers.'\* Borrow then returned the original letters to the Bible Society, in whose hands they still are. It is a strange origin for so fascinating a work.

'Lavengro' was next taken in hand. Professor Knapp tells its genesis at great length. It is an interesting history. The book appeared in three volumes, with Mr. Phillip's fine portrait of the author as a frontispiece, in an edition of three thousand copies. But the wind of popular favour had shifted and no longer filled Borrow's sails, which flapped idly against the mast. The religious world looked coldly on. 'Lavengro' was not placed on the shelf with the 'Bible in Spain.' Many a youngster who knew pages of the earlier book by heart grew up to man's estate without so much as hearing of 'the scholar, the gypsy, the priest.' 'Lavengro' seems to have puzzled the public, which has no mind to be made a fool of by a mysterious vagabond. More than twenty years rolled by before a second edition was called for. This seems incomprehensible to us. It seemed monstrous to Borrow, who was furious. In 1857 'The Romany Rye' appeared, calmly taking up 'Lavengro' just where that book left off, without an explanatory word—an odd way of treating the book-market. Only a thousand copies were printed of 'The Romany Rye,' and though a second edition was published the following year, it was a small one. Then nothing happened until 1872. Such an experience is unusual and bewildering. We doubt whether it is fair to throw the whole blame on the book-buyers of Britain. 'Wild Wales,' with its striking motto from *Taliesen*—

' Their Lord they shall praise,  
 Their language they shall keep,  
 Their land they shall lose,  
 Except wild Wales.'

—appeared in 1862, in three volumes, and in an edition of one thousand copies. In 1865 there was a second edition, and then nothing till 1888.

Old Mrs. Borrow died in 1858, in her eighty-seventh year. She at all events never complained of her son. Mrs. George Borrow died in 1869, aged seventy-three, well content with her

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\* 'Life,' vol. i., p. 383.



choice, and Don Jorge himself followed in 1881, on the 26th of July, aged, as Professor Knapp tells us with loving minuteness, seventy-eight years and twenty-one days. He and his wife are buried in the cemetery at West Brompton. Professor Knapp, in his preface, says, 'The time has not yet arrived when Borrow's place can be definitely assigned to him in English literature.' We have heard the phrase before, but are unacquainted with the precise process referred to by it. An author's 'definite place in English literature' sounds a little forbidding. Some allowance must be made for different gustos. George Borrow will always be able to take his own part, for, marred and scarred and seamed as his books may be by passion and by prejudice, they are aglow with feeling and with the glory of life and motion. So long as English books are read at all, Borrow's will be read.

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- ART. X.—1. *A Bill to make better provision for Local Government in London, 1899.*  
 2. *Speeches by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., on the Introduction and Second Reading of the London Government Bill, 1899.*  
 3. *Report of the Royal Commission on the Amalgamation of the City and County of London, 1894.*

IT is a remarkable fact that London should be the last part of the United Kingdom to receive from Parliament a comprehensive and complete system of municipal institutions. This is due rather to the inveterate indisposition of Londoners to take any effective interest in their own affairs than to any reluctance on the part of modern Parliaments to enact large measures of local government. All the principal modern Acts which deal with this subject are uniform in their provisions and comprehensive in their scope, except as regards London. The Municipal Corporations Act of 1835 applied to all municipalities, large and small, in England and Wales, except that of London, which was expressly excluded. The Local Government Act of 1888, which substituted popularly elected County Councils for the old Courts of Quarter Sessions, prescribed virtually the same model for the institutions of all counties of England and Wales, whether they contain sparsely inhabited agricultural communities or densely packed industrial populations; whether they be Home Counties, intersected by innumerable lines of railway, or the hill districts of Wales. But it hardly touched London, except to convert it into a county. The Local Government Act of 1894 gave District and Parish Councils to every part of England and Wales, but, in its original form, did not touch the local bodies in London. The Irish Local Government Act of last session dealt in like manner with all the towns and counties of Ireland.

To the uniformity of the system which Parliament has imposed upon our rural districts and towns the American practice is completely opposed. In the United States, as regards the non-urban areas, each State has its own system of local areas and authorities, created and worked under its own laws. As regards the towns, each city obtains its own distinct charter from its State Legislature, and the terms of any new charter may differ from those contained in the charter of the neighbouring cities, or from those of any existing charter. Mr. Bryce, in 'The American Commonwealth,' says: 'The laws which regulate municipal government are even more diverse from one another than those of rural local government,' and, 'so far as legal



legal arrangements go, no general description, such as might be given of English municipal government under the Municipal Corporations Act, is possible in America.' Not only do the original charters of cities in the United States differ from one another, but the charters of any particular city are frequently repealed or modified in conformity with the ideas of the party which happens to be dominant at the moment in the State Legislature.

In Great Britain, on the other hand, not only did the Municipal Corporations Act give one imperative model of city government to all urban communities, except London, but that model has in essence remained unaltered since that date. The boundaries of municipalities have been extended. Some changes in titular dignity, and in the relations between the greater cities and the counties, were effected by the legislation of 1888. But, in principle, Manchester and Liverpool and Birmingham are, at this moment, governed by the constitution established in 1836. Nothing like that constitution was made applicable to London, and every legislative alteration in metropolitan institutions since then has been partial and incomplete. This, as we have said, is remarkable, but perhaps it is still more remarkable that the institutions under which London (outside the City) was governed, until four years after the first Great Exhibition, were of a rural, and not an urban, character. Mr. Balfour, in introducing the new Bill for London government, said that down to 1855—

'Parliament had made no organised attempt to confer an urban organisation upon this great metropolitan area. At that time,' he proceeded, 'London was, and for more than two centuries had been, the largest city in Europe, and yet before then the organisation of London, if it can be called organisation, was in the main left to a series of local Bills, passed very much at haphazard, and, apart from these local Bills, was dependent upon the Common Law organisation of the vestries, which was the same for the most thinly populated parish in the moors of Yorkshire as it was for the crowded streets of the metropolis of the Empire.'

An 'organised attempt' was at length made by Sir Benjamin Hall's Metropolis Local Management Act of 1855.

In introducing the Bill to the House of Commons, Sir Benjamin Hall gave a most interesting account of the way in which London had been administered till then. His facts are as valuable to the antiquary as to the politician. They have been rescued from the pages of Hansard and made accessible to every reader by Mr. Lawrence Gomme, the accomplished statistical officer of the London County Council. In his

'London

'London in the Reign of Victoria,' he gives copious extracts from this speech. Taking first the local administration of the metropolis—for even in 'that inchoate condition of things,' as Mr. Balfour has said, there were the germs both of central and of local institutions—there were in force (according to Sir Benjamin Hall's statement) about two hundred and fifty local Acts, besides the public general Acts, which were administered by three hundred separate and diversely constituted bodies. One hundred and thirty-seven of these bodies had made a return of the number of their members, which amounted to a total of 4,738 persons. If the same average of membership be allowed to the remaining bodies, which did not make a return, it would produce 5,710 more administrators; so that at that time London was governed by no less than 10,448 Commissioners. Sir Benjamin Hall gave an exhaustive description of the composition of the several vestries, and of the constitution and expenditure of the local administrative commissions and committees. It will suffice here to quote a few of his examples. In the Liberty of the Rolls the vestry was composed of the 'ancient inhabitants,' that is, of those who had served the office of overseer. In St. Botolph Without, Aldgate, it was composed of persons who had served all the parochial offices, namely, of head borough constables, churchwardens, and overseers. The vestry had existed in this form from time immemorial, and was not constituted by any local Act. There were in the Strand Union eleven miles of streets, over which seven different paving boards had jurisdiction. Each of these had its separate staff. One of their surveyors was, when appointed, a tailor, and another a law stationer. The Strand, from Northumberland House to Temple Bar, a little over three-quarters of a mile in length, was managed by seven different paving boards:—

'First was St. Martin's, from Temple Bar to the centre of Cecil Street, a distance of about four hundred and eighty yards. From Cecil Street to opposite the centre of Burleigh Street the north half of the street was under that Board. The other half, to No. 107, belonged to St. Clement's. At No. 107 the district belonging to the Savoy commenced, and for a distance of about twenty-seven yards the street was divided between the Savoy and St. Martin's. From the centre of Burleigh Street to opposite the east side of Wellington Street, a distance of about eighty-three yards, the street was divided between the Savoy and St. Clement's, and from this point to Duchy Place, a distance of about twenty-five yards, it was divided between the Savoy and St. Mary's. From this point to the east end of St. Mary's Church, a distance of about two hundred and twenty-six yards, the whole width of the Strand belonged to St. Mary's, with the ex-



of a piece in front of Somerset House. This was repaired by the Somerset Place contractors. From the east end of St. Mary's Church to Temple Bar, a distance of about four hundred yards, the whole street belonged to St. Clement's.

Turning to a different topic, Sir Benjamin Hall showed that in Paddington six hundred and seven ratepayers, or one-seventh of the whole number, had 3,642 votes for the vestry, that is, a larger number than the total possessed by the other 3,582 ratepayers in the same parish:—

'The vestrymen thus elected appointed a committee of eighteen to manage the affairs of the parish: their decision might be overruled by the *ex officio* members, amounting to nearly forty. Every resident peer, Privy Councillor, and Member of Parliament, every judge and every magistrate, was an *ex officio* member of the governing body of the parish; and besides these the Connaught Trustees appointed a vestryman, and the Grand Junction Canal Company another. There was this peculiarity about the constitution of the vestry—no inn-keeper could be elected.'

Nor was the condition of matters affecting London as a whole more satisfactory. The Metropolitan Commission of Sewers was the germ of central institutions. This body had divided the area over which it had jurisdiction into seven separate districts, with a distinct Commission for each. These seven Commissions were composed of 1,065 Commissioners, exclusive of the Directors for the time being of the St. Katherine's Docks Company. 'Amongst the names of the Commissioners were the Duke of Wellington, the Lord Chancellor, the Prime Minister, and other noblemen and gentlemen, who could not attend to such matters.'

What, then, were to be the main lines on which the first 'organised attempt' to give London urban institutions was to proceed? The Government of the day had the Reports of two Royal Commissions to guide its action. Although London was excluded from the legislation of 1835, the Commissioners upon whose Report that legislation had been based made in 1837 a special report on the case of the capital. They made no specific or definite recommendations, but they came to the general conclusion that there should be a single municipality for London. 'We hardly anticipate,' they said, 'that it will be suggested, for the purpose of removing the appearance of singularity [of the City], that the other quarters of the town shall be formed into independent and isolated communities.' It must be remembered that the population of London was then but  
 0 million : they discountenanced the idea of the  
 erection

erection of a series of municipalities, the Commissioners called attention to the peculiar conditions of the metropolis as the seat of the Legislature and of the Executive Government, and declared that 'the only real point for consideration was how far the duties for the whole metropolis could be placed in the hands of a metropolitan municipality, or how far they should be entrusted to the officers of his Majesty's Government.' In one passage they let fall the significant observation that possibly the magnitude of the change involved in 'making one municipality of the whole of London might be considered as converting that which would otherwise be only a practical difficulty into an objection of principle.' This Report led to no immediate practical results. Successive Governments ignored the chaos of London administration. At length, in 1853, another Royal Commission was appointed to enquire specially into the affairs of the City Corporation. The members of this Commission were Mr. Henry Labouchere, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and Sir John Patterson. In their Report, which was presented in 1854, they made various suggestions for the reform of the City Corporation. Beyond this, they dwelt at length upon the general question of the government of the metropolis, and suggested that the seven Parliamentary boroughs, into which it was then divided, should be created municipal boroughs and combined with a central Board of Works, the members of which should be elected from each municipality. Their criticisms upon the proposal to create one municipality for the whole metropolis are so cogently expressed and so perfectly relevant to present conditions and controversies that it is worth while to quote them at some length. They said (p. 14 of the Report):—

'If the procedure of the Legislature in the Municipal Corporation Act were taken as a precedent, absolutely and without discrimination, in reforming the London Corporation, it would be necessary, not only to alter its constitution, but to advance the present boundaries of the City until they surrounded the entire Metropolis; a process by which an area of 723 acres would be converted into an area of 78,029 acres—by which a population of 129,128 would be converted into a population of 2,362,286—and an assessment of £953,110 would be converted into an assessment of £9,964,348. A change of this magnitude would not only alter the whole character of the City Corporation, but it would, as it seems to us, defeat the main purpose of municipal institutions. London, taken in its full extent, is (as it has with literal truth been called) a province covered with houses; its diameter from north to south and from east to west is so great that the persons living at its furthest extremities have few interests in common; its area is so large that each inhabitant is in  
general



general acquainted only with his own quarter, and has no minute knowledge of other parts of the town. Hence the two first conditions for municipal government, minute knowledge and community of interests, would be wanting if the whole of London were, by an extension of the present boundaries of the City, placed under a single municipal corporation. The enormous numbers of the population, and the vast magnitude of the interests which would be under the care of the municipal body, would likewise render its administration a work of great difficulty. It may be added that the bisection of London by the Thames furnishes an additional reason for not placing the whole town under a single municipal corporation. . . . These considerations appear to us decisive against the expediency of placing the whole of the metropolis under a single municipal corporation, without adverting to those more general questions of public policy which naturally suggest themselves in connection with the subject.'

The Commission of 1853 had been appointed by Lord Aberdeen, but the Government of his successor, Lord Palmerston, decided to follow the spirit of their Report. The Metropolis Local Management Act of 1855 did not, indeed, create the seven municipalities, nor did it venture to touch the City Corporation. But it took the existing parishes as the units for local administration : it constituted the vestries of the larger of these parishes Administrative Vestries, directly elected : it grouped the remainder of the vestries of the smaller parishes : and it enacted that each of the component vestries should by secondary election send representatives to a District Board, which should be the local authority for each group of parishes. It also created a central Metropolitan Board of Works, composed of representatives sent to it by every administrative vestry and district board, and to this body assigned the control and management of all matters common to the whole of London. Mr. Balfour thus described this important change :—

'The central authority before 1855 was the Commissioners of Sewers, and the local authorities were the products of the various local Acts. The heir-at-law of the Commissioners of Sewers was the Metropolitan Board of Works, and, in place of those bodies constituted by the various local Acts, were established administrative vestries, or groups of parishes forming district boards, which had conferred upon them the same powers which the administrative vestries were endowed with. So that after 1855 the constitution of London was of this kind. There were administrative vestries of which the governing bodies were directly elected ; there were groups of parishes of which the governing bodies were indirectly elected ; and there was the Metropolitan Board of Works, itself the product of double election in so far as it was elected by the administrative vestries, and of treble election in so far as it was elected by the district boards.'

In respect of its central feature, this is the system under which London was governed until 1888; and, with regard to the local authorities, it is the system which has continued till now. But in the interval many Select Committees of the House of Commons have enquired into and reported upon London administration. Some of the recommendations of the Committee which reported in 1867 are so suggestive and pertinent as to be worth quoting now. They suggested: (1) that the metropolis should be constituted a county of itself; (2) that the Metropolitan Board of Works should contain, besides representatives of the several vestries and district boards, a number of metropolitan justices, to represent the owners of property, and a further number of members elected directly by the ratepayers in each district; (3) that, the powers and duties of the Metropolitan Board of Works having been much enlarged since its first establishment, its name should be made more conformable to its present and future condition, and that it should be called 'the Municipal Council of London'; (4) that its powers should be still further extended as regards gas and water supply and railways, and for securing uniformity of assessment; (5) that the existing divisions of the metropolis for the purpose of local government should be re-adjusted, and divided into convenient wards, the ratepayers of which should directly elect the members of the district governing bodies; (6) that the governing authority for each district should be called the Common Council of the district.

Still, no Government attempted to touch the subject until 1884. In that year Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, introduced a Bill to create one single municipality for the whole metropolitan area. The Corporation of London was to be completely merged in this body, and the new Corporation was to be composed of two hundred and forty representatives elected by the several divisions of London, of which the City was to be one. It was to be endowed with all the powers and duties of the Metropolitan Board of Works, of the vestries and district boards, and of other smaller administrative bodies. Local councils were to be re-created in each district: they were not, however, to enjoy any original or inherent powers, but merely to have such derivative authority as might be delegated to them by the Corporation. This measure naturally met with strenuous opposition, not merely from the City, but from the local authorities. It had no general motive power at its back, and, under the pressure of the discussion over the Parliamentary Reform Bill, it was allowed to drop. Next year, the Penjdeh  
affair



affair and the Redistribution Bill occupied the attention of the Government until its defeat in June 1885; after which Ministerial changes and the Home Rule crisis naturally pushed such comparatively unexciting problems as that of London administration into the background.

As has happened not infrequently, it was reserved for a non-Radical Parliament and Ministry to effect a drastic alteration in the very bases of London government. Lord Salisbury was the head of the Ministry which in 1888 revolutionised the central institution of the metropolis and substituted the County Council for the Metropolitan Board of Works. The manner in which this great change was effected was not less astonishing than the easy acquiescence of Parliament in the proposal itself. London questions did not enter materially into the contests which were fought in the newly-formed metropolitan Divisions either in the General Election of 1885 or in that of 1886. In 1885 Conservative candidates achieved a wholly unexpected measure of success by attacks upon Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy and by vague flirtations with 'Fair Trade.' In 1886 the wave of feeling against Home Rule swept all but eleven Gladstonians from their seats. London Radicals no doubt were eager to abolish the Board of Works, and had long dreamed of a single municipality; but the bulk of the electorate was serenely indifferent to the subject.

It is true that such feeling as did exist in partisan breasts against the Metropolitan Board had been somewhat inflamed by the publication in 1887, in a financial newspaper, of allegations affecting the integrity and business character of certain members and officials of the Board. Lord Randolph Churchill was then in his later free-lance days, sitting behind the Treasury Bench, and anxious for every opportunity for asserting himself in an independent and democratic fashion. The influence of the Gladstonian atmosphere of the Treasury was still strong upon him, and just as, during his brief tenure of the Exchequer, he had been able to induce his Government to abolish the Coal and Wine Dues, so now it was he who on the 16th of February, 1888, moved in the House of Commons for the appointment of a Royal Commission 'to enquire and report upon the working of the Metropolitan Board of Works and into the irregularities which are alleged to have taken place in connexion therewith.' The Government assented to this motion, and a small quasi-judicial Commission was appointed. It is remarkable that in the course of the discussion that took place that night no speaker declared himself in favour of the abolition of the Board, and there was not a single

expression of a belief or a hope that the Government would deal with this question in their promised Local Government Bill.

Even when the Government, in the Queen's Speech at the commencement of the session of 1888, had announced that 'your attention will be invited to the subject of local government in England,' it was not generally supposed that London would be included in that legislation. London questions had always hitherto been dealt with specially. The practice had rigidly prevailed that such matters should be within the purview of the Home Office, but here was a Bill in charge of the President of the Local Government Board. In fact, it was not until Mr. Ritchie had spoken for over an hour in introducing his great measure that it dawned upon the House of Commons that London would be included in its scope. 'What about London?' suddenly interpolated a metropolitan Member. 'I shall devote a separate portion of my remarks to London,' quietly rejoined the Minister, and then plunged again into the vast scheme of county government. Almost parenthetically, after another long period, he said:—

'Well, an honourable gentleman has asked me what we propose to do with regard to the metropolis. Some think that London ought to be left alone, and I have been astonished at seeing more than one statement that London was not to be touched in the Bill.'

He then very briefly stated how London would be touched. Amid a general murmur of approval he said: 'The Metropolitan Board of Works will cease to exist'; and in the vastness of the design of the whole Bill the House of Commons at the moment, and indeed till the end of the session, entirely failed to recognise the pregnancy of that announcement and the grave significance of the accompanying statement that the Board would give place to an elected County Council. The clauses which gave effect to this revolution came late in the Bill. They were not reached in Committee till the 10th of July. The vast majority of Members were primarily interested in the other portions of the Bill. The House was getting weary: the Government was eager to make progress: no opportunity presented itself for what might be termed a second-reading discussion on the principle of the constitutional change involved in the London clauses. The bulk of the London Unionist Members were new to Parliament, and, as has been pointed out, had won their elections in 1885 and 1886 on totally different issues. At that time there was no coherent and formed opinion amongst their supporters which could  
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guide their action on the subject, and they were therefore, for the most part, docile followers of their whips, and subjected the proposals of the Government to but little independent criticism. There was perhaps a further reason for their supineness. At the time the Government assured them that this was but an instalment of their whole scheme, and that they intended to supplement it by the creation, alongside of the central Council, of powerful district councils. In his speech on the first reading Mr. Ritchie used these words:—

‘We do not, as I have said, put this forward as a complete settlement of the great problem of London government. We have our own proposals to make, and I hope we may be able at some future time to make them. They are on the lines, not of creating separate municipalities throughout London, but of amalgamating within certain defined areas in London the existing vestries and district boards, and constructing in London district councils—having in the various areas in the county district councils with large and important administrative functions. But we have felt that the introduction of such a proposal as that into our Bill would have unduly overloaded it.’

As a matter of fact, eleven years were to pass before a Government sought to make ‘a complete settlement of the great problem,’ and to create the admittedly necessary local governing bodies. During that interval the County Council, outside the City, has towered above the vestries, by its inherent powers, by the size of the area over which it exercises jurisdiction, and by the publicity which has been given to its elections and proceedings. It has, perhaps, never been sufficiently recognised how democratic is the system on which the Council is elected. Each of the Parliamentary divisions, except the City, returns two Councillors: the City returns four. These divisions vary greatly in population, and also in rateable value. On the whole, the divisions which are below the mean both in population and rateable value are Progressive, while those which are in both respects above the mean are Moderate. For instance, there are seven divisions of the Tower Hamlets, each returning two Councillors. The combined electorate of these seven divisions numbers 49,409, and they return to the Council 14 Progressives. Compare with this representation that of some of the still growing districts in the outskirts of London. Let us take seven divisions: Dulwich, with an electorate of 13,502; Clapham, 15,376; Fulham, 15,757; Hammersmith, 13,974; Lewisham, 15,431; Wandsworth, 20,758; and Woolwich, 14,230. This gives a total electorate of 109,028, which returns 14 Moderates to oppose the 14 Progressives who  
represent

represent the 49,409 electors of the Tower Hamlets. We may turn for a moment to rateable value. St. George's in the East, with a rateable value of 216,646*l.*, has the same representation on the Council as St. George's, Hanover Square, with a rateable value of 1,981,679*l.* The only difference between them is that the members for the former district are Progressives, while those for the latter are Moderates. Bethnal Green returns four Councillors, all Progressives; its rateable value is 453,520*l.* Kensington has the same representation; but its rateable value is 1,787,390*l.*, and its representatives are Moderates.

Then, the suffrage on which County Councillors is elected works, in London at all events, disadvantageously to Conservatism. It differs from the Parliamentary franchise in that it includes women voters, who, when Conservative, show a marked disinclination to record their votes; and in that the service-franchise and lodger voters, both of whom in London are predominantly Conservative, are omitted from it. Beyond this, while in Parliamentary elections a man who possesses the requisite qualification in two or more separate boroughs may give his vote in each, in the County Council elections he can only record his vote in one division.

At this point a comparison with the systems which prevail in some Continental capitals may be instructive. The Municipal Council of Paris, like that of all other French towns, is elected on an equal manhood suffrage. This Council votes or withholds the necessary grants of money. 'But Paris is still actively governed by the Prefect of the Seine and his colleague the Prefect of Police, both of whom are appointed by the general Government and are amenable directly to the Minister of the Interior';\* and, although the eight or ten standing Committees of the Municipal Council 'are at pains to acquaint themselves with all the departments of practical municipal activity, they have no immediate authority over the administrative machine. . . . The Prefect of the Seine is, in fact, the Mayor of Paris, with complete executive authority.' In Belgium, under a law of 1895, no man can vote at municipal elections unless he has reached thirty years of age. To entitle him to a vote he must then have been a resident of the town for three years. An additional vote is given to men with families, who are above the age of thirty-five, and who have houses of a certain assessment. A third vote is given to owners of property who derive an income of at least one hundred and fifty francs a year from real estate. In Holland the municipal

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\* 'Municipal Government in Continental Europe,' by Albert Shaw



franchise is limited to men of over twenty-three years of age, who are paying a land-tax of at least ten guilders, or direct personal taxes of an amount which varies according to the population of the towns. These limitations reduce the electorate to about one voter for every fifteen people. The Mayors, or Burgomesters, are appointed by the Sovereign for six years. In Italy illiteracy is an absolute disqualification for the municipal franchise, and this in effect deprives fifty per cent. of the adult male citizens of their votes. In Prussia the system is not uniform. Changes are frequent in the urban constitutions; but on the whole the main principles which characterised Stein's legislation in 1808 are retained. The voters are divided into three classes according to the amount of their contributions to the taxes. 'At a Berlin election in 1893, held in one-third of the districts, for the renewal of one-third of the Council, there were registered as qualified voters 111,637 men, of whom 2,045 were in the first class, 13,049 in the second, and 96,543 in the third.' Of these classes 976, 4,858, and 25,596 appeared respectively at the poll. 'But each class chooses its third of the municipal council, regardless of the force it musters at the poll.' In Vienna a tax-paying qualification has always excluded the great mass of labourers. The minimum was reduced in 1885 to five florins. In addition voters must be twenty-four years of age. More than three-fourths of the adult men are excluded from the franchise by these restrictions. Independently of the tax-paying qualification the vote is given in respect of professions. All clergymen, all teachers, and indeed all those whom we should call the professional class, receive votes. An electorate of sixty thousand is thus produced, out of a population of nearly one million and a half. This is sub-divided into three classes. The first class is composed of the tax-payers who pay a tax of at least 200 florins, the second of those who pay one of not less than 30 florins, and the third of all others. The vote of members of the first class is worth three times as much as that of those in the second, and nearly nine times as much as that of those in the third class.

Compare with these restrictive systems the democratic system of our metropolis. In the County of London the one apparent check upon the power of mere numbers in the electorate is the presence on the Council of nineteen selected Aldermen. But this institution, though it has certainly brought to the service of the Council some men of distinction and of special knowledge, has not in fact helped the minority there. The majority has made use of its power of selection to strengthen

strengthen its own ranks, and so to give even a cumulative importance to the primary results of the popular vote. And yet the interests that have been entrusted to the administration of the Council are vastly greater than those of any of the cities whose constitutions have been sketched. A reference to some of the details of its administrative functions will perhaps give some idea of the extent of its necessary labours. The County Council transacts its immediate work through twenty-six Standing Committees. In addition it nominates twenty of its members to the Technical Education Board, and sends six Councillors to the Thames Conservancy and one to the Lea Conservancy Board. The Chairman, in his annual review of the Council's work for the year ending on March 31st, 1897, stated that the Standing Committees had 'held more than 1,600 meetings during that year.' But this bald statistic fails to give any adequate idea of the vastness and variety of the necessary administrative work of the Council. Its Finance Committee is directly concerned with a gross debt amounting to 39,377,883*l.*, which is reduced by the sum of 15,710,726*l.*, loans to other bodies, and various assets, to a net liability of 20,093,773*l.* During the nine years ending on March 31st, 1898, it has expended on capital account a total sum of 7,475,638*l.*, which has been laid out on the following objects:—

	£
On Main Drainage . . . . .	1,154,835
Parks and Open Spaces . . . .	629,162
Blackwall Tunnel . . . . .	1,292,607
Housing of the Working Classes .	790,094
Lunatic Asylums . . . . .	1,097,680
Tramways . . . . .	808,243
Street Improvements . . . . .	665,353
Miscellaneous . . . . .	1,137,664
	<hr/>
	£7,575,638

No statutory limitation, it will be understood, has been placed, as has been done even in some of the cities of the United States, on the amount the Council may spend, or the rate it may levy. The estimated expenditure for 1897-8 was 2,700,499*l.* The ground rents and surplus lands belonging to the Council on December 31st, 1897, were valued at 2,534,419*l.*

To give some idea of the administrative work carried out by the Committees, certain facts may be stated. Last year the Fire Brigade Committee controlled a staff of 1,056 men; its disbursements on maintenance account amounted to 162,807*l.* One Committee in the same year was responsible for the care  
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of 14,000 insane persons; another had charge of two great industrial and reformatory schools. The Building Acts Committee, amongst a mass of detailed supervision of new buildings, dealt with 4,032 dangerous structures. The Highways Committee is now directly working important lines of tramways in South London. The Improvements Committee, besides many minor local improvements, has obtained Parliamentary powers to widen the Strand, and is seeking power to construct the long-desired great thoroughfare between Holborn and the Strand. It is needless to expatiate upon the importance of the duties which devolve upon the Main Drainage, the Bridges, the Public Health, and the Housing of the Working Classes Committees. Their titles sufficiently explain the character of their functions. The Technical Education Board has just been recognised by the Education Department as the authority in London for secondary education. It expends something like 120,000*l.* a year, principally in grants in aid of some 100 science and art institutions, and on scholarships. In addition, it maintains its own Central School of Arts and Crafts in Regent Street, and there conducts very successful classes in glass-work, lead-work, enamelling, book-binding, and kindred practical arts. It has a similar school in Camberwell. Another school—Bolt Court—is devoted to lithographic and photographic trades; and a fourth school in Hackney has been specialised for the teaching of building arts. To many minds, the business entrusted to the Parks and Open Spaces Committee will appear the most attractive of all the manifold duties to which Councillors may give their time. This Committee last year expended 99,303*l.* in the maintenance of the eighty-seven open spaces under its control, the total acreage of which was 3,742. Few Londoners have any knowledge of the charm of some of these gardens. Everyone, of course, knows Battersea Park and its sub-tropical garden. Most people are probably aware that the gardens on the Embankment are kept up by the Council. In each near suburb there are the actual inhabitants of the district who make use of such purely urban open spaces as Kennington or Finsbury or Southwark Park, or spots like Telegraph Hill, just saved from the attack of encroaching builders, and laid out in the conventional pattern of an artificial town public garden. But how many Londoners realise that, besides these not too alluring resting-places, the Council is the keeper of some old country gardens, of some old and aristocratic country homes, still unchanged and unspoilt, and rich with all the characteristic charm of such ancient haunts? In the north of London,  
Clissold

Clissold Park, at Stoke Newington, and Waterlow Park, near Highgate, are delightful specimens of English country gardens. The former is remarkable for the variety of its bird-life. In the west, Ravenscourt Park, near Hammersmith, is of the same character, and is particularly distinguished by its fine timber. In the south, Brockwell Park, at Herne Hill, possesses—alone amongst the parks of London—an old walled-garden, with its fruit-trees, and ancient flower borders. In the south-east, different in kind, are Bostal Heath and Woods, of 132 acres. This is still a piece of wild woodland, covered with bracken, and deeply shaded by firs, oak, birch, and hollies. In the north again, beyond Hampstead, Golder's Hill has just been added to London's estate. This was the much cared-for home of Sir Spencer Wells. In 'The English Flower Garden' Mr. William Robinson selects the lawns and shrubberies of this place as his typical illustration of the natural style of garden. It is indeed a lovely spot, adorned with rare trees and shrubs, but yet in places a wild garden, and still visited by nightingales and cuckoos.

This inadequate summary of a few only of the duties which the Committees of the Council are called upon to discharge may yet give some idea of the weight of the burden which the Legislature imposed upon what Lord Randolph Churchill would have called a 'frankly democratic' body. Had the creators of this body any ground for believing that so great and novel an experiment in administration would be justified and saved by the character of the men who would guide and work this huge administrative machine? In every other county of England there was a class of resident and popular gentlemen, with whom the faithful discharge of local public duties had become an hereditary and recognised obligation. There was no such class in London. Notoriously, the vestries always laboured under the difficulty of securing the services of leisured Londoners of repute and position. Even in the City, with all its historical fame and its present splendour, the Corporation had for years past failed to attract to itself the merchant princes or the leading citizens of London. In some respects, it must be granted, the Council has been fortunate. It has as yet always obtained the services of a considerable number of Councillors who have worked with genuine zeal and true unselfishness. It has been served by an exemplary staff. But the number of its really working members has always been too small, and from the beginning too many of its Councillors have been induced to enter its walls by political motives, and for political objects. Of the members of the Council which was elected in  
March



March 1895, thirty-four stood for Parliament at the General Election in the same year. Twelve were peers—political peers, having, with the exception of Lord Cadogan, no special or distinct London interest—and seven were labour members, chosen to represent certain advanced views of social and class politics. Thus no less than fifty-four members of that Council were active political partisans. At the elections to the next Council in 1898 a smaller number of peers and members of Parliament came forward as candidates; but their places were taken by active young members of the two party propagandist clubs, the Unionist United and the Gladstonian Eighty Club. In truth there could be no more striking and melancholy illustration of the practical working of representative institutions in the metropolis than was afforded by the incursion into all the poorer divisions of these budding politicians as candidates for admission to a purely administrative body. The secretary of each of these organisations, and many of the members of the committee of each club, together with a host of their colleagues, took the field, and pretended to be profoundly interested in the local affairs of parishes which they had never entered before, and in the solution of administrative problems of whose existence they had just learned from the leaflets of the London Municipal Society and the London Reform Union.

At the same time, while the County Council was assuming this great position and exercising these vast powers, the local authorities of huge parishes were still condemned to be known by the unattractive and misleading title of vestry, and still hampered by the co-existence of the secondarily elected district boards, and by the excessive number of their own members. Even Londoners do not realise the size and importance of some of the parishes governed by vestries. Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham are the only towns in England which exceed in population and rateable value the largest of these vestry-governed parishes. Islington has a population of 340,000; and its rateable value is 1,799,633*l*. This valuation is higher than that of Leeds or Sheffield. In respect of both population and valuation, it stands above Preston and Salford put together, above a doubled Portsmouth, or a trebled Southampton. Lambeth, with a population of 295,033, and a valuation of 1,701,786*l*., exceeds in both respects Brighton and Croydon, or Cardiff and Derby, combined. Kensington, with 170,165 souls, reaches the enormous rateable value of 2,107,901*l*., while St. George's, Hanover Square, with its comparatively small area, has a valuation of 1,988,437*l*. The vestry of St. Pancras administers the local affairs of 234,379 people, or a larger population

population than that of Bradford, Bristol, Hull, or Nottingham. That of Hackney provides for 213,644 inhabitants, or a larger population than that of Newcastle-on-Tyne or Leicester. Again, to compare some of these London parishes with English counties, Battersea has a larger population than Buckinghamshire, in which a County Council and three municipal corporations conduct local affairs; and the Camberwell vestry administers the business of more inhabitants than in Oxfordshire are governed by a County Council and five municipal corporations, besides District and Parish Councils.

Nevertheless, precipitate as was the action of the creators of the London County Council, and little as they apparently appreciated the full gravity of the experiment they were making, when with light hearts they substituted a popularly elected body for the Metropolitan Board of Works, the step then taken was one that could not be retraced. Any subsequent development of London local institutions was bound to proceed on lines consistent with a recognition of this central and dominant fact. Whatever else may be said against the London County Council, it is certainly not a negligible body. Indeed, for an administrative body, it has been almost too interesting. It immediately arrested public attention. At first it evoked a warm burst of civic enthusiasm, but it soon spread deep political alarm. Latterly, its action has tended to provoke local and non-political jealousies. But, whatever else it has done, it has, from its very birth, forced Londoners to think more than they ever had thought before about the administration of their local affairs.

It will be well to sketch in rough outlines the movement of London opinion on this subject since 1888. This will show how by degrees there has shaped itself out of various elements a widespread consensus of judgment in favour of the essential provisions of the Government's new Bill.

The first elections for the Council were held in 1889. London Unionists as a body, following the express advice of their leaders, did not fight these contests on strict party lines, and did not invoke the formal aid of their party organisations. No doubt Conservatives, when they took the trouble to go to the poll, voted for those candidates who with doubtful wisdom had christened themselves Moderates; but these candidates, as a rule, made rather an ostentatious display of the fact that they were not political nominees, and that, if returned, they would, apart from all party considerations, do the administrative work which Parliament had delegated to the Council. Very different were the temper and the conduct of the other side. Everywhere the Radicals by their associations  
and



and clubs gave an enthusiastic support to the policy and candidatures of those who came forward with the specious description of Progressives. The result might have been foreseen. A large Progressive majority was returned, including in its ranks many direct representatives of organised labour, many avowed or virtual disciples of the Fabian Society, and many preachers of municipal socialism. Much the same thing happened at the next elections in 1892, when the tide of public opinion in London was ebbing away from the Unionist Government, which had been in office nearly six years. But, beyond this, the Progressives had struck a really responsive chord in the minds of the working classes. Their promises included everything that was positively attractive to a non-ratepayer in the domestic programme of the Radical party. They could and did omit all reference to any item in its foreign or general policy which was of disputable popularity. Their Works Department, their sanguine schemes for appropriating the undertakings of the water and gas companies, encouraged hopes of a labour Paradise, to be managed in the most sympathetic spirit by trade unionists for trade unionists. Apart from this, the genuine zeal and hard work of many of the Progressive Councillors was unquestionable. The practical results obtained in several non-partisan departments—such as that of the Parks—were admittedly admirable. In Lord Rosebery the Progressives had a spokesman who could express their aspirations with eloquence, and who yet had the sobriety and detachment occasionally to repress the excesses of his followers. On the other side there was no eloquent leader: in truth, there were no ideas to be eloquent about. Perhaps it was inevitable that in opposition to the ambitious proposals of the Progressives the attitude of the Moderates should have been a negative one; but it was not necessary that they should display so little enthusiasm for the vastness and the variety of the functions entrusted to them. It was gratuitously repellent that they should be constantly carping at and depreciating even the solid and good work which was being accomplished by themselves and their colleagues on many of the Council's Committees.

Mr. Gladstone's second Home Rule Government took office in the summer of 1892; and the concurrence of a Radical majority at Westminster with a Progressive majority at Spring Gardens stimulated the activity of Progressive wire-pullers. It had always been a darling dream of the Progressives to get rid of the City and its Corporation, to transfer its endowments to the Council, and to transform the latter into the one all-powerful municipality for the whole County of London. In  
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the spring of 1893 they induced the Government to appoint a Royal Commission 'to consider the proper conditions under which the amalgamation of the City and County can be effected, and to make specific and practical proposals for that purpose.' In other departments of what may be called their political or Parliamentary action, the Progressives were less successful. Indeed, in their Parliamentary methods they disclosed an intemperate zeal and a mistaken sense of their importance, which offended the general sense of the House of Commons, and exposed their procedure to some sharp rebuffs there. They had a pet theory for giving effect to the principle of betterment in making street improvements: but because Committees of both Houses refused to sanction it, they constantly refused to undertake the execution of the most necessary of public works. They sought to evade the Standing Orders of Parliament, and to saddle the owners of property with an entirely new tax by means of a Private instead of a Public Bill: and when the London Owners' Improvements Rate Bill was thrown out on this point of order, they found in this mishap a fresh reason for refusing to proceed with street improvements. Into their Bills for purchasing the undertakings of the water companies they inserted terms of purchase so manifestly unfair as to excite the opposition of those who on general grounds might have favoured the equitable acquisition of the companies' property. So much for the Parliamentary action of the Progressives in those days.

The publication by one of their leaders, Mr. Sidney Webb, of his 'London Programme,' disclosed the ultimate aims of the logical collectivists. In it he wrote:—

'It is probable that public ownership of the means of enjoyment will, for a long time, outstrip public ownership of the means of production. But when London's gas and water and markets are owned and controlled by its public authorities; when its tramways and perhaps its local railways are managed, like its roads and parks, not for private profit, but for public use; when the metropolis at length possesses its own river and its own docks; when its site is secure from individual tyranny, and its artisans' dwellings from the whims of philanthropy; when, in short, London collectively really takes its own life into its own hands, a vast army of London's citizens will be directly enrolled in London's service. The example of short hours of labour, adequate minimum wages, and regularity of employment set by this great employer of labour will go far to extinguish the "sweater," as it will have done to supersede the demoralising scramble for work at the dock gates.' (Pages 212, 213.)

Mr. Webb was examined before the Labour Commission, and in answer to the question what limit he would put to the extension



extension of municipal taxation, he replied: 'I have no limit to the possible extension'; and when asked, 'Supposing it had to go as far as twenty shillings in the pound?' he said: 'That is a consummation I should view without any alarm whatever.' The earlier opposition of the Moderate party to the Progressives gained strength from these illustrations of the ulterior hopes of their leaders. Even indifferent London electors began to see that they must make some effort to check these far-reaching designs. The pendulum, too, of general political opinion had begun to swing back. The feeling of London had veered strongly against the policy of the Government. Apart from the political and economical fears which the Progressives had aroused, their centralising tendencies had seriously provoked local sentiment and offended the members of local governing bodies.

In this state of things, a stimulus was given to the growing feeling in many districts in favour of decentralisation by the Report of the very Commission which had been appointed, at the instance of the Progressives, to draw up a practical scheme for the amalgamation of the City and County of London. The reference to it was mandatory and simple. It was directed 'to consider the proper conditions under which the amalgamation of the City and County of London can be effected, and to make specific and practical proposals for that purpose.' Mr. Leonard Courtney was Chairman of this Royal Commission, and its other members were Lord Farrer, Mr. R. D. Holt, ex-Mayor of Liverpool, and Mr. E. O. Smith, Town Clerk of Birmingham. This was certainly not a body that could have been led astray by any ulterior Tory designs. In fact it faithfully discharged its mandate. It elaborated an ingenious scheme by which the City should be virtually merged in the County Council, and the Chairman of the Council should become the Lord Mayor of London, and should, with the Council, perform all those ceremonial functions which have gradually devolved upon the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London. But the Commissioners did much more. They deliberately travelled outside the strict limits of their reference, and made some most suggestive recommendations in favour of 'enhancing the status' and increasing the powers of the local authorities.

They recommended, to quote the words of the Report,—

'that everything possible should be done to maintain the strength, authority, and dignity of the local bodies of London: and that in the partition of functions between the central authority and the local authorities, the former should be relieved of all administrative details  
for

for which its intervention is not really necessary, and the latter should be entrusted with every duty they can conveniently discharge. In the case of doubt our inclination would incline to the allotment of functions to local bodies.' (Paragraph 48.)

Again—

'They think it important, for the sake of the dignity and usefulness of the local bodies, whose status should be enhanced as much as possible, as well as for the sake of the central body—where a continuous increase of work may be expected, requiring relief from needless administrative detail—that no duties should be thrown on the central body that can equally well be performed by the local authorities.' (Paragraph 106.)

Further, they declared that in nineteen specified areas—

'the vestries might be at once styled councils and invested with the privilege of choosing a mayor, so that within each of these areas the mayor and council should be the governing body'; (Paragraph 116.)

and in indicating some of the guiding principles on which the delimitation of the rest of London into areas, to be managed by similar governing bodies, should be carried out, they said:—

'Considerations of local feeling and of historic development would have to be weighed in conjunction with those of administrative convenience in extending this organisation to the rest of the metropolis.' (Paragraph 118.)

Not long before the publication of this Report, in the summer of 1894, the London Municipal Society was started, to stimulate and educate opinion on municipal matters amongst London Unionists. It announced that its first object was 'to extend and complete the policy for the reform of London government initiated by the Unionist Ministry of 1886-92, in the creation of the London County Council, by the establishment of district councils or corporations, and their endowment with adequate authority.' In all its subsequent propaganda this Society has steadily insisted upon the importance of this object. At the elections for the County Council which took place in March 1895 this policy was expressly and universally adopted by the Moderate party, and formed a prominent part of the programme adopted by Moderate candidates. These elections resulted in the return of fifty-nine Progressive and of fifty-nine Moderate Councillors. At a bye-election which occurred soon afterwards the Moderates won another seat, and thus secured an actual majority of the elected members of the Council. This turn-over, and the overwhelming victories which the Unionists subsequently gained in London at the General Parliamentary Election



Election of 1895, gave the Moderate party in the Council great moral influence, although the surviving Aldermen, who had been nominated during the Progressive predominance, still assured to the Progressives an actual working majority down to March 1898.

The elections of 1895, proving, as they did, that the Progressives could not be sure of having popular opinion constantly on their side, produced a steadying effect upon them. Partly from this cause, and partly because of the actual strength of the Moderates on the Council, they did little between 1895 and 1898 to alarm or irritate the electors. Mr. Sidney Webb devoted himself to the admirable work of the Technical Education Board. The county rate actually fell. By the time of the elections in March 1898, the Progressive leaders were using much the same language in favour of decentralisation, and of increasing the dignity of the local authorities, as was in the mouths of responsible Moderates. On the other hand, some Conservative politicians, in their ignorance of the working of London institutions, and of the true London sentiment, began to cherish vague hopes that their party would effect some change in the popular constitution of the Council, and would in consequence cripple and degrade it. No Conservative administrator, no one who knew anything of London opinion outside West-end clubs, did, or could, encourage this idea. But some casual and inexplicable words that fell from Lord Salisbury's lips at the Albert Hall in the autumn of 1897 enabled the Progressives to echo and re-echo, from then till the following March, the cry that it was the intention of the Government 'to smash the County Council.' It was impossible to undo the effect produced by this charge. In March 1898, the Progressives gained twelve seats, and won a substantial majority on the Council. Many causes, of course, contributed to this unexpected result; but the Progressives owed their victory principally to the general desire amongst the bulk of the electorate that no material change should be made in the position or essential powers of the Council. In its effect upon the chances of a wise settlement of the problem of London government this was a fortunate result. It convinced the most reactionary and blind of London Tories that any direct attack upon the status of the Council would be impolitic. Consequently, while the leaders of the Progressives at these elections had committed themselves to reasonable decentralisation, and to an increase in the dignity of the local bodies, all responsible Conservatives now agreed that no material change should be made in the constitution or powers of the central body. Thus there was obtained, after ten years of discussion, an approxima-

tion of opinion between the contending parties as to the general lines on which the further development of London municipal institutions should proceed.

The growing concurrence of opinion had been further manifested by the spontaneous action of many of the vestries between 1895 and 1898. In January 1896 some of the larger of the Schedule A vestries forwarded a memorial to the Prime Minister, praying that effect might be given to the recommendations of the Royal Commission, and that in some way or other their parishes might receive charters of incorporation. In 1897 the united parishes of St. John and St. Margaret, Westminster, and the parish of Kensington, presented petitions to the Privy Council praying for charters of incorporation. But it was announced by Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons that the Government was advised 'that there is no legal power to transfer to any municipality created by charter within the area of London the right to perform municipal duties.' Legislation, therefore, of some kind was necessary before any of the existing local authorities could obtain municipal attributes. The next step taken by them was this. Twenty of the larger vestries under Schedule A of the Metropolis Management Act, representing in all a population of 2,600,413, and a rateable value of 20,638,260*l.*, agreed upon the terms of a memorial to the Prime Minister. This was presented to him and the Duke of Devonshire in February 1898, by a deputation from these vestries. In it they urged the Government to introduce a Bill in the coming session to confer on their respective districts 'greater civic dignity, at least commensurate with that possessed by numerous provincial boroughs of far less importance,' but 'subject to such qualifications as, in the peculiar circumstances of the metropolis, shall reserve to the existing central authorities the management of such matters as shall affect London as a county.' In the Queen's Speech of that year it was announced that 'a measure for facilitating the creation of municipalities in the administrative County of London will be brought before you.' In spite of this, however, the promised measure was not introduced. In the meantime the twenty allied vestries were not resting on their oars. Acting partly on suggestions made to them by the Duke of Devonshire, they continued their conferences at Westminster. In March 1898, they sent to the Duke a statement of the powers which they thought should be transferred from the central to the local authorities, with other practical recommendations for the details of the proposed legislation. In August of the same year they concurred in a Draft Bill. This Westminster Conference,



Conference, as it was termed, was held under Conservative auspices. Subsequently the vestry of Islington, a Radical body, thought it well that a supplementary conference should be convened, to which should be invited representatives from the smaller vestries and district boards, which had not taken part in the proceedings at Westminster. This conference met at Islington. There were present at it the representatives of nineteen localities which had been omitted from the summons to Westminster. Although this second conference was held under distinctly Radical inspiration, it is important to note that the conclusions at which it arrived did not differ on any material point from those which were embodied in the Westminster Draft Bill.

From this sketch of the development of public opinion since 1888, it will be seen that the conditions are more favourable for legislation on the question of London government now than they were ten years ago. The Government has had ample time to consider the problem. Public opinion has been educated by County Council campaigns, and by the chronic propaganda of rival Municipal Societies. Local opinion has been shaped by conferences, by organised efforts to obtain charters of incorporation, and by the publication of Draft Bills. Many of the London Unionist members are now comparatively old Parliamentary hands; and even those of them who have safe seats have been forced by the untoward results of County Council elections in their own divisions to pay some heed to the flow of London opinion on municipal questions.

On its side the Government has happily decided to take full advantage of these favouring conditions. The Bill to make better provision for Local Government in London occupied the first place in the Queen's Speech. It was introduced immediately after the conclusion of the debate on the Address. It has passed its second reading before Easter. It has been prepared by, and is in charge of, the First Lord of the Treasury. In undertaking the heavy task of legislation on this subject, Mr. Balfour has given further proof of his versatility, and also of his industry and energy. The task lay quite outside the necessary duties of his office and position. But, both by his speeches on the first and the second reading of the Bill, and by the Bill itself, it is clear that he has obtained a real grasp of the problem he is seeking to solve.

The main lines of the London Government Bill are these. It recognises the fact that there always has been, and that there must be, in London a dual system of administration—that, in other words, there must be a central authority to discharge

central duties, and that ranged round this there must be local authorities to perform local duties within their respective areas. Following the precedent of 1888, the Bill leaves the Corporation of the City alone. It takes, in fact, the legislation of 1888, and the policy of which it formed but an instalment, as the starting-point from which the new proposals shall proceed. It retains the central County Council, and does not touch its existing constitution, or interfere in any hostile spirit with its essential powers or status. But it does propose to establish the supplemental local bodies which it was always the intention of Mr. Ritchie to set up. It gives full effect to the recommendations of Mr. Courtney's Commission, that these bodies shall be dignified, and invested with as many powers as can conveniently be transferred from the County Council to them. Its primary object then, it may be said, is to put on a proper basis the duality of London institutions—to establish the due relation and balance of powers between the central and the local authorities. Since 1888, as we have seen, the County Council has been relatively too prominent and exalted, because (with the exception of the City) the local bodies have suffered from unattractive titles, from an excessive number of members, from the co-existence of the secondarily elected district boards by the side of the administrative vestries, and from the unmerited disrepute which has clung even to the largest and best-managed vestries, because of the misdoings of some of the smallest and most backward of those bodies. The local bodies, therefore, have failed to attract a sufficient number of good administrators, and have not stimulated, or even represented, the full local feeling and life of their own districts. Respectable as their management of local affairs has generally been, they have been comparatively inefficient since the Act of 1888 gave to the central body its popular composition, its large powers, and its huge electorate.

The Bill abolishes all these existent local bodies. It provides that the whole of London (except the City) shall be divided into metropolitan boroughs. In each of these boroughs there will be established a Council, consisting of a mayor, aldermen, and councillors. The total number of the whole Council is not to exceed seventy-two. The Councils are to have all the powers of the vestries, and of such bodies as Commissions of Libraries and of Baths and Washhouses. Certain 'agreed' powers will be at once transferred to them by the County Council, and provision is made for future transfers of powers.

Since the revival of interest in the development of London government there has been much debate amongst reformers as  
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to how, and on what principles, the areas of the new local authorities should be defined. At one extreme of thought it was contended that the existing areas should nowhere be disturbed. No doubt, if this advice were adopted, all local irritation would be avoided; but, admittedly, many of the existing districts are most awkwardly constituted. The smallness and insignificance of some of these areas have operated against the granting of powers to the larger and more important districts, which otherwise would have been ungrudgingly conceded, and the same attributes would seem to make them unfit for municipal incorporation. At the other extreme of thought were those who favoured what was labelled 'tenification,' or the arbitrary carving up of London into ten huge and artificial areas. By this course, it was argued, municipalities of real importance would be created, attractive to the best citizens by reason of their obvious and imposing power. But, on the other hand, this capricious destruction of old landmarks must necessarily have produced a widespread opposition, and have wiped out many a parish in which there now exists a genuine local patriotism, together with the germs of that local life which it is hoped the new municipalities will foster and expand.

Mr. Courtney's Commission took a middle line between these two extremes. Its members thought that nineteen of the present parishes were fit for immediate incorporation, and recommended that a Boundary Commission should delimit the rest of London. In effect, the Government's proposals are in harmony with these recommendations. The areas of thirteen administrative vestries, and of two district boards, will by the Bill itself become municipal boroughs. By it too all the component parishes which make up the ancient City of Westminster will be united, and together, as a greater Westminster, form one municipal borough. Boundary Commissions will draw up schemes for the division of the rest of London into similar boroughs. It is laid down that each of these new boroughs must have either a rateable value exceeding 500,000*l.* or a population between 100,000 and 400,000.

The Bill contains many obviously good reforms, and certain fiscal and other administrative proposals against which much criticism has been directed; but these are only details of a great measure. Mr. Balfour thus summed up the essential principles of the Bill:—

'I feel confident that we are proceeding on safe and permanent lines, because we are taking full advantage of the experience of the past. We recognise to the full that there must be a great central authority in London. We recognise to the full that there must be  
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these great municipalities, subordinate in point of area, but not subordinate in point of dignity. We think the whole lesson of the past points to this as the true method of dealing with this enormous aggregate of human beings, unequalled in the whole history of the world.

The most thoughtful Liberals have committed themselves to a concurrence in these general views. Mr. Asquith, speaking as Home Secretary before the County Council elections of 1895, said: 'We propose to extend' to the new local bodies 'that large common corporate life which brings with it the dignity of responsibility'; and 'we propose to give to them the stimulus of more attractive titles, and of conspicuous position, that will create a more fruitful field for the best energies and the best efforts of the best men of the localities.' Lord Rosebery took up a similar attitude when, in June 1895, he said: 'Although we believe that London should be one, we believe that unity will be best attained and strengthened by maintaining local spirit, by encouraging local spirit, and by developing local spirit. We desire to see London united, but not a unit.' What, then, is the meaning of the bitter opposition of the extreme Radical press to this Bill, of the formal amendment to its second reading, and of the party division thereon? It emanates from the County Council. It has been stirred up by the most ambitious of the Progressives there. Their jealousy has been aroused; their fears, their groundless fears, have been excited. The Bill will, therefore, be strenuously opposed in Committee. In matters of detail it may undergo considerable alterations; but, in all its main and essential features, it will become an Act of Parliament. And when this Act has come into full operation, there is every reason to believe that it will commend itself to the general good sense of the vast majority of Londoners, who will recognise that it provides for the development on historical lines, and in the right direction, of the institutions necessary for the government of their vast and heterogeneous city.

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- ART. XI.—1. *Velazquez*. Par A. de Beruete. Paris, 1898.  
 2. *The Art of Velazquez*. By Walter Armstrong. London, 1896.  
 3. *The Complete Work of Rembrandt*. By Doctor Wilhelm Bode. Paris, 1898.  
 4. *Catalogue—Rembrandt Exhibition, Amsterdam*, 1898.  
 5. *Catalogue—Rembrandt Exhibition, Burlington House*, 1899.

THE dawn of the seventeenth century saw a vast change in the course of European art. For three centuries and a half it had flowed on in Italy, a mighty river, fed by tributary streams from Florence, Siena, Rome, Milan, Perugia, Venice, and many other cities. Great schools of painting arose in other lands, in Flanders and on the Rhine; but during these centuries Italy was the Mother of the Arts. This pre-eminence was now to pass away. The death of the aged Titian in 1576, and of Tintoretto in 1594, mark the end of Italian supremacy; the quickening power of Italy was dead. Art, it is true, lingered on in a tame academic manner in the eclectic school of Bologna, but Guido, the Carracci, Maratti, and others were but feeble successors of the giants of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

But Art never dies. The torch which has fallen from the hands of worn-out runners is taken up by younger and fresher men, and is carried on in new directions. New influences are at work, other nations assert themselves, and the scene changes. The brilliant Rubens, born in 1577, led the way in the Netherlands, followed closely by his pupil the courtly Van Dyck, born in 1599; and the Flemish School leaped into fame. The master dazzled the world by his splendour and fertility, while his pupil charmed by his grace and style. It was seen at once that new stars had risen on the horizon, beside whose brilliancy contemporary Italian art grew pale. Nor in the estimation of lovers of art has their light become dim, for it has burned steadily for nearly three centuries.

It is not, however, to Rubens and Van Dyck that, during the past generation, the attention of the art-world has been chiefly turned, but to two of their contemporaries, born in countries far apart. It is to Spain and Holland that men have been directing their thoughts, and it is from their two great painters, Velazquez and Rembrandt, that artists have been deriving their stimulus and their inspiration. Nor is this absorbing interest confined merely to painters. The ordinary visitor to galleries finds himself arrested before the works of these

these men by the directness, simplicity, and modernity which pervade their work. The change has come somewhat suddenly; indeed it is almost a resurrection from the neglect of two centuries, during which time the painters and their works lay forgotten or despised. But this neglect has been amply atoned for during the past forty years by the eager study of lovers of art in every European country. Archives have been ransacked for light on the lives and works of these painters, and we are now in possession of much valuable information.

In the case of Rembrandt the reader may be referred for details to the works of Bürger, Vosmaer, Dr. Bode, Michel, Dr. Bredius, Dr. Hofstede de Groot, Mr. Walter Armstrong, and others. If Vosmaer laid the foundation, Dr. Bode has crowned the edifice. Every student of Rembrandt must turn to him with the highest respect, if not always in agreement, yet with admiration for his prolonged study of the master, his remarkable insight and fine judgment. The fruit of his labours is now being given to the world in the monumental work published by M. Sedelmeyer of Paris in eight folio parts, which will eventually include reproductions of more than five hundred and fifty paintings by Rembrandt, arranged in chronological order, with descriptions and particulars as to *provenance*. The two parts already issued must delight every friend of Rembrandt. Each volume is to be furnished with an introduction by Dr. Bode, bearing on the contents, while the concluding volume is to contain a biography, with transcriptions of many original documents, from the accomplished pen of Dr. Hofstede de Groot. Germany, France, and Holland are thus to share in the honour of this magnificent work, published simultaneously in French, German, and English.

As regards Velazquez, the student must turn for information respecting his life and work to Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Professor Justi, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, and others. Last of all comes Señor de Beruete, a Spanish painter and critic of a high order, whose beautiful work is inspired by a profound admiration for his countryman, but displays a perhaps excessive tendency to reject every painting which he considers unworthy of the master. Iconoclastic indeed he is, for he would fain destroy our belief in the great 'Admiral Pulido Pareja' (National Gallery), finding fault with its drawing and its want of connexion with other recognised works of Velazquez. Now, great as the Spaniard was in his draughtsmanship, might not a corresponding fault be found with the early full-length portraits of Philip and his brothers, in which the heads are small in proportion to the tall figures? The close affinity of the



the Admiral to the young Dutchman in the foreground of 'The Surrender of Breda' ('Las Lanzas'), painted about the same year, 1639, seems to Mr. Armstrong and to us to form a connecting link, in its strong firmly painted face and general tone. Nor is the Spanish tradition that the King mistook, or pretended to mistake, the painting for the Admiral himself, to be lightly passed over. Traditions of this sort have generally some basis of truth. If Bautista del Mazo painted this portrait he was a much stronger man than we know him to have been: indeed, another Velazquez would in that case appear on the field. Mazo, still in his early youth, had in 1634 married a daughter of Velazquez, and had only recently got a subordinate place in Philip's Court. It is hard to believe that he could have painted this superb picture when only about twenty-five years of age, or that Philip would have entrusted him with the portrait of a favourite when he had beside him his trusty Court Painter Velazquez. Mr. Armstrong gives, as the high-water mark of Mazo, the portrait of 'Don Tiburcio' (789, Prado), a commonplace piece of work, which de Beruete declares to be by Juan Rizi: but Mazo nowhere gives proof of possessing such virility as the 'Admiral' shows, nor can we believe, with Mr. Armstrong, that the Hamilton Palace 'Philip IV.' (National Gallery) is in any important part the work of the son-in-law.

While de Beruete has added to the list of genuine works by Velazquez some hitherto unknown works in Spain, he cannot be said to have exhausted those in England. He makes no reference, for example, to the 'Lady with the Fan' of the Wallace collection, a splendid picture, glowing with restrained passion. It is one of the few portraits of ladies, outside the royal family, painted by Velazquez; for the Spaniards, unlike some northern nations, did not wish their beautiful women to be 'the talk of the town.'\*

Roughly speaking, the 'manners' of Velazquez are separated with sufficient accuracy by his visits to Italy in 1630 and 1650. It must be remembered that Velazquez rarely signed or dated a picture; we have therefore to fall back on the archives of the Court, historical data, and internal evidence. The searching criticism of the present day will doubtless give fuller light, but for practical purposes the work of his life readily unrolls itself in its stately progress, from the unflinching realism of his

\* Philip IV., in his frivolous wisdom, issued an edict requiring ladies to veil their faces, that the gallants of his court might be saved from the danger of their beauty. The king was great in trifles. A religious service commemorated the introduction of the *golilla*, the stiff linen collar almost universally seen in suits by Velazquez. His Majesty set his face against the extravagance of ruffs.

early 'Adoration of the Magi' of 1619 (Prado),\* and the 'Bacchus' of 1628 ('Los Borrachos'), onwards to the 'Maids of Honour' ('Las Meninas'), and 'The Spinners' ('Las Hilanderas').

The *bodegones* (tavern pieces) which Velazquez painted before he settled in Madrid show how earnest was his study of nature and of expression. Conspicuous examples of this early manner are to be found in the 'Martha and Mary' (National Gallery) and in 'The Aguador' of Apsley House. He vexed the soul of his master and future father-in-law, the dull Pacheco, by refusing to follow Raphael and the Italians, declaring that he would rather be first in his own line than second in any other. Ultimately he won the praise of Pacheco, whose daughter he married before his apprenticeship was out. Invited to Madrid by his constant patron, the Prime Minister Count-Duke Olivares, he gained the favour of the King and became painter to the Court. But it must be admitted that his early work in Madrid is somewhat tame. The change was too sudden from rustic scenes to courtly life, and he required time to 'find' himself: indeed the great picture of his first period shows a natural return to his early love. In the 'Bacchus' of 1628 ('Los Borrachos,' 'The Topers,' as the common people more truly called it) the rude peasants, in roystering mirth, pay their mock homage to the vine-crowned god sitting on a barrel of wine. About the time when this picture was painted, Rubens, then in the height of his fame, visited Madrid on a diplomatic mission; and the King handed over the brilliant Flemish painter to the care of Velazquez for nearly a year. But the dull Spanish writers tell us nothing of the intercourse which must have taken place between these two great men, and the world is so much the poorer. We know only that Rubens advised Velazquez to visit Italy and that the King gave his consent.

The chief picture of the second manner of Velazquez is the famous 'Surrender of Breda,' which is perhaps justly claimed by de Beruete as the finest historical picture in the world. Velazquez had sailed some years before with General Spinola, and had heard the story of the siege from the lips of the victor. He chooses the moment when the brave Nassau hands over the keys of the city to Spinola, who, laying his hand

\* 'The Adoration of the Shepherds' (National Gallery) seems to Mr. Armstrong and to us a finer work than 'The Magi,' but it is now attributed by Señor de Beruete and the authorities of the National Gallery to Zurbaran. We would fain see proof that Zurbaran ever painted a head like that of the Divine Child. The rest of the picture recalls the early Seville manner of Velazquez in the style of Ribera.



courteously on the shoulder of his fallen foe, refuses to receive them. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell and Mr. Armstrong see some malice in the painter's mind, but there is not a trace of this. The Spaniard may be cruel, but he is chivalrous; and Tennyson, with deeper insight into Spanish character, paints in noble verse a somewhat similar scene in 'The Revenge,' when the brave Sir Richard Greville dies,—

'And the stately Spanish men to their flag-ship bore him then,  
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,  
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace.'

Velazquez indeed takes special pains to show his Spanish courtly breeding, for the brightest spot in the picture is the white silk doublet of the Dutch page, richly decorated with flowers, and he gives to Nassau the very charger on which he painted Philip about this time, easily recognisable by the white splashes on its face and by its angry eye. 'The immeasurable breeches' of Nassau are also more costly in their gold-work than the dresses of the Spanish nobles, and in their way as handsome.

The crowning works of Velazquez, in his third and greatest manner, after his second visit to Italy in 1650, are 'The Maids of Honour' and 'The Spinners.' The former may be styled a glorified de Hooghe, perfect in its truth, in its refinement of colour, and in its harmonious values and tones. Velazquez seems to paint space and air in this room, with its mysterious background. Here he gives us also his own noble portrait, as, with palette in hand, he surveys his work, a calm, penetrating, self-reliant man. In 'The Spinners' he rises to his full height as draughtsman and colourist.

Fate, on the whole, dealt kindly with Velazquez. Entering the King's service as a youth, he was advanced step by step in his favour until he became Marshal of the Court (*aposenador mayor*) and Knight of Santiago. But though fortune smiled on him during his thirty-six years' residence at the Court, and though the King mourned, and is said to have wept, on the death of his favourite, his life was not without serious drawbacks. His first emoluments were on the scale of the barbers and buffoons; and though his pay rose, it was always in arrears, for the royal exchequer was ever empty owing to the disastrous wars and the extravagance and corruption of a frivolous Court. Instead of money he got successive steps of promotion, a beggarly reward for the fruits of his genius; while the tedious duties of his high office, which might have been discharged by the dullest courtier, doubtless robbed the world of several masterpieces. His greatest works were produced under these adverse conditions,

conditions, while at the same time the courtiers charged him with laziness. His office was indeed no sinecure. He had to provide for the King and his numerous suite on their long and frequent journeys, and finally undertook the charge of the great ceremonial of the betrothal of the Infanta Maria Theresa to Louis XIV. On this occasion, in the swamps of the distant Bidassoa, the admired of all observers, he contracted the fever of which he died (1660), 'sacrificed,' as Richard Ford says, 'on the altar of upholstery.' He deserved all his good fortune, for we know that he befriended the young Murillo and guided his studies for three years, without rivalry or jealousy; and that he stood by his constant patron Olivares, and braved the anger of the King when the all-powerful Prime Minister fell in 1643.

The fortunes of Rembrandt were widely different. A brilliant morning, an over-clouded afternoon, and an evening of storm—such is the epitome of his career. Coming to Amsterdam in 1630 from his native Leyden, his conspicuous talent at once put him at the head of the Dutch school, and brought him many pupils and hosts of friends. A happy marriage brought him joy—a joy apparent in many of his early pictures. The death of three children and of his much-loved mother, followed all too soon by that of his beloved Saskia, proved the beginning of many troubles. He developed his art, but he gradually lost his patrons. His affairs became embarrassed, and bankruptcy followed. His treasures were sold to pay his debts, and when he died in 1669 he owned nothing but his clothes and his paint-brushes. Research has failed to find in him any such moral defects as led to the ruin of so many Dutch painters. Michel,\* in his admirable life of Rembrandt, says that the painter was the architect of his own misfortunes. He refers to the heedless indulgence with which Rembrandt lent money to his wife's cousin, to the generous help he gave to his brother Adriaen, to his extravagant purchases of jewels for Saskia, and of Italian pictures by the great masters, and, last of all, to the debts he had incurred in the purchase of his house in the Breestraat in 1639. But these were the times when Rembrandt was making money; and we must look deeper for the causes of his disaster. A large share in his misfortunes must, in truth, lie at the door of the Dutch people. As Rembrandt's art grew stronger the Amsterdamers liked it less. The 'Company of Captain Banning Cocq' (the so-called 'Night Watch,' 1642) had scarcely been painted when a reaction set in; and the Captain, dissatisfied with his portrait, went off to be painted by

\* 'Rembrandt,' by Émile Michel (London, 1894).



Rembrandt's rival, the commonplace Van der Helst. Public taste was now changing; the national school was losing favour; and Frans Hals, Ruysdael, Hobbema, de Hooghe, Vermeer of Delft—the glories of Holland—were neglected and suffered to fall into poverty. The malign influence of the superficial and frivolous art of France was beginning to affect Holland as well as the other countries of Europe. Tame, smooth, conventional work was now the rage; the advent of the younger Mieris and of the Chevalier Van der Werff was close at hand. About sixty short years saw the rise and fall of the Dutch school, whose supremacy almost exactly synchronised with the political greatness of Holland.

The works of Rembrandt remained in large numbers unsold in his possession. Pupils and commissions fell away, and no money came in. He was forsaken even by Maas and Govert Flinck, who, to their own ruin as artists, went over to the fashionable side. But Rembrandt kept on his own lonely way, executing his greatest works, with poverty staring him in the face. The last indignity was put on him when the city of Amsterdam, in 1662, rejected his '*Claudius Civilis*,' the Batavian hero who fought against Rome. He is represented as administering the oath to the chiefs at a midnight banquet (as described by Tacitus) and pledging them to free their country from the yoke of the invaders. A noble fragment of this great picture, unfinished as it is, is now the ornament of the Stockholm Gallery. About eight by ten feet, it is but a small part of the work designed by Rembrandt; for a drawing exists at Munich, showing the painter's full scheme, which included a great vaulted roof filled with the mysterious gloom he loved so well. The work was intended for the great staircase of the Palace on the Dam, but its imaginative power and bold treatment were too much for the then prevailing insipid Dutch taste, and the commission was given to a feeble renegade pupil of Rembrandt, a Holsteiner by birth, Jurian Ovens.

The catalogues of the picture sales in Holland during the last century show the disrepute into which the greatest of Dutch artists had fallen. Even within twelve years of his death, portraits of Rembrandt by himself were selling for ten florins: the Glasgow '*Man in Armour*' subsequently went for fifty florins, the Queen's '*Adoration of the Magi*,' for one hundred and fifty-two florins, and the '*Nicolaes Ruts*' (Amsterdam, 18) for eighteen florins.\*

\* During the eighteenth century the brilliant Frans Hals fell into equal for we read of his works selling by auction at ten, twenty, and a piece.

But time brings its revenges, and to-day 'Rembrandt' is the name in every one's mouth. Holland led the way last autumn, and England followed with the exhibition of her treasures. Those who have seen these two exhibitions, and the two superb (de Saumarez) portraits just added to the National Gallery, can say that they now know something of the wide range and tremendous power of this giant in art. Yet, when all is seen and said, this mysterious painter baffles us by his surprises. In some of his earliest works, as in the 'Young Lady' (Amsterdam, 14), painted in 1630, and the 'Zacharias' (Amsterdam, 19), he shows an unexpected maturity of power, and in his 'Old Woman' (National Gallery) he makes a sudden leap forward; while in Lord Colborne's 'Young Woman' (National Gallery), signed and dated 1666, he returns to his manner in 'the forties.' But in spite of these diversities or caprices of genius we can trace his steady onward march. Changed indeed is our knowledge of his work since the comparatively recent days when our National Gallery refused to accept as a legacy the early Rembrandts belonging to Mr. Wynn Ellis, and about the same time gave seven thousand pounds sterling for the spurious 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' which few students of Rembrandt, even of that time, believed to be genuine.

The collection at Amsterdam had the great advantage of showing the 'Night Watch' and the 'Syndics of the Cloth-workers' Guild,' the former seen for the first time in a favourable light.\* Darkened by careless treatment, and mutilated by having been ruthlessly cut down to suit a prescribed space, it took the world by surprise with its brilliancy and power, and disarmed the hostile criticism of former writers. It is true, as the admirable French critic and painter, Fromentin, has said, that the stiff attitudes of the captain and his lieutenant fail to harmonise with the movement of the rest of the company of shooters.† But in spite of this drawback, and of the studio effects of some of the heads, we have here, for the first time in Dutch volunteer-soldier life, animation and movement. Van der Helst and Frans Hals had splendidly painted the officers as they sat at the banquets, drinking from their costly cups or feasting on rich plate, but Rembrandt gives us the bustle and confusion of the open air. It is a new conception. The explanations of the meaning of the picture usually given are not coherent with its salient features. Mr. Armstrong

\* It seems impossible to get rid of the incorrect title of 'The Night Watch,' given to the picture by incompetent French critics in the end of last century. The true name is 'The Sortie of the Company of Captain Banning Cocq.'

† Eug. Fromentin, 'Les Maîtres d'autrefois,' Paris, 1876.



interprets it as a real night-watch which has just been relieved, and suggests that the shooters on their way home are met by their daughters. To this view there are many objections. The eye of the picture is the brilliantly-lit girl (clearly Saskia), splendidly dressed, wearing a gold ornament like a crown, and carrying on her girdle a bird and a purse of gold. What does all this mean? Gorgeously dressed young women are not in the habit of attaching dead birds to their splendid raiment. The bird is clearly the popinjay, painted or real, which is to be shot at for the prize—the purse of gold—to be awarded by the queen of the sport. This picture shows no military parade, for the company is coming out of the club-house pell-mell, and the captain and lieutenant are in holiday attire. The dwarf, wearing foolscap and bells, carries off a powder-horn; and 'the fool' (for each company had its fool), with oak leaves on his helmet, makes an idiotic stride forward and fires off his musket in a random way in front of the queen. That the popinjay was an old game in the Netherlands we know from Motley, who tells us that Charles V. shot at the bird with the burghers of Antwerp. It may have fallen into disuse during the wars, but reminiscence of the sport was still the occasion for merry-making. Is it too far-fetched to suggest that, as a Dutch *rebus*, 'le Tir au Cocq' may have had some special interest to the company of Captain Banning Cocq, for this is the Captain's real Dutch name? \*

In the London Exhibition we miss another of the great treasures of Holland—the 'Syndics,' the life-like presentation of those wise administrators of the Clothworkers' Guild. Painted in 1662, when his friends Jan Six and Tulp were high in office, this picture shows Rembrandt at his best, with a comprehensive grasp of the scene in its diffused light and encircling air. Studio effects have disappeared from his work, and the shadows are warm and luminous. Expression of life can go no further. We miss also in London the 'Polish Officer' (Amsterdam, 94), a new revelation of Rembrandt's versatility, as the horseman advances, bathed in light, mounted on his grey charger. We miss perhaps still more the small Darmstadt picture (Amsterdam, 122), the 'Flagellation,' or the 'Fettering.' Though one of the last works of the aged master, it displays the delicate work of the small full-length religious pictures of his early days, and in its conception may well be compared with the 'Christ at the Column' (National Gallery), by Velazquez,

\* The interpretation of the 'Night Watch' in connexion with the popinjay was given perhaps for the first time in the article 'Rembrandt,' in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' in 1888.

in which the Spaniard gives the agony of the man, while the Dutchman reveals the resignation of the Son of God. Except Leonardo in his 'Last Supper,' no painter has succeeded so completely as Rembrandt in giving the long-suffering expression of the God-man; and it is not a little remarkable that the Milan picture was a favourite of Rembrandt's, for we know that he made a copy of it with variations.

But London could show treasures which hardly yield to those of Amsterdam. If Amsterdam was specially interesting from some of the early pictures, such as the 'Samson and Delilah' (2), the 'Zacharias' (19), with its jewel-like colour, the 'Actæon' (32), the 'Joesopof' portraits and others, London replied with its astonishing 'Isaac and Esau' (9), its pathetic 'Tobit and his Wife' (56), its 'Adoration of the Magi' (66), and the later works of the 'Merchant' (74), the 'Lady with the Parrot' (75), and Lord Rutland's 'Man' (97)—all comparatively unknown pictures. It is remarkable that in both collections it is the large pictures which excite doubt. Thus in 'The Woman taken in Adultery' (Amsterdam, 62), attributed to 1644, we see no internal grounds for its authenticity. The face of Christ is weak in conception; the bystanders present none of Rembrandt's types, and the brush-work on the hair betrays another hand. Is it possible to believe that this picture comes from the brush of Rembrandt, when we recall the Christ in the National Gallery picture of the same subject, painted in this very year 1644? The 'Belshazzar's Feast' (London, 58), attributed to 1636, with which year it has little affinity, must be looked at with the mental reservation which arises from the fact, proved by Dr. Bode and Sir Seymour Haden, that in those early years Rembrandt retouched his pupils' works and signed them. Again, 'The Deposition' (London, 94) excites suspicion from the want of the Rembrandt type and handling. It is altogether unlike the splendid workmanship and colour of 1650, which date it suspiciously bears. Further, be it observed, it is signed 'Rembrant,' not 'Rembrandt,' and Dr. Bode has made it clear that Rembrandt never signed his name without the 'd' after the year 1638.\* Nor can we accept the 'Ephraim Bonus' (London, 62), differing as it does so conspicuously from the well known etching

\* The catalogue of the London Exhibition erroneously says: 'Signed and dated Rembrandt, 1650'—with the 'd.' It may be mentioned also that in the index there are several mistakes, and, what is worse, that the chronology of the index does not always agree with that of the text. The Dutch catalogue, if not immaculate, has the advantage for the student that it is compiled in chronological order.



and the small portrait in the Six Collection at Amsterdam. Nor, making due allowance for the exaggerated expression given by Rembrandt in the years of his 'Sturm und Drang' early period, as Dr. Bode calls it, can we look with favour on 'The Return of the Prodigal Son' (London, 89). Even in these years Rembrandt was always strong, if extreme. In this picture there is inherent weakness and want of grasp in the faces, while the landscape and the silly sheep indicate another painter. Compare it, for example, with the contemporary 'Actæon,' the landscape and animals of which are admirable in detail and effect; and our doubts are confirmed.

But it is time to compare the two painters, Velazquez and Rembrandt, and to indicate wherein they agree and wherein they differ in their work and spirit. They have much in common in their early training and in their close study of the human features, both inclining to exaggeration in their early days, both arriving at absolute mastery over facial expression.\* But they display different conceptions of the aim of portraiture, perhaps different conceptions of character.

Both Velazquez and Rembrandt paint what they actually see, but Velazquez leaves us alone with the sitter. The painter has withdrawn; he is impersonal: he seeks not to impress his own private and particular interpretation on his work. Rembrandt, on the other hand, seems present at the interview: his personal influence is distinctly felt. He is the creator of the man, or at least his interpreter, perhaps his judge. The subject is no longer merely what he seems to all the world: he is like a ray of light split up by passing through a lens, the lens of an analytical mind. One of the acutest of critics, the French painter Fromentin,† remarks of Rembrandt's portrait of Martin Daey (now in the possession of Baron Gustave de Rothschild, Paris) that 'it is a Dutch Velazquez, but more profoundly conceived, more close to the inmost life.'

Closely connected with this difference is another. Velazquez fixes his attention upon what is permanent alone; Rembrandt has attention to spare for what is not less real but is transitory. Take, for instance, the bust portrait of 'Philip IV.' (National Gallery), the 'Olivares' (Dorchester House and Dresden), or the 'Pope Innocent X.' (Apsley House), and we find that we get at the essential character of the sitter, his abiding constant habit of mind as he is known in the pages of history. The weak pleasure-loving king, vacant and immobile in expression,

\* Leonardo seems to have reached the same goal by his studies of normal and abnormal expression.

† Fromentin, 'Les Maîtres d'autrefois,' p. 373.

lives before us—the man that never smiled. The pride and haughtiness of the Prime Minister who posed as a Field-Marshal and ventured to contend with Richelieu in diplomacy, are depicted just as he is described in ‘Gil Blas.’ The Pope, stern, cruel, calculating, inscrutable as the Sphinx, conforms to his portrait by historians. But no passing thought is traceable in those impassive faces: no emotion or changing mood plays upon their features. Rembrandt, on the other hand, adds to the deeper basis of character something of the passing phase of mind. From ‘The Shipbuilder’ (London, 67) to ‘The Merchant’ (London, 74) and ‘The Lady with the Parrot’ (London, 75), his portraits indicate the fancy, the excitement, the aspiration of the moment, no less than the pre-occupations of years.

This distinction between the two painters is as old as Aristotle and Plato. The Greeks were subtle in their analysis of the difference between the *ἦθος* and the *πάθη*, between the *habitual character* and the *emotions*. It entered into their conceptions of life, art, and oratory. It distinguishes the sculptors of the fifth century B.C. from those of the fourth. In the former we are told that Pericles ‘preserved a fixed posture of countenance,’ which we know so well in his bust—calm and restrained. Along with this characteristic portrait we have the gods and heroes of that century, with their abiding expression, dignified and free from passing emotion, as befits the moral conceptions of that age. It is true that we may have lost the key to the interpretation of their special attributes; and absence of expression has been charged as a great defect against the art of the Greeks by some eminent critics.\* But we know from Greek authors that the Greeks recognised, and were profoundly impressed by, the special qualities which Pheidias gave to his gods, his Zeus being to them a visible manifestation of power and goodness. The sculptors of the fourth century followed the changed sentiment of the people, and infused into the countenances of the minor gods more sentiment and more of the passing phase of thought. Praxiteles, as we are told, introduced the pathetic or emotional into his statues.† His ‘Hermes’ is lost in some dream of thought, and is as different from the Elgin marbles and the frieze of the Parthenon as Euripides ‘the human, with his droppings of warm tears,’ is from the stern Æschylus and the self-restrained Sophocles. In

\* Ruskin, ‘Aratra Pentelici,’ *passim*.

† ‘Ο καταμίλτος ἄκρως τοῖς λιθίνοις ἔργοις τὰ τῆς ψυχῆς πάθη. (Diodor. xxi. Ecl. 1.)



a word, the fifth century chose the interpretation of the *habitual character*, the fourth that of the *passing phase*.\*

But to return to our painters. The habitual character which Velazquez naturally impressed on his Spanish grandees has led some writers to say that he gives us nothing but empty masks, an unjust criticism when we consider his aims and the habits of his exalted sitters, who deliberately refrained from that manifestation of feeling which we moderns permit, and which we find so abundantly in Rembrandt. Unconsciously Velazquez was a Greek of the Greeks, for, just as the sculptors of the old days deny fleeting expression to their gods and demi-gods, but give it in overflowing measure to their Satyrs, to their Fauns, and to the barbarian Gauls, creatures beneath the dignity of the Greek ideal, so did Velazquez to the buffoons and drolls whom Philip required him to paint. There was no quality of mind or of heart in these wretched adjuncts of his Court, no individual character to express, nothing for him to tell about them except to show how they amused the frivolous King. Hence he gives mock dramatic expression to the ranting actor 'Pablillos,' and a cynic pleasure to 'Menippus,' just as he has launched his bitter gibe.† It is not, then, to be wondered at, that artists turn to the 'Menippus,' ugly as he is, with the same enthusiasm as to the 'Marsyas,' to 'The Dancing Faun,' and to 'The Dying Gaul,' of the Greeks. The ancient sculptors and the modern Spaniard were in this case dominated unconsciously by the same idea. It seems to us that Michel and de Bernete misunderstand 'Menippus' and 'Æsop' when they speak of them as gaol-birds and ruffians. They were rather privileged beggars of clever biting tongue, hangers-on about the palace, getting alms like Edie Ochiltree, whose jests amused some by stinging others. With these privileges we see them among the courtiers in the foreground of the 'Boar Hunt'; indeed, one of the latter wears the tall hat of Menippus, and is wrapt in his cloak.

In all these tendencies Velazquez was unconsciously working under the influences of his race and temperament.‡ It is not

\* Quintilian sums up the difference admirably when he says (reading with baddling): "Adjunctum quidam perpetuum *habet*, *alios temporale esse*." (Book vi., c. ii. c.) See also C. O. Müller, 'Ancient Art,' and Miss Jane Harrison's 'Studies in Greek Art.'

† The Spanish court was nothing if not classical and pedantic. Spain remembered the traditions of Greece and Rome; hence the names, so aptly chosen, of 'Menippus,' the cynic, and of 'Æsop,' the teller of droll stories. For the same reason the great picture known to the Spanish people as 'Los Borrachos,' 'The Tapers,' was called the 'Bacchus' by the Court.

‡ 'Don Quixote' is full of classical allusions which were understood by the people. Cervantes alludes to the less known Latin poets, as well as to Homer.

surprising to find a statuesque aspect in many of the works of Velazquez. These might be translated into marble or bronze, and the influence of Velazquez the *painter* would still be paramount. A well-known portrait represents the King mounted on a rearing horse, in a moment of arrested action dear to the sculptor. Of the fine statue of Philip in this attitude in the Plaza de Oriente, Madrid, executed by Tacca in Florence, Richard Ford, so incisive in his criticisms, so exact in his phrases, says that it is 'a solid Velazquez.' The 'Crucifixion,' by Velazquez, has no historical significance; it has no connecting links with the narrative of the Gospels. There is no view of Calvary or of the distant Jerusalem, and no troubled sky, merely a background of jet black, like a funeral pall. Hence the 'Crucifixion' suggests rather a devotional crucifix in silver or ivory, and, commissioned by the King for a convent, seems almost designed for adoration. It is such a picture as the sculptor Montañes, the intimate friend of Velazquez, would have executed in wood in his own superb manner. This affinity to the sculptural is seen also in the 'Christ of the Column' (National Gallery), in which sympathy with the great school of Spanish carvers in wood is clearly to be traced. Even the 'Surrender of Breda,' so calm and reserved in its action, so balanced in its symmetry, might be executed as a bas-relief without loss of importance. It recalls the spirit of the painter-sculptor Ghiberti's great panels on the door of the Baptistery at Florence. As to the 'Venus' (of Rokeby Hall), lithe and supple in its graceful outline, Apelles might have signed it, while the 'Mars' (Prado) is obviously largely borrowed from the 'Ares' of the Ludovici Gallery at Rome. In fine, as the work of Velazquez in its whole range fills the mind, there rises in our thought a glorious Greek temple, exquisite in its proportions, strong in its symmetry, serene and fair.

But with Rembrandt all is different. He has a unity equal to that of Velazquez; he gives us a whole scene, but into that whole he pours infinite variety. A fixed supreme moment is chosen, but there is nothing sculptural in the treatment. A drama is being enacted; movement and life are given. Take, for example, 'The Good Samaritan' (Louvre), and note the helpless anguish of the wounded man as his arm hangs listless and his head falls feebly; observe the benevolence of the Samaritan and the interest of the innkeeper. The boy stands on tiptoe to see all; a maid-servant looks from a window with idle curiosity. The horses turn their heads from the food in the stalls, disturbed by the noise; a hen with raised wings drives her chickens out of harm's way. We have in all this a

wealth



wealth of incident and a richness of varied expression, both working together to make a complete pathetic whole. Again, in the 'Joseph's Bloody Coat' (London, 98),\* what amazing variety of expression goes to build up the profound impression of this picture, every one of the twenty figures acting his part in the drama, from the anguish-stricken Jacob to the tender children and the deceiving elder brethren with their affected calm! Life is given in all its varied manifestations, as if by a Shakespeare. As we think of the scope of Rembrandt's work, its significance and its spirit, we are reminded of a great Gothic cathedral, full of unexpected beauties, rich in the details of a fertile imagination, harmonious in its variety, and stirring the soul of the beholder with emotional suggestions. If Velazquez is severe, symmetrical, classic in his fibre, Rembrandt is a Teuton of the Teutons, mysterious, vague, passionate, tender.†

Teuton though Rembrandt is, to his inmost core, there is one marked strain of Greek influence to be seen in him, namely, in his love of Homer. 'The sovran poet,' unknown, alas! to Dante except through Latin, was deeply studied in Holland by scholars after the revival of letters, and the unlearned part of the community knew him by translations into their own tongue.‡ Rembrandt's closest friends were learned men, and in their portraits a bust of Homer sometimes figures in the background. In one case a Dutch poet (is it Hooft?) lays his hand reverently and lovingly on Homer's head.§ Among the effects of Rembrandt mentioned in the inventory of his sale in 1656 there was a bust of Homer; and, in his old age, when he had few sitters except himself, he painted the noble picture of 'The Blind Old Bard Reciting his Poems,' a recent discovery of Dr. Bredius, which surprised the art-loving world at Amsterdam (117). Love and profound sympathy are here expressed. The lips move and the right hand beats time to the measured cadence of the verse. Further, in one of the drawings belonging to

\* The London catalogue gives the date of this picture as 1647. To us this is inconceivable. The Dutch editors more wisely point to about 1660. From internal evidence we incline to give the date as about 1656.

† In a remarkable but somewhat extravagant book, 'Rembrandt als Erzieher' (Leipsic, 1890), the painter is held up as the truest and best type of the German character. Its object is to prove that, in a new Renaissance of German art, literature, and life, public as well as private, Rembrandt must be the exemplar, the ideal of reform.

‡ Dutch translation of Homer: 'Homerus, Ilias, in Niederdeutschen Dicht vertaald door Karel van Mander,' Haarlem, 1611; 'Homerus, Odyssea, verduytscht door Dierick Coornhert,' Amsterdam, 1561, 1598, 1607.

§ 'Oud. Holland,' xv., eerste afl., 'De Homerus van Rembrandt,' door Jhr. Dr. J. Six.

the same collection, he gives us 'The Lay of the Net' in a truly Homeric spirit. Vulcan brings the culprits to Olympus in the net, and with flashing eyes points towards them. Aphrodite looks down, smiling demurely at having been caught, while Ares hangs his head. Hera stands indignant, while the other gods cover their mouths with their hands to hide 'the unextinguishable laughter.' The head of Zeus had been at first deferred for further consideration, for the ink is different. He looks on gravely as a judge. Again, in the 'Actæon' (Amsterdam, 32) the hunt is given in the manner and spirit of Homer. The bristles stand erect on the back of the boar fighting with the dogs, while from a dark lair another boar looks out with eyes surrounded by rings of fiery red. This treatment, unique in art so far as we know, seems to point with much emphasis to the grand word-picture of Homer's lines:—

'Round him a noise of dogs and feet there came.  
He from his lair straight forward, with the spine  
Well bristled, and his fierce eyes glaring flame,  
Rushed, and made halt before the huntsmen's line.\*

Still further, in regard to this Homeric aspect of Rembrandt's work, no painter that can be named has realised the splendour of the flash of armour under the action of light as Rembrandt has done. To him, as to Homer, this coruscation of light seems like a passion. It appears on the gorget which he wears in the early portraits of himself, again in the Glasgow picture (London, 85), and, still more splendidly, in the Berlin Gallery portrait in Amsterdam (75), which seems to have been painted solely for this effect. The face of the man, his brother Adriaen, is quite unimportant, but his casque flames and sparkles like 'Hector's flashing helm.' It recalls many passages in Homer, especially the description of the movement of the Greek army:—

'As when a wasting fire, on mountain tops,  
Hath seized the blazing woods, afar is seen  
The glaring light; so, as they moved, to Heaven  
Flashed the bright glitter of their burnished arms.†

Velazquez also felt the beauty of the play of light on armour and gold, as it wanders here and there over the surface, enriching and enlivening. The effects are generally more sober, more

\* Odyssey, xix. 445—

ὁ δ' ἀντίος ἐκ ξυλόχοιο  
φρίξας εὖ λοφίην, πῦρ δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσι δεδορκώς.

† Iliad, ii. 457—

ὧς τῶν ἐρχομένων ἀπὸ χαλκοῦ θεσπεσίῳ  
ἔγλη παμφανόωσα δι' αἰθέρος οὐρανὸν ἵκεν.



restrained, as we see in the helmet of his 'Mars' (Prado). Yet his brush plays with unerring touch on the gold-work of the sash of 'Olivares' (Prado) as it floats on the breeze and is caught by the sun. His armour, steel inlaid with gold, gives back the gleam which Velazquez has noted with his keen eye. Rembrandt, revelling in the dazzling effect, seems further to enjoy the inconsistency of placing the helmet on the head of his unwarlike brother.\*

One essential point of likeness between Velazquez and Rembrandt is their marked individuality. Each, undisturbed by contact with great painters and foreign influences, was himself and no other. Velazquez marked out his own path in close observance of nature, and kept to his development on his own lines, not influenced by his intercourse with Rubens, nor allowing himself to be diverted by his admiration for Titian and Tintoretto. In his 'Forge of Vulcan,' some writers see the influence of Guido. This may be true, but the signs of the coming change are to be seen in the colour and style of the figure of 'Bacchus,' the tone of which is quite unlike that of the surrounding peasants. He grew out of himself, passing from his early analytic work to the synthetic grasp and bolder brush-work of his later days. Rembrandt displays the same strong personality, advancing on the same lines as Velazquez, always true to himself. While many of his intimate friends based their work on Italian traditions under the influence of the *naturalisti* and of Elsheimer, he adhered to the older Dutch Schools of Ravesteyn and de Keyser.

Both painters were realists, in their absolute truth to nature; but both rose far above mere imitation. Both succeeded in adding to their work that indefinable *something* which gives the abiding charm—that mysterious gift of genius which, as Coleridge says, converts the *passing* into the *permanent*. In their work realism and idealism meet in happy union.

Both Velazquez and Rembrandt passed, in their forty years of labour, through the several stages of first, second, and third manner: the first, scrupulously and analytically careful in detail; the second, more matured in knowledge and freedom of hand; the third, broad and masterly in full and assured workmanship, the eye seeing more comprehensively and truthfully, and the hand representing more synthetically. In the case of both painters, studio effects, as regards lighting, gradually disappear, the shadows become less harsh, the light

\* An excellent reproduction of this picture is to be found in 'The Magazine' vol. 1899.

is better diffused, and air circulates all round the figures. The scene is given as a whole. In the case of Velazquez, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson claims this ultimate development as distinct 'Impressionism'—that much abused word.\* But Mr. Stevenson forgets that this result came, as Impressionism at its best always comes, by the natural law of development, which is to be seen in full force in every great painter that has lived to a good age, such as Titian, Reynolds, Corot, and Millais. 'Yes,' said Sir John to the writer, 'yes, I feel that I am now entering on my full development, when all my knowledge will be at my service': but unfortunately nature denied to our English painter the necessary health and strength. Compare the 'Lesson in Anatomy,' by Rembrandt, with his 'Syndics,' and note the long strides that have been taken during the thirty years which separate these works. Or look at the early 'Bacchus' of Velazquez and observe how the harsh shadows and the isolation of the figures have disappeared in the unity and the completeness of 'The Maids of Honour.' In the case of both painters the identical result came by a natural growth.

Both painters used few and simple colours. On the palette held by Velazquez, in his portrait in 'The Maids of Honour,' only five colours are to be seen. Both used positive blue very sparingly, while both employed black almost as a colour, that of the Spaniard having in it somehow a feeling of warmth, with the glazing of grey so dear to Velazquez. The Dutchman, on the other hand, makes his blacks beautiful by the whites and greys with which he enriches the surface where the light falls. The general tone of Velazquez is silvery, that of Rembrandt golden, though at times he takes us by surprise, as in the lovely 'Portrait of a Boy,' the so-called 'William III.' (London), in which he rivals Velazquez on his own ground.†

But the painters used their colours differently. Velazquez fuses them in a way that baffles painters. They melt into each other by imperceptible gradations as he deals with plane after plane in his subtly modelled faces. They seem placed on the canvas by the will rather than by the hand, as Raphael Mengs said. In the bust portrait of 'Philip IV.' (National Gallery), observe the action of light on the pallid face of the worn-out King, giving to the skin the breath of life in

\* 'The Art of Velazquez,' by R. A. M. Stevenson, London, 1895.

† It is interesting to know that this delightful portrait was painted about the very year, 1655, in which Velazquez was painting his equally marvellous 'Infanta Margareta' (Louvre). These pictures markedly display the difference in expression on which we have already dwelt. Velazquez presents the dignified and impassive little princess, while Rembrandt gives us the inmost heart of the lad pleased with his toy.



its delicate transparency. Paint can go no further in this direction; it disappears and becomes living flesh. As a colourist Velazquez excels in his knowledge of the relations of tones and values in their harmonious completeness. Rembrandt, on the other hand, at least in his latter days, works more by what painters call 'broken colour'; he gets his results by the juxtaposition of complementary or even opposing colours, producing to the spectator at a fair distance a new resultant colour which vibrates in the eye and in the brain more keenly than any palette-mixed tone. Hence the well-known humorous saying of Rembrandt that the smell of paint was bad for the health, and that his pictures should be hung moderately high. Take, for example, Lord Wantage's 'Old Lady' (Amsterdam, 113), or Lord Iveagh's portrait of the old Rembrandt (London, 20), and note with what cunning skill Rembrandt introduces on the face threads of yellow which at a moderate distance are lost in the red, but by their influence give the appearance of quick breathing life. By this mysterious method of work Rembrandt, with his instinctive feeling for fine colour, has anticipated the discoveries of modern science. It has been well said that Rembrandt seemed to paint with pounded jewels, so magical are the results. Look at the crowns of the 'Magi' (London, 66) and the robe of 'Zacharias' (Amsterdam, 19). Jewels were the passion, perhaps the ruin, of his life.

As to drawing, there is a marked difference between the painters. In academic drawing Velazquez is generally supreme. Who can rival the exquisite lines of the arm of the girl in the foreground of the 'Spinners,' or surpass the sweetness of the contours of his 'Venus'? His figures, firmly posed, stand instinct with accurate knowledge of form. Rembrandt can claim little in regard to academic drawing. As Taine has well pointed out, the *milieu* of his surroundings was against him: for the same reason Holland has produced no sculptor of note. But there is another sort of drawing besides the academic, namely, the *expressive line*. In this respect Rembrandt stands alone in art, as his etchings abundantly show. Take, for example, the 'Death of the Virgin,' or the 'Christ healing the Sick,' and note the unerring sureness of line in its obedience to the mind of the master in expressing his every idea. Unfortunately, owing to Spanish carelessness, we have scarcely an example of Velazquez in black and white; and thus we can hardly compare him in this respect with Rembrandt, whose drawings and etchings form a precious part of the art treasures of the world. Rembrandt's mind was fertile in ideas and open to every impression; and as this solitary genius wandered alone

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in his old age, he filled his note-books with hasty sketches of the flat fields and canals round Amsterdam, the landscape which he loved so well, and always charged with his own individuality. In his early landscapes in oil one can easily see that the backgrounds were treated in the somewhat conventional manner of Elsheimer, to support and tell the story of 'The Good Samaritan' or 'The Flight into Egypt.' In these cases, especially where mountains—which he did not understand—were concerned, he availed himself of the sketches of his Italianising friends, as may be seen in No. 29 and No. 33 (London). But he gradually renounced this fantastic treatment and fell back on nature, as seen in his great 'Windmill' (London, 40). Even here we find the poet as well as the realist, for he invests the picture with his own profound sentiment and inspiring imagination. The backgrounds of the 'Tobias and the Angel' (London, 87), and of the 'Polish Officer' (Amsterdam, 94), display the same characteristics. They leave much to the feeling of the spectator as he looks at these landscapes full of dreamy suggestion. The great etching of the 'Three Trees,' executed in the year after Saskia's death, gives the impression of sadness and of gloom. Here Rembrandt looked at nature with a troubled mind.\*

If Holland loved landscape for its own sake, Spain had no favour for it, and we know Velazquez as a landscape painter only as it were accidentally. But what we do know makes us regret deeply that Philip shut his eyes to this gift of his Court Painter. The King loved his fine gardens at Buen Retiro and Aranjuez, laid out in the French taste, formal and decorative, and Velazquez knew that he could give pleasure to his royal master by sending him from Rome the two brilliant sketches taken in the Medici Gardens (Prado). They seem to have been thrown off in the pure delight of artistic production, so light and facile is their manner, so joyous is their impression. The figures move with the grace of Watteau, and the trees sparkle with the freshness of Constable.† We see the

\* The splendid display of Rembrandt's etchings at the British Museum gives convincing proof of his unique position in this art. It shows his gradual development from the fine detail and pure etching of his early days to the bolder and more vigorous effects, reinforced by the use of the graver, of his later work. C. Vosmaer was the first to point out that in his etched work Rembrandt advanced *pari passu* with his growing breadth and power in oil-painting.

† The brightness of these pictures gives us the touchstone by which, with de Beruete, we reject several of the landscapes in the Prado and assign them to the imitative and commonplace Mazo. In judging of the landscape and trees of the 'Boar Hunt,' allowance must be made for the injuries and re-paintings which, as is well known, this great picture has undergone.



power of Velazquez also in the backgrounds of his portraits, taken as if in the open air. These are superb in colour and treatment. Fresh air breathes everywhere. The blue skies with their white clouds are not merely decorative in the highest degree, but they are as truthful as Corot's. The sunlight wanders over the mountain range, giving masterly breadth to the receding background. All is radiant; silvery blue pervades the air. The landscape of Rembrandt, on the other hand, has passed through the alembic of his mind, it is part of himself; it is a subjective view of nature. But Velazquez is objective. He sees nature frankly face to face, as, for example, in the great rolling plain in the background of the 'Breda,' and he renders it with a grand simplicity entirely his own. No wonder that Sir David Wilkie was lost in equal admiration of the landscape in the 'Anchorites' and of the expression of the peasants in the 'Topers.'

When we come to consider the two painters from the emotional point of view there is indeed a wide difference. The Court of Spain gave little scope for tenderness or sympathy with suffering. Such feelings might indeed have been evoked by the subject of Velazquez's great picture, 'The Expulsion of the Moors,' which, with many others, was destroyed in the burning of the Alcazar in 1634; but the habitual self-restraint of the painter seems not to have deserted him here. From the description of Palomino we gather that his treatment of the subject was, like that of the 'Breda,' stately and calm. The majesty of Spain was represented rather than the sorrows of the Moors. But we have sufficient proof of the gentleness of Velazquez in his sympathetic handling of the dwarfs and idiots that hung about the Court. In his presentation of these unfortunates there is none of the brutal treatment of Frans Hals, who obliterates every trace of humanity in his hideous 'Hille Bobbe.' It seems to us that all recent writers have been somewhat hard on Philip when they speak of his 'human menagerie.' These deformed beings were not all idiots nor by any means devoid of intelligence, distorted though it may have been. In some cases it was their bodies that were deformed rather than their wits that were deficient. Look at the stunted 'El Primo,' with his lofty forehead and mild eye, as he plays with his great book, and one can understand how this dwarf may well have diverted the melancholy king on his long journeys. For the function of these creatures was to make the court laugh—*hombres de placer* was their name. And this at least must be said for the King, that they were well cared for, and received wages and a new suit of fine clothes every year. There is no symptom of  
depression

depression about the richly-dressed 'Don Antonio,' with his strange nickname 'El Inglese,' though he is not much taller than his mastiff, his constant companion and care. Had we not our own Sir Jeffery Hudson, who was served up in a pie-dish, fought duels, was sent on a peculiar mission to Paris, and was knighted for his qualities as dwarf by our own Charles I. ? \* In Scotland, down to the end of last century, a 'fool' was attached to many a laird, doing menial service about the castle, and amusing the neighbourhood by happy retorts and bright sallies of wit. Their stories are still remembered in many a Scottish village. Least of all should stones be thrown at Philip by those who crowd in their thousands to gaze at Barnum's 'freaks,' and throng the nightly music-hall to enjoy the jokes of professional buffoons. It must be said further, in defence of the Spanish custom, that these monstrosities were favourites in the royal nursery, for the sickly Infante Don Prosper was never happy out of the arms of his dwarf. In the imbecile smile which passes over the vacant face of 'El Bobo de Coria,' it is possible to detect a gentleness of disposition which may have fitted him for a nurse's duty. Again, the 'Don John of Austria' seems to us to be generally misunderstood. A well-made man, possibly an old sun-struck soldier, plays with his cannon-balls and his armour as he talks garrulously about 'the wars,' and gets the nickname of the hero of Lepanto. But Velazquez makes no sport of the veteran, decked out for the witless delight of an idle Court; his portrait, slight as it is, is one of the finest works of the painter. All honour to Velazquez for his tender recognition of our common humanity.

But if Velazquez had little opportunity of displaying his heart, Rembrandt enjoyed it in abundance. He scans the face of old age, and in its wrinkles he reads the record of a long life seen by his sympathetic eye. Pathos we have in overflowing measure in his scenes from the story of 'Tobit,' so dear to him through his whole life; in 'The Bloody Coat'; in 'The Flagellation,' and many other pictures into which he pours his great heart. His large humanity is seen in the magnificent etching of 'Christ healing the Sick,' in which he tenderly treats the sufferings of the poor. The deep reverence of his nature is to be seen in his 'Adoration of the Magi' and in the divine face of Christ in the 'Emmaus' (Louvre). Scorn and abhorrence he painted in his early 'Judas returning the Pieces of Silver.'

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\* Walpole's 'Anecdotes,' vol. i.



'The Young Man' (London, 72) is overflowing with the excitement of anger as he is about to speak, while gentle love and the sweet joys of domestic life are the motives of his 'Holy Families.' What passion of the soul has he not made his own, what depth of feeling has he not fathomed? The mind of this great creator was truly of a Shakespearean comprehensiveness. In a remarkable conversation on this subject the painter Ary Scheffer, as if painfully conscious of his own inherent failing, said to Pastor Ath. Cocquerel:—

'C'est qu'au lieu de prendre l'abstraction pour point de départ et d'inventer ensuite une forme afin d'en revêtir une idée, Shakespeare commençait par observer le réel, l'étudier à fond, s'en rendre maître; et c'était ensuite la réalité agrandie, éclairée, transformée à son gré, qui s'idéalisait dans son imagination. Cette marche est celle que Rembrandt a toujours suivie; c'est par ce chemin qu'il est arrivé si haut.\*

Endowed with such gifts, a religious man and a Protestant, Rembrandt approached every Biblical subject with the freshness of an original mind. He illustrated the Old and New Testaments in all their fulness, for he knew his Bible well. It is a remarkable proof of his sympathy with its spirit that Sir David Wilkie wrote from the Holy Land that Rembrandt, more than any other painter, was constantly recurring to him.

Velazquez, on the other hand, painted only four pictures that have even a religious title, and these were painted by order of the King, as presents for churches or convents. The 'Christ at the Column' shows the influence of the Jesuits: we may remember that Pacheco, the father-in-law of Velazquez, was employed by the Order as their Censor in Art matters. Then, as now, this influence was unfavourable to Art, for it made the sufferings of the Saviour the aim of the artist, in order to awaken sympathy by the exhibition of physical pain.† The 'Coronation of the Virgin,' one of the late works of Velazquez, has no more religious feeling than similar works produced in Italy in the same century, but the fine colour and the charm of the cherubs, painted with that dry crumbly touch which Velazquez sometimes adopted towards the end of his life, offer sufficient attraction to the art-lover. For the same reason, and for its noble landscape, artists turn to his last work, 'St.

\* 'Rembrandt,' Ath. Cocquerel *filz*, Paris, 1869.

† The same motive, about the same time, introduced into Germany 'the Stations of the Passion,' which still disfigure so many Catholic churches.

Anthony visiting St. Paul'; but it has no religious significance. It is merely an ancient legend taken as a subject for a picture.

If Velazquez has left but three portraits of himself, and if we know little of his inmost nature either in history or in art, Rembrandt is known to us as is no other painter. He has left fifty or sixty portraits of himself, from his boyhood to old age. We know him in his joyous days, as his much-loved Saskia sits carousing on his knee, and as he adorned himself and her with earrings and jewels; we know him when the death of three children in infancy and of his dear mother brought sorrow and anxiety into his manly features; we are acquainted with him after the death of Saskia in 1642, when, with strong grave face, he sits drawing at a window. Time adds an expression of austerity and reserve, almost of defiance, in Lord Iveagh's portrait (London, 20);\* but care has not yet depressed him, for in Lord Ilchester's great picture (London, 61), painted in 1658, the year of his catastrophe, we see him still looking out undaunted on the world. Ere long, however, years and poverty tell their tale; deep wrinkles furrow the brow, the flesh hangs pendent, and the eye, which flashed with hidden fire in the Buccleugh portrait (London, 6), becomes dim and watery in the portraits of his extreme old age (National Gallery and Louvre).

Never did a painter throw more of himself into his painted and etched work. We can detect the motives, even the circumstances, which led him to choose certain subjects. 'The Death of the Virgin' comes into his mind as his house is made desolate by the death of his infants and the illness of his mother, and the reverent prostration of 'Manoah and his Wife' (Dresden) on the announcement of the coming birth of Samson, is the expression of his gratitude to God for the birth of Titus, in 1641 (the year of the 'Manoah'), to cheer the desolate household. Then comes the series of the 'Holy Families' (Louvre, Cassel, &c.), inspired by Saskia with her child, and the 'Infant Samuel,' seen in the curly-haired Titus kneeling at his prayers (Bridgewater House); later comes the boy Titus idling over his desk (London, 23). A fresh period of domesticity appears in the 'Hendrickje Stoffels' series, till trouble again penetrates his home and heart. In these later years his

\* In the London Catalogue Lord Iveagh's picture is described as painted in 1660-1665, a date which seems to us to be much too late. The Dutch authorities say 'about 1656,' which seems more correct.



thoughts turn to prayer, as in Mr. R. Kahn's picture, and to Christ, even to 'The Risen Christ' (Amsterdam, 112), with its halo of the crown of thorns, while, last of all, 'The Return of the Prodigal Son' (Petersburg), is the final cry of a stricken soul. In his portraits and in his works Rembrandt has given us his autobiography. It is the story of the life of a self-contained, self-willed, strong man, who fell a martyr to his independence of character, true to himself and to his art in the midst of a perverse generation.

Between two such giants as Velazquez and Rembrandt likenesses and differences may be studied with advantage. But the wise lover of Art will refrain from setting the Spaniard against the Dutchman, or the Dutchman against the Spaniard. The calm and stately Velazquez, living under the ceremonial influences of the Court of Spain, was an entirely different man from the impassioned Rembrandt, who passed his years amid the bustling, vigorous and varied society of bourgeois Amsterdam. But, diverse as were the conditions of their lives and fortunes, each acted out his life in perfect unity and with thorough sincerity, giving to the world his best, pure and unalloyed.

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- ART. XII.—1. *Life of Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury.* By Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D., and William Benham, B.D. Vol. II. 1891.
2. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Constitution and Working of the Ecclesiastical Courts, with Minutes of Proceedings, Evidence, Returns, Abstracts, Historical and other Appendices, &c.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. Vols. I. and II. 1883.
3. *A Summary of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission's Report; and of Dr. Stubbs' Historical Reports; together with a Review of the Evidence before the Commission.* By Spencer L. Holland, B.A. 1884.
4. *A Bill intituled an Act for amending the Procedure in Ecclesiastical Cases touching the Doctrine and Ritual of the Church of England (The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury).* Ordered to be printed March 2nd, 1888. Submitted to the Convocations by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, February 1899.
5. *Charge delivered at his First Visitation.* By Frederick, Archbishop of Canterbury. 1898.
6. *'The Present Distress': An Advent Pastoral addressed to the Clergy of his Diocese.* By William Dalrymple, Archbishop of York. 1898.
7. *Lawlessness in the National Church. Reprinted from the 'Times.'* By the Right Hon. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, M.P. 1899.
8. *A Bill for the better enforcing Discipline in the Church of England.* (Brought in by Mr. David McIver, Mr. Charles McArthur, Colonel Sandys, Mr. Channing, and others.) Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 10th February, 1899.

ON March 7th, 1881, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Tait) moved the House of Lords to address the Crown with a prayer that a Commission might be appointed to inquire into the construction and working of the Ecclesiastical Courts. Such a motion, made by the Primate of All England at the unanimous request of the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury, with the general approval of the Bishops and other Churchmen, and the expressed approval of the Prime Minister on one side and Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury on the other, marks the very serious height and volume to which the periodic wave of disturbance in the Church of England had then attained. It will furnish a convenient starting-point from which we may survey



survey the recurring movement, and consider how it may be wisely controlled to the advantage of both the Church and the State.<sup>1</sup>

The motion of the Archbishop was the more remarkable because it was practically a confession that previous legislation had failed. Just seven years before, the same Archbishop had introduced to a crowded and expectant House of Lords 'An Act for the better administration of the laws respecting the Regulation of Public Worship,' and though the form in which the Act finally emerged from Parliament differed in important particulars from that in which the Archbishop had introduced it, it was regarded, and rightly so, as the Archbishop's Act. It is easy to be wise after the event; and many at a later stage expressed the opinion, which perhaps the Archbishop shared, that it would have been better to withdraw the Bill as modified by Lord Shaftesbury's amendments, which *inter alia* transferred to a single lay Judge the office and authority of the two existing Provincial Judges. It might have been better, as many men think now, to have welcomed Lord Selborne's amendments, which laid stress—we shall have occasion to recur to the subject hereafter—on the principle, present in the original Bill, but absent from the Act, of appealing to the Bishop for the 'appeasing of doubts.' But it was a time of passion and panic. It was impossible to resist amendments which were moved by Lord Shaftesbury, but were inspired from the woolsack. We all know this now, for Lord Shaftesbury's diary has told us—

'Cairns besought me—*promising me privately the whole support of the Government*—to bring forward as an amendment a large portion of my former Ecclesiastical Courts Bill.'

But the secret was well kept then, and even the Archbishop did not know, until the evening of the debate, the course which the Lord Chancellor thought it right to follow. To have opposed the Evangelical leaders in the Lords would have been to seal the fate of the Bill, and to make way for more drastic measures which were known to be in readiness.

The Act did not become operative till July 1st, 1875. Meanwhile the storm, which had attended every stage of its passage through Parliament, grew into a hurricane on the outer seas of public opinion. Men remembered how it had divided parties and separated friends. Sir William Harcourt had burst forth in a vehement attack upon Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Disraeli had called Lord Salisbury 'a master of gibes and flouts and jeers,' and had stamped the Bill as intended 'to put

down Ritualism.' Lord Salisbury is said to have declared that the Bill was carried in the Commons by a 'blustering majority, and even the gentle Bishop Harold Browne of Winchester was constrained to stand firmly against his Primate, in favour of the finality of the episcopal veto. It came to the outside world, then, as the petrel rather than the dove. The men whom it was intended to coerce took from the first a firm stand. They had never fully acknowledged the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as a spiritual Court of final appeal. The Provincial Courts were now, they thought, destroyed. For two spiritual Judges they had now one secular Judge; and, as though nothing was to be wanting to make the scheme unworkable, the Judge chosen by the two Archbishops had what they deemed the questionable qualification of judicial experience in the Divorce Court, and declined to add the personal qualification of subscription and declaration according to the Canon.

Folkestone, Hatcham, Wolverhampton, Bordesley—Ridsdale, Tooth, Bodington, Enraght—soon became watchwords in the heat of the controversies which followed. An association which Bishop Magee of Peterborough called the 'Church Persecution Company, Limited,' and which was said to employ paid agents, without being too scrupulous as to their antecedents and character,\* while warmly supported by the extreme men of one party, created feelings of deep resentment among those whom it attacked. Partisans on either side ranged themselves in hostile camps, while the great bulk of peace-loving members of the Church, who cared for her spiritual work, and saw it marred by these disputes, became alienated from the party of attack. Many, who knew little and cared less about the minutæ of ritual, were shocked when they saw clergymen of self-denying lives dragged from their work and cast into prison. Persecution always recoils; martyrdom always attracts. Priests in prison provided a moral force greater even than their work in parishes.

By good fortune, arising from accidental circumstances, several of the earliest prosecutions fell in their first stages into the hands of the Archbishop himself; and the Church is greatly indebted to the present Bishop of Winchester for unveiling in part at least the Archbishop's inner life at this period, and allowing us to see the working of the Act and the thoughts of its author. If any man has ever doubted the practical wisdom, the tender sympathy, the absolute fairness, the magnanimous spirit, and above all the deep religious feeling of Archbishop

\* Cf. 'Minutes of Evidence,' Q. 5777 *sqq.* and 7711 *sqq.*



Tait, we commend to him a perusal of the chapters in the 'Life' which cover these years.\*

In not a few letters written during the present controversy he has been represented as the typical statesman among Bishops—the ideal layman's Archbishop, the legal mind that would have graced the woolsack even better than the primatial throne, the robust Scotsman whose common sense would stand no dallying with Romanisers in any form. With a good deal of this estimate we should be prepared to agree, and we do not know where we could find in moderate compass a more definite non-ecclesiastical, not to say anti-ecclesiastical, view of the Ecclesiastical Courts than in the 'Preface,' written by the Archbishop, and the 'Introduction,' written under his direction by his friend and chaplain the present Dean of Ripon, to Brodrick and Fremantle's 'Ecclesiastical Judgments of the Privy Council.' But let us note that it was this statesman-like Archbishop, the author of the Act of 1874, who became convinced that his own machinery, at least after being amended by others, would not work, and, unwilling to allow others to use it for their own purposes, did not shrink in 1881 from action which must be accepted as acknowledgment that fuller wisdom is gained by wider experience.

The Royal Commission which was thus asked for was at once granted, and was formally issued on May 16th, 1881. It was—

'to inquire into the constitution and working of the Ecclesiastical Courts, as created or modified under the Reformation Statutes of the 24th and 25th Henry VIII., and any subsequent Statutes, and with as little delay as possible to report to Her Majesty thereon.'

In such a Commission everything depended upon the *personnel* of the Commissioners, and it would probably be impossible to name a more distinguished or more impartial body of men than the eleven clergymen and the fourteen laymen who consented to serve. The Episcopate was represented by the two Archbishops and the Bishops of Winchester (Harold Browne), Oxford (Mackarness), and Truro (Benson); Deans were paired in the persons of Dean Lake of Durham and Dean Perowne of Peterborough; the learning of Oxford and Cambridge was prominent in Professor Stubbs and Professor Westcott, both of whom had also the experience of cathedral and of parochial cures; Mr. Ainslie was a prominent member of the Lower House of the Canterbury Convocation, and if Chancellor Espin's dignified position in the York Convocation

\* 'Life,' vol. ii., pp. 186-267.

was as yet in the future, he was already well-known as a scholar whose special attention had been given to ecclesiastical subjects, and whom the wise Bishop Jacobson of Chester had chosen for the now unique position of clerical Chancellor. Of the laity, the Judicial Bench was represented by the Chief Justice (Coleridge), Lord Penzance, Judge of the Provincial Courts, and the learned Sir Robert Phillimore, still Dean among ecclesiastical lawyers, though he had ceased to be Dean of Arches; while of eminent members of the Bar there were Dr. Deane, Mr. Charles, and Mr. Jeune—who had appeared on one or other side in all the great ecclesiastical suits of this generation. Lord Bath, Lord Devon, and Lord Chichester were known to take different sides in ecclesiastical politics; lay learning abounded in Lord Blachford and Mr. E. A. Freeman; and the practical politician was present in Sir Richard Cross, Sir Walter James, and Mr. Samuel Whitbread.

Nor was the selection of the witnesses less satisfactory than that of the Commissioners. Fifty-six persons, chosen as experts in historical and legal knowledge, as representing different sections of ecclesiastical opinion, as concerned in one or more of the prosecutions which had taken place, or offering themselves to give evidence on some special point, appeared before the Commission. Mr. John Kensit had not then made himself as notorious as he is now, and Lady Wimborne had not appeared as an expert in theology. Sir William Harcourt's ecclesiastical lore, though it astounded the House of Commons and probably himself in 1874, as it has astounded the readers of the 'Times' since, was probably not of the kind which would have stood the test of cross-examination by, say, Dr. Stubbs or Dr. Freeman, Mr. Charles or Mr. Jeune. But no possible source of valuable information and no shade of important opinion was unrepresented.

Nor did the Commissioners confine themselves to living witnesses; they received petitions and statements of facts and opinions from both public bodies and private individuals. More important, however, than any volunteer statements were the full replies to an elaborate paper of questions on ecclesiastical procedure which the Commissioners themselves prepared. Replies were received from the Anglican Churches in Ireland, Scotland, Canada (six different dioceses), Australia (seven different dioceses), Cape Town, United States of America (thirty-one different dioceses); and from non-Anglican Churches in Scotland (Established Church and Free Church), Austria, Belgium (Protestant Churches and Roman Catholic Church), France, Prussia (Cassel, Wiesbaden, Kiel, Older Provinces.



Provinces, Hanover), Russia, Norway, Sweden, Greece. To these are to be added Patents of Provincial and Diocesan Officials Principal, and Returns of Rules of Procedure in the Diocesan Courts of England and Wales.

Finally, the learned researches of Dr. Stubbs and other members of the Commission were embodied in a series of 'Historical Appendices,' containing a mass of information, the importance and accuracy of which—though certain details have aroused vigorous controversy—have been universally recognised by historians.

The Commissioners had before them, then, abundant materials for their sittings on forty-two days, in addition to the thirty-three days on which they received evidence. Their labours, which necessarily involved much private investigation and informal conference of which there is no record, were completed on July 13th, 1883, and the Report was issued in the following month.

Coming then to the Report which was the outcome of this very minute and extended process of enquiry and judgment, we may confine our attention for the most part to that portion of its recommendations which deals with cases of heresy and breach of ritual. Two subjects which Archbishop Tait and Archbishop Benson had much at heart—discipline in morals, and patronage—have been successfully dealt with by Acts of Parliament. The latter Act came into operation only at the beginning of the present year; but those who are most competent to form an opinion are full of hope that it will amply repay both to the Church and to the Government all that the Parliamentary struggle of last year cost. It was the third subject which caused the unrest of 1874, and which led to the Public Worship Regulation Act of that year, to the Commission of 1881, and to the Bill of 1888. As this Bill is based upon the Report, it will be convenient to consider them together, following the clauses of the Bill. Let it be premised only that the Bill is dated 1888 and was introduced in the House of Lords by Archbishop Benson along with another Bill dealing with immorality and neglect of duty on the part of clergy. The reason for its not being pressed forward was the Archbishop's anxiety that the graver evil of criminality and neglect should be dealt with first. The Bill comes, then, from a period of calm between two storms, and from the judicial mind of an Archbishop for whose opinions Churchmen generally—High Churchmen especially—should have grateful reverence. The present Archbishops and Bishops have wisely resolved not to modify legislation during a period

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of excitement, and have fallen back upon this Bill, which they have submitted to both Convocations, not necessarily for adoption, but simply as a convenient basis of discussion. The Lower House of the Canterbury Convocation unanimously, and the Lower House of York with only one dissentient, thanked the Archbishops and Bishops for taking this course. These votes should not be understood to express any opinion on the contents of the Bill, but they show a conviction that the time has come for endeavouring to secure satisfactory Ecclesiastical Courts, and a desire to co-operate with the Bishops for this purpose. If the variety of the elements which constitute the two Lower Houses of Convocation be considered, their practical unanimity in desiring such legislation, combined as it is with that of the bench of Bishops, is a fact of great weight.

The Archbishop's Bill commences with the enactment that:—

‘A complaint against a clerk for having been guilty of an offence against ecclesiastical law any in matter of doctrine or ritual may be made to the bishop of the diocese, . . . and the bishop on inquiry shall entertain or dismiss the complaint according as he is or is not satisfied that proceedings ought to be taken thereon. . . . The decision of the bishop dismissing a case shall be final. . . .’

This disposes of the ‘three aggrieved parishioners’ of 1874, but maintains the episcopal veto, and is exactly in accord with the Report, which finds reason for not restraining the general power of complaint in the fact that the Bishop's decision is to be final. The question of the episcopal veto is one on which there has been much difference of opinion, and of which we are likely to hear more in the immediate future. The Commissioners were by no means of one mind about it, and no less than seven of them (Archbishop Thomson, Lord Chichester, Lord Coleridge, Dean Perowne, Dr. Deane, Chancellor Espin, and Mr. Jeune), thought it important to record their dissent from the Report on the ground, as stated by the Archbishop, that—

‘except with this [the bishop's] permission the Courts will be closed entirely to a layman, who will have no right of appeal from their absolute decision, however great the wrong which he may conceive himself to have sustained.’ \*

Nor has the objection been expressed only by that section of the Church which is represented by these names. In a petition to Parliament against the Bill of 1874, which was promoted by High Churchmen, one of the objections was that,

\* ‘Report,’ vol. i., p. lxi.

‘instead



'instead of providing that all and every clerk complained against should be brought to trial in due form of law, the Bill leaves within the absolute and unfettered decision of each Bishop whether or not such complaint shall be proceeded with.'\*

On the other hand, we find no less eminent an authority than Lord Grimthorpe, Chancellor of York, differing from his Archbishop, and declaring in favour of the veto, though with an important distinction, which has in the discussion of this subject been too seldom observed:—

'I think the Bishop's veto on prosecution is quite right. . . . It is not quite right as it is exercised, I am afraid. It was intended by the Public Worship Act, and probably by the other Act too, that the Bishop's refusal should have real reference to the special case, and should not be founded on general grounds. Now, I have read in the newspapers that some Bishops have said they will allow no more prosecutions. I consider that distinctly taking on themselves to say that the Public Worship Act shall not be enforced, which is very nearly as bad as clerical disobedience. On the other hand, if a Bishop says, "I will not allow this suit because it is trivial, or mere persecution," or that sort of thing, it is perfectly right he should have that power, but the veto should be directed to the special circumstances of the case. Acts of Parliament are not passed for a Bishop to strangle throughout his diocese. . . . He has only to say, in particular cases, "From the circumstances of this case, I think this prosecution ought not to be allowed. It is frivolous, or spiteful," or anything he likes to say; and I think strongly that he ought to have the power of doing that; otherwise, you would have all sorts of trifling and perhaps malicious prosecutions.'†

The words of the Act of 1874, 'after considering the whole circumstances of the case,' seem to admit no other interpretation than that of Lord Grimthorpe, and the first veto, in the Wolverhampton case, by Archbishop Tait, closely follows this line.‡ When the returns which have been moved for in both

\* Cf. 'Life of Archbishop Tait,' vol. ii., p. 211.

† 'Report,' vol. ii., p. 266. Cf. Lord Grimthorpe's Draft Bill, § 14, *ibid.*, p. 495, and his note on it. 'The "three aggrieved parishioners" are an absurdity, and were only got in to make difficulties. . . . Filing reasons for refusing to allow a suit in the diocesan registry, under the Public Worship Act, is as absurd as it would be to require Justices to file reasons for refusing a summons with the clerk of the peace.'

‡ 'Life,' vol. ii., pp. 259, 260. So the House of Lords, while deciding that the Bishop's discretion is absolute, interpreted the Act of 1874 in *Allcroft v. The Bishop of London* (the St. Paul's *rededos* case), L. R. A. C. 1891. See especially Lord Herschell's opinion, in which he said: 'When the statute prescribes that the bishop's opinion is to be formed after considering the whole of the circumstances of the case, I think it must mean that the bishop is to consider all the circumstances which appear to him, honestly exercising his judgment, to bear upon the particular case, and upon the question whether he ought, in that case to prevent proceedings being taken' (pp. 680, 681).

Houses of Parliament become accessible, it will probably be found that in most cases of veto this example has been closely followed. Meanwhile the remarkable speeches on this question made by the Bishop of Winchester in the House of Lords are not likely to be forgotten; \* nor will men fail to be struck with the fact that the Liverpool Bill † now before the House of Commons, of which one main object is the abolition of the veto, is promoted by the Church Association and two kindred organisations, while the only Bishop on the Bench who has expressed his general intention to veto prosecutions is the Bishop of Liverpool. 'Nothing,' said this venerable prelate, speaking in the York Convocation on June 8th, 1898,—

'would induce me now to institute a prosecution. I gave consent to a prosecution in the case of one clergyman, but knowing what a bad effect it has had, I have made up my mind that I would never do anything again to promote a prosecution in a court of law.'

The strength of the argument against the episcopal veto lies in the legal maxim that 'there is no wrong without a remedy'; but much confusion has arisen from failing to distinguish between private and public wrong. The individual cannot claim in all secular matters to set the law in operation for the public good. The discretion of the Bishop is not greater than, or different in kind from, that of the Attorney-General or the Public Prosecutor who may refuse a *fiat*, or the Grand Jury which may throw out an indictment, or the Judge who may refuse leave to appeal, or the magistrate who may refuse to grant a summons. The Bill of 1888, like the Act of 1874 and the Act of 1840, claims for the Bishop of the diocese, in the public interests of the Church of England, this power of initial veto against the prosecution of any of his clergy. Eminent lawyers and the Privy Council were of opinion that the Bishop had this power previous to either Act, ‡ and the method in which prosecutions have been manufactured from without is in itself sufficient proof that to abandon it now would be to imperil rather than to establish the peace of the Church.

The constitution of the diocesan Court § follows closely upon the lines of the Report, and is based upon—

'the principle that the judicial authority in the court of the bishop resides in and should be exercised by the bishop himself, and that the diocese has a full right to assert this claim upon his superintendence.' ||

\* The 'Times,' February 10th, and March 4th, 1899.

† The 'Record,' March 8th, 1899.

‡ Phillimore, 'Ecclesiastical Judgments,' pp. 9 and 10.

§ Bill, § 3.

|| 'Report,' vol. i., p. lii.



The Bishop is to have the assistance of a theological assessor, to be chosen by himself after consulting his natural council the Dean and Chapter, and of a legal assessor, who is to be the Chancellor of the diocese or other person learned in the law. The obvious desirability of these provisions secured the adherence of all members of the Commission, and they are not likely to meet with serious objection. The Bill passes over suggestions providing for the inability or incapacity of the Bishop, but it will probably be found necessary to find room for them in some form. Nor is provision made for the very important suggestion of Hearing and Judgment by consent, in which case the decision of the Bishop, who shall have power to hear the matter in such manner as he shall think fit, is to be final; or for that of the Bishop's sending the case direct, if he thinks proper and both parties consent, to the Provincial Court. For this last omission much may be said, as the practice of sending cases by Letters of Request to the Court of the Province has in most dioceses done much to destroy the diocesan Court; but the Bishop's power to hear a case by consent and determine it without recourse to public litigation is surely much to be desired, and if it be thought that the power of appealing—to which we shall refer more fully hereafter—is provided by the rubric, it must be remembered that in so far as that power is exercised by means of a Court it is subject to appeal, and in so far as it is not, it cannot be generally binding.

The power of the diocesan Court\* introduces an important principle which appears again in the following section, where the appeal is to be dealt with 'in accordance with ecclesiastical law.' There is no such phrase in the Report, and it will be necessary to add a clear definition before it is placed on our Statute Book. As it stands, and in the light of recent utterances, this may be understood to include or to exclude the decision of the Privy Council, or to rehabilitate such portions of the Canon Law as are not contrariant to English Statute Law, and are therefore held to be binding. We shall doubtless have some authoritative exposition of the phrase in Convocation or elsewhere, and meanwhile it will be carefully watched. Another provision of this section, which directs that—

'in such case and under such conditions as may be prescribed the bishop may direct a case to be reheard by the diocesan court,'

is also one on which further information will be desired. The uninformed mind will wonder what condition can be

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\* Bill, § 4.

prescribed under which the Bishop should have visitatorial power over his own decision in his own Court.

The regulations for the Provincial Court \* follow closely the recommendations of the Commissioners, which on this point also were unanimous. The old power of the Official Principal is restored, the Judge of the Provincial Courts disappears, and the appeal is to be heard by the Archbishop in person, with the Official Principal, unless he directs the Official Principal to sit for him; and, in either event, with or without theological assessors not exceeding five in number, who are to be named from the Bishops of the Province or the Professors of divinity or ecclesiastical law in one of the English Universities. We have already pointed out that this is not in the terms of the Bill to be a Court of first instance, though the Report recommended that it might be so at the instance of the Bishop and with the consent of both parties.

Here then we have a restoration of the ecclesiastical Courts of the country as they existed in theory, if not in active practice, down to what every one admits to have been the unfortunate Act of 1874, with emphasis placed on the personal jurisdiction of the Bishop of the diocese and the Archbishop of the Province, and provision made for theological experts. To such a restoration no intelligent Churchman could, we think, object. Any clergyman against whom a charge might be made of error in doctrine or ceremony, would first have the decision of the Bishop of his diocese that there is a *bonâ-fide* case to answer; and without this no steps could be taken. If the complainant and defendant could agree to submit the matter to the decision of the Bishop there would be an end of the matter. If either declined this obviously desirable method of avoiding the scandal of litigation in matters pertaining to religion, there would be the diocesan Court, composed of the Bishop in person, together with a legal and a theological assessor. If either declined to accept the decision of this Court there would be the Provincial Court with the Archbishop or his Official Principal, or both together, with expert theological assessors. So far the Courts are undoubtedly spiritual, with an unimpeachable composition and history. The clerk would have every opportunity of being fully tried by the chief officer of the society to which he belongs, and late experience suggests that it would be possible to contemplate joint action of the two Provinces. We do not think that any spiritually-minded clerk would claim the right of further appeal, nor do we think that any complainant should

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\* Bill, § 5.



necessarily be allowed it. If there is lack of justice, or if any constitutional question arises as between Church and State, let the *fiat* of some officer of the Government—say, the Lord Chancellor or the Attorney-General—be required for further proceedings; for the question would no longer be one of individual right, and should not be one for the action of any individual or association of individuals.\*

The Final Court of Appeal, which is dealt with in the next section,† will naturally be the subject of much difference of opinion, and upon the conclusions which are arrived at with regard to it will depend the fate of the present Bill—not to say, to a large extent, the Establishment of the Church of England. The solution offered by the Commissioners is that ‘the Crown shall appoint a body of lay judges learned in the law, to whom such appeals shall be referred’;‡ but they place so much stress upon the connexion of this lay Court with the antecedent spiritual Courts that their statements ought to be quoted at some length :—

‘Passing on to speak of the necessary final appeal against the decisions of Ecclesiastical Courts, we desire to state that the scheme which we present on this subject should be regarded as a whole. It is not a series of disconnected propositions, such that it might be possible, consistently with the principles we consider essential, to select one portion to be carried out, whilst another is neglected or reversed.

‘The scheme is framed on the assumption that every subject of the Crown who feels aggrieved by a decision of any such Court, has an indefeasible right to approach the throne itself with a representation that justice has not been done him, and with a claim for the full investigation of his cause. No Ecclesiastical Court can so conclude his suit as to bar this right. But when we recommend that his appeal to the Crown should be heard by an exclusively lay body of judges learned in the law, this recommendation rests mainly on the fact that we have provided in earlier stages for the full hearing of spiritual matters by spiritual judges, *i.e.*, by judges appointed under recognised ecclesiastical authority, and unless we could assume that such ecclesiastical hearing could be assured, we should not have recommended a purely lay hearing in the last resort.

‘The function of such lay judges as may be appointed by the Crown to determine appeals is not in any sense to determine what is the doctrine or ritual of the Church, but to decide whether the impugned opinions or practices are in conflict with the authoritative formularies of the Church in such a sense as to require correction or punishment. Considering how widely different a matter the legal

\* Cf. the ‘Guardian,’ January 8th, 1898, and January 25th, 1899.

† Bill, § 6.

‡ ‘Report,’ vol. i., p. lvii.

interpretation

interpretation of documents must often be from the definition of doctrine, we hold it to be essential that only the actual decree as dealing with the particular case should be of binding authority on the judgments hitherto or hereafter to be delivered, and that the reasoning in support of those judgments and the *obiter dicta* should always be allowed to be reconsidered and disputed.

‘We have duly provided (in accordance with the policy of the Reformation Statutes, as it may be gathered from the preamble of the Statute of Appeals) for the obtaining on the part of the lay judges, by answers from the archbishops and bishops to specific questions, evidence as to the doctrine or view of the Church of England on questions before them.

‘And whilst a limited number of our body are of opinion that such references should be made in all cases of doctrine or ritual, we have on the whole judged it expedient to recommend that this obligation should only exist where one or more of the lay judges present at the appeal should demand it.’ \*

Working out these principles on the lines of the Report, Archbishop Benson and his advisers proposed that the defendant and the complainant, under such conditions as may be prescribed, should have the right of appeal from the Provincial Court to Her Majesty in Council, and that the appeal should be referred to an Ecclesiastical Appeal Committee, to be named by Order in Council, and to serve according to rota, not less than five being a quorum. They are all to hold or to have held high judicial office, to be members of the Privy Council, and to declare that they are members of the Church of England. They are not obliged to state reasons for their decision; but, if they do, each member of the Committee is to declare his opinion separately.†

The Bill further provides ‡ that questions of doctrine or ritual shall be referred by the Appeal Committee to an assembly of the Bishops and Archbishops of both Provinces, just as a reference is now made by the House of Lords to the Judges. In this assembly not less than eighteen are to form a quorum. It may desire the attendance of experts, and hear arguments and opinions before sending its opinion to the Appeal Committee. In establishing a reference to the Bishops, as to the Judges, the Bill follows the Report, which furnishes this explanatory note:—

‘The judges are summoned by order of the House of Lords to attend the hearing of any particular appeal, and arrange among themselves which of them are to come. At the close of the arguments specific questions are proposed to them. Upon this they deliver

\* ‘Report,’ vol. i., pp. liii–liv.

† Bill, §§ 6 and 7.

‡ Bill, § 8.



their opinions in writing, by which, however, the House of Lords is not bound.\*

But there is this essential difference between the Report and the Bill—that the Commissioners, as a whole, require the reference to be made to the Bishops only if this is demanded by one or more of the Appeal Committee, whereas the Bill directs that it shall be made in every case, thus referring every question of ritual or doctrine to the Bishops.

This important difference had arisen in the Commission itself; and five of the Commissioners thought it right to record their dissent from the majority, and their opinion that the reference ought to be made in every case.† The chief points in the discussion will be before us if we quote two important amendments which were considered and rejected by a majority of the Commission at their sixtieth meeting, April 5th, 1883:—

The Earl of Devon moved, and the Bishop of Oxford seconded the following:

‘That if, and so often as, in the hearing of any appeal by the said Court, any question arises affecting the doctrine or ritual of the Church of England, it shall be lawful for such Court, and they are hereby required, to refer such question of doctrine or ritual for their opinion to the archbishops and bishops of the Church of England in manner hereinafter provided, and the opinion of such archbishops and bishops upon such question, when duly certified to the said Court as hereinafter provided, shall be taken by such Court as conclusive evidence of the doctrine and view of the Church of England upon the point submitted to such archbishops and bishops, and shall be adopted and acted upon by such Court so far as may be necessary for the purposes of such appeal.’

And upon the general question of the appeal, Canon Stubbs moved, and the Marquis of Bath seconded, this principle:—

‘That for lack of justice at or in any of the Courts of the archbishops of this realm, it shall be lawful to the parties grieved to appeal to the Queen’s Majesty in Council; and that upon every such appeal the petition of the appellant shall be referred to the Lord Chancellor to examine into the same and report his opinion thereupon to Her Majesty at that board; and that, if the Lord Chancellor certify that, on consideration of the petition and having heard parties by their counsel, he considers the points of law which arose on the proceedings so important that it is fit that they should be heard and determined in the most solemn manner, he shall further report what those points are and whether they are points concerning temporal rights or spiritual law, and thereupon it shall be ordered that the

\* ‘Report,’ p. lviii.

† ‘Report,’ vol. i., p. lxii.

points defined to be of temporal or civil right be determined by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council [or by the House of Lords, if Her Majesty, with the advice of the Privy Council, shall so please], and the points defined to be of spiritual law by the archbishops and bishops of the two Provinces, who shall for the purposes of these appeals be constituted and recognised as a Court of doctrine.\*

Those who have had occasion to follow frequently in the footsteps of the present Bishop of Oxford know how fully they can trust the accuracy and firmness of his tread, and the main principle which he asserts here is one which underlies all English ecclesiastical legislation, at least from the Conquest onwards—secular causes to secular courts, spiritual causes to spiritual courts; while the implied principle that questions of doctrine or ritual, having often a secular side (as when tenure of property depends upon them), must in the long run be subject to an appeal to the supreme civil power, is equally incontrovertible. Sooner or later every spiritual society, conforming or dissenting, established or free, understands that it lives in a community which is subject to material conditions.

It is not surprising that Dr. Stubbs' amendment did not approve itself to a majority of the Commissioners, for in the form in which it appears it created a third possibility of appeal with a third submission of arguments, and added to complexity and delay and expense which had already become excessive. But this additional wheel, which mars the simplicity of the mechanism without adding to its power, is not necessary to the amendment. Such reference to the spirituality might be made simply on the *fiat* of the Lord Chancellor or by the Appeal Committee itself without arguments or delay. Whether a question which has been argued and formally decided in two inferior Courts does or does not involve any matters of doctrine ought to be capable of simple decision; and we have unearthed this amendment from the 'Minutes of Proceedings' in which it has been buried, because it presents, with all the weight of a great authority, the principle of our English constitution, that while an appeal lies in all causes and over all persons, ecclesiastical as well as temporal, to the Crown as supreme, the exercise of this supremacy is in causes spiritual through the spirituality. That this was so before the Reformation cannot be questioned; witness the Constitutions of Clarendon and Magna Carta, the 'Corpus Juris Canonici' and the pages of Lyndwood; witness the striking essays of Professor Maitland,†

\* 'Minutes of Proceedings,' pp. 13 and 14.

† 'Canon Law in the Church of England,' 1898.



which go far to show that Dr. Stubbs puts too low an estimate on the force of the Canon Law in mediæval England. That this was felt to be so during the Reformation settlement is proved by a comparison of the Acts, which are reprinted at the close of the first volume of the 'Report,' and by contemporary history. But it may be useful to direct attention to two documents which give evidence of the general state of opinion on ecclesiastical appeals during the sixteenth century. One of these is the 'Reformatio Legum,' which was the result of the labours of Commissioners originally appointed under Stat. 25 Henry VIII., cap. xix. (the 'Act for the Submission of the Clergy to the King's Majesty' of 1533-34), and continued under Edward and Elizabeth. That their stringent regulations never became law is a matter of thankfulness, though by this fact the ancient Canon Law, in so far as it is not 'contraryant or repugnant to the Kynges prerogatyve royall or the customes lawes or statutes of this realm,' still occupies the ground which the reformed Canons were intended to take. Framed under the influence of Cranmer, with such helpers as Peter Martyr and Rowland Taylor, printed under the care of John Foxe, the 'Reformatio Legum' was of the essence of the spirit of the Reformation; and probably neither sovereign nor subject, cleric nor layman, would have thought of questioning the following Canon:—

'From Archdeacons, Deans, and others who are below the dignity of a Bishop and have ecclesiastical jurisdiction appeal may be made to a Bishop, from a Bishop to an Archbishop, but from an Archbishop to our Royal Selves. And when the case has reached this stage we desire it to be determined either by provincial Synod, if it be a weighty matter, or by three or four Bishops to be appointed by us for that purpose. And when the case has been by these means determined and decided it can no more be subject to appeal. . . .'\*

Another representative of the extreme puritan party is Archbishop Grindal, whose position will be at once understood from the fact that he assisted Foxe in the 'Book of Martyrs.' He addresses the Queen in these terms:—

'I beg you, Madam, that you would refer all these ecclesiastical matters which touch religion, or the doctrine and discipline of the Church, unto the bishops and divines of your realm; according to the example of all godly Christian emperors and princes of all ages. For indeed they are things to be judged (as an ancient father writeth) *in ecclesia, seu synodo, non in palatio*. When your Majesty hath questions of the laws of your realm, you do not decide the same in

\* 'De Apellationibus,' cap. ii.; Cardwell, p. 302.

your court, but send them to your judges to be determined. Likewise for doubts in matters of doctrine or discipline of the Church, the ordinary way is to refer the decision of the same to the bishops and other head ministers of the Church.'

Canon Liddon, from whose evidence before the Commissioners this extract is taken,\* supports his view—that the objections of High Churchmen to the assumption by laymen of the right to disobey ecclesiastical *dicta* did not commence with the Caroline divines—by a reference to the thirty-seventh Article and the Injunctions of Queen Elizabeth. He quotes also the remark of King James I., who held very high views of the royal prerogative:—

'I never did nor will presume to create any articles of faith, or to be judge thereof; but to submit my exemplary obedience unto them [the Bishops of the Church] in as great humility as the meanest of the land';†

and the maxim of Bishop Andrewes, who was the King's chosen advocate for his supremacy against Bellarmine:—

'Docendi munus vel dubia legis explicandi, Rex non assumit.'‡

Nor would it in our opinion be difficult to prove that in this matter Anglicans and Puritans have by one of the ironies of history exactly changed places.

Dr. Stubbs' amendment would have been acceptable, as we understand it, to Henry VIII. and Edward VI., to Elizabeth and James I., to Cranmer and Peter Martyr, to Grindal and to Andrewes. It ought to be acceptable to-day to staunch Protestants and to High Churchmen alike, for it provides both a true view of the supremacy and a definite Ecclesiastical Court.

Lord Devon's amendment, while not creating an Ecclesiastical Court, provides that every question of doctrine shall be referred to the Episcopate and that their decision shall be accepted by the Court, which comes to much the same result in practice.

Both amendments were unfortunate enough to be rejected by the Commissioners, whose own recommendation seems to us to involve considerable difficulty, in making the reference depend upon the personal element of a demand from one of the Committee. In face of all the misunderstandings which have arisen from the composition of the Committee in the past this seems to be a real flaw in the Report, and it is a great satisfaction to find that in this particular the Bill departs from

\* 'Minutes of Evidence,' Q. 7385-7390.

† 'Apology for the Oath of Allegiance,' p. 269.

‡ 'Tortura Torti,' p. 380.



the Report, and directs that reference be made 'where any specific question touching a particular point of doctrine or ritual is in controversy in any case before the Appeal Committee.'\* Neither the Report nor the Bill requires in so many words that the opinion of the Episcopate shall be binding upon the Committee, but the objection on this point is more one of sentiment than of reality. The comparison with the reference by the House of Lords to the Judges shows what is intended and what would certainly happen in a committee whose leading members would be Judges and Peers.

In one smaller point we venture to differ from both the Report and the Bill. They agree in the requirement that each member of the Appeal Committee shall declare himself to be a member of the Church of England; but, if doctrine is to be referred to an Ecclesiastical Court, we want no such qualification on the part of those who are not to decide it. For purely legal decisions we want simply the best lawyers.

So far we have described with such fulness as is permitted by our space the important Bill which the Archbishops and Bishops have submitted for general consideration, and the Report of the weighty Commission which stands behind it. Two more general questions remain to be answered, and they will afford us opportunity for such further remarks as we propose to make. Is any legislation at this juncture desirable? and, if desirable, is it also practicable?

The answer to the first question is found in the action of Archbishop Tait, from which the Commission took its origin, and in the Report itself. All this presupposes further legislation. Other sections of the Report have been already embodied in Acts of Parliament. More than ten years ago Archbishop Benson and his suffragans thought the time had come, and the bench of Bishops think so now. The answer is found also in the unmistakeable evidence of widespread and dangerous unrest in matters of ritual and doctrine. This is seen in Parliament. The session is still in its infancy; but more than one debate on this question has already excited both the Lords and the Commons. Others are promised in the near future, while a day has been fixed for the second reading of a Bill, promoted by the Church Association, the National Club, and the Layman's League, which, as might be expected from its origin, reproduces the worst features, while it omits the safeguards, of the confessedly unworkable Public Worship Regulation Act. In

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\* Bill, § 8.

what we hope is the impossible event of its becoming law, this measure would revive the scandal of company-promoted prosecutions, and strengthen the hold of persecuted men on the affections of the English people. The history of the past might almost induce us to believe that such a Bill must be the product of Jesuits in disguise.

The prevalence of active discontent is evident enough, but it may be over-estimated. The press has probably created as much as it has brought to light. The question is not free from the extravagant colouring of interested parties. It will hardly be uncharitable to infer that the Protestantism of Sir William Harcourt has a political tinge. Lancashire members, who have been so prominent in this crisis, are not generally supposed to be blind to the value of Orange votes at the next election. But let all this be granted. There will remain the solid substratum of fact that the anti-Romish feeling of the 'staunch Protestant' has, during the last twelve months, been excited to a degree which, while no prudent statesman need consider it dangerous, neither statesman nor Churchman can wisely disregard. Reports as to the extent of so-called lawlessness in the Church may have been, certainly have been, grossly exaggerated by men whose profession it is to exaggerate, and by some also whose character and responsibility ought to have saved them from such errors. There may be dioceses—we are assured on the best authority that there are—where no such cases exist; but there are dioceses—and here, again, the authority is unimpeachable—where, under the belief that they were shielded by episcopal protection, clergymen have, for now several years, failed to discriminate between Catholic and Romish, and where services have taken place in churches of the Anglican Communion which are not to be distinguished by plain men from those of Rome. All honour to many of the clergy in question for the work they have done in spreading Christianity, for the self-denying lives they have lived. It is the halo of this glory which has surrounded them, and made their rulers blind to their excesses; but voluntary blindness cannot continue in the light of the revelations which have been made. The English people are long-suffering; but on some points they are fully resolved, and this is one. They will not allow the servants of the English Church to wear any part of the distinctive livery of Rome.

But, if lawlessness is to be effectively prevented, it must be by the acknowledged operations of law; and for this exercise of law there must be courts fully established in accordance with the constitution of the Church and the Realm, and recognised  
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by law-abiding people. Now, without entering into the tangled history of our present courts, we may take it as granted that the Bishop's personal and spiritual authority is absent from the Diocesan Court, as is that of the Archbishop from the Provincial Court, as is that of the Sovereign and the Synod from the Final Court of Appeal. The Commissioners, almost without exception, condemned these Courts, after having abundant proof of widespread dissatisfaction. The Lower House of the Canterbury Convocation carried unanimously, at its recent session, a resolution which asserted that 'the Ecclesiastical Courts do not, as at present constituted, command the confidence of the clergy as a body'; and this, too, as an amendment by Dr. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury, accepted by Dr. Gregory, Dean of St. Paul's, in place of the stronger words, 'have unhappily been grievously discredited.' Similar assertions were made and not questioned in the York Convocation and the Houses of Laymen. There is good ground for believing that it was never intended that the Judicial Committee should deal with cases of doctrine or ritual; and it may fairly be maintained that, while the old Court of Delegates was in essence an Ecclesiastical Court, the Judicial Committee is in essence a Civil Court. The Commission of 1831—a time when, be it remembered, Convocation was silenced and the Church had little of its present revived life and influence—reported that—

'The Privy Council, being composed of Lords *Spiritual* and Temporal, the Judges in Equity, the Chiefs of the Common Law Courts, the Judges of the Civil Law Courts, and other persons of legal education and habits who have filled judicial situations, seems to comprise the materials of a most perfect tribunal for deciding appeals from the Ecclesiastical Courts.'

Accordingly, by the Statute of 1832, ecclesiastical appeals were transferred from the Court of Delegates to the Privy Council as a whole. By the Statute of the following year the Judicial Committee was established, and while the jurisdictions which are referred to it are enumerated with minute particularity, there is no reference whatever to Courts Ecclesiastical, nor was a single ecclesiastical person placed upon the Committee. The simple fact is, as Bishop Blomfield said, that it 'came into no one's mind,' or as Lord Brougham, the author of the Act, afterwards explained it:—

'He could not help feeling that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council had been framed without the expectation of questions like that [*the Gorham case*] . . . being brought before it. It was created for the consideration of a totally different class of cases, and he had no doubt but that if it had been constituted with a view to

such cases as the present, some other arrangement would have been made.\*

The presence of Bishops on the Judicial Committee was not formally recognised until the Discipline Act of 1840, and then for the purposes of discipline only. The composition of the Committee, when sitting on ecclesiastical cases, has been frequently changed, as follows: from 1832-40, no Bishop; 1840-73, Bishops, members of the Committee for cases of discipline only, and, since 1843, for cases of the incapacity of Bishops; 1873-76, Bishops, assessors 'as should be determined by general rules;' 1876, Bishops, assessors in rotation, three at least to be present. The very frequency of these changes proves the unsatisfactory nature of the system.

Nor is it with the constitution only that dissatisfaction has been expressed. In one important case a judgment, vitiated by ignorance of the Prayer Book, had to be corrected after delivery. With regard to not a few points, contradictory decisions have been given.† We can hardly believe that this state of things, now that public attention has been called to it in the most authoritative manner, will be allowed to continue in matters ecclesiastical, as it certainly would not be in matters civil.

The necessity for legislation does not appear to be seriously

\* 'Hansard,' iii. 269.

† The 'Guardian,' February 15th, 1899, quotes the speech of a legal member of the Canterbury House of Laymen, who made the following charges against the authority of the Judicial Committee:—

'Twice they have declared that the ornaments of 1549 may be used and twice that they may not.

'Once that "standing before the table" in the Communion Office applies to what follows, and twice that it does not.

'That fine wheaten bread can be made into fine pieces and that it cannot, and that consequently Queen Elizabeth's Advertisement is inconsistent with her Prayer Book, and that it is not.

'That articles on which the defendant has been acquitted in the Court below may be re-tried in the Court of Appeal and that they may not.

'That a Cross placed over the holy table, but unattached to it, is lawful and that it is not.

'That it is lawful for the priest to stand in front of the holy table while consecrating and that it is not.

'That if it be lawful to burn altar lights, it is yet unlawful to light them.

'That Queen Elizabeth's Advertisements were issued in 1564, and that they were not issued till 1566.

'That the present Ornaments Rubric was inserted in 1559 and that the rubric of 1559 was thrown aside when it was inserted.

'That the general destruction of the vestments preceded the publication of the Advertisements, and that it followed after such publication.

'That a man can prostrate himself while standing and without bending the knee.'

These charges may be exaggerated, but they have not been refuted, and they contain, at all events, a large proportion of truth.



affected by the proposal of the present Archbishops, made, as it is understood to be—though this is not formally stated—with the consent of the Bishops, to constitute themselves arbitrators under Cranmer's original preface to the Prayer Book, which is now, with slight omissions, printed after the preface, and entitled, 'Concerning the Service of the Church.' The proposal was made in the form of the following statement, which was published by direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury:—

‘INTERPRETATION OF THE RUBRICS.

‘And forasmuch as nothing can be so plainly set forth but doubts may arise in the use and practice of the same; to appease all such diversity (if any arise) and for the resolution of all doubts concerning the manner how to understand, do, and execute the things contained in this Book; the parties that so doubt, or diversely take anything, shall always resort to the Bishop of the Diocese, who by his discretion shall take order for the quieting and appeasing of the same; so that the same order be not contrary to anything contained in this Book. And if the Bishop of the Diocese be in doubt, then he may send for the resolution thereof to the Archbishop.’—‘Book of Common Prayer.’

‘The Archbishops have agreed that, in order to give more confidence to the clergy and laity that their views and opinions shall be fully considered, before any final decision is given by either Archbishop on any question submitted to him in accordance with the above quoted directions of the Prayer Book, he will allow those who are concerned in the case to argue the matter openly before him either personally or by counsel. And to guard against contradictory decisions in the two Provinces, neither Archbishop will pronounce his decision without first consulting the other Archbishop.’\*

The Archbishop of York has, in the ‘York Diocesan Magazine’ for March, 1899,† made a further announcement in which attention is called to the fact that no provision is made for the case of an Archbishop who is also Bishop of a diocese, and stated that the laity may appear before the Archbishops in person or by counsel ‘under the present temporary scheme.’

It is of importance to consider, in connexion with this proposal of the Archbishops, the recommendations of the Commissioners of 1881:—

‘Your Majesty's Commissioners next desire to recognise the fact that the Bishop has a paternal authority inherent in his office which can rightly be exerted to avert litigation.

‘(1) Prior, therefore, to any recommendation as to judicial proceedings the Commissioners feel bound to direct special attention to

\* The ‘Times,’ January 21st, 1899.

† The ‘Times,’ March 8th, 1899.

that

that passage in the preface to the Prayer Book by which it was evidently intended to provide for the exercise of such paternal authority, to which a clergyman and his parishioners when not agreed on matters of ritual should always have recourse. . . .

'This same preface, as it appeared in the Prayer Books both of 1549 and of 1552, contained further the statement that "the curates shall need none other books for their public service but this book and the Bible"; and hence it appears that the book in respect of which the Bishop is to take orders was and is the whole Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, and that his personal authority is not limited to particular portions of it, such as the Morning and Evening Prayer.

'(2) Again, the Archbishop has a right to take counsel with his provincial bishops, and when the circumstances of the time suggest it or reasonable expectations require it, with respect to any matter brought into dispute, to issue a statement or exposition, having regard to the formularies of the Church, with a view to allaying disquietude and meeting difficulties.' \*

This language of the Commissioners, as that of the Archbishops, is widely different from, and is to be carefully distinguished from, much that has been said and written by irresponsible persons. To compare this paternal authority with the Court of Archbishop Benson and to speak of appeals from it to the Judicial Committee, or of its decisions overriding existing laws and decisions, is wholly to misunderstand it. Within its own limits and regarded as a 'temporary scheme,' its possible beneficent influences should be fully recognised; it is to be hoped that the wisdom of the Archbishops who have determined to exercise their paternal authority will be made effective by the hearty co-operation of all loyal Churchmen.

It is perhaps to be regretted that the Archbishops have not given a more formal statement of the course which they propose to pursue, and some confusion has in consequence arisen. The clause in the Preface to the Prayer Book was doubtless intended to express the private personal jurisdiction which is inherent in the episcopal office, and has been constantly exercised; its discharge, now by interview, now by letter, forming no small portion of the Bishop's regular duty. The clause further provides that in case the Bishop is in doubt, he may consult the Archbishop; but it gives no right to the clergy to appeal from their Bishop to the Archbishop, and still less does it give any right to parishioners to appear. When it was written, the ordinary ecclesiastical Courts were in regular

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\* Report, p. liv.



operation, and no one can suppose that it was intended to withdraw from their purview cases which involved points to be argued by advocates and canonists. It is the paternal authority of the *forum domesticum*, which is meant to prevent litigation. In points of difficulty, a Bishop or the Archbishop may obviously desire the assistance of experts; but the less the form and appearance of a Court is given to that which is not a Court, and the less the term 'Court' is used in connexion with it, the less the difficulties which will follow.

But in any case the difficulties are not likely to be few. Those who most loudly applaud this new 'Spiritual Court' do so apparently in the conviction that its judgments will be in their favour, and they have already given ominous hints that their obedience is conditional. Twenty years ago Archdeacon Denison protested against the use which it is proposed to make of the clauses from Cranmer's Preface.\* Quite recently, at a meeting of at least two hundred and twenty clergy, representing not themselves alone, held under the chairmanship of Prebendary Villiers, it was resolved among other things:—

'That the clergy owes it to "the whole Catholic Church of Christ," faithfully to refuse to obey any demands, even though they come in the name of authority, which conflict with the law, usages, customs, and rites of the Church, whether œcumenical or provincial, which have canonical authority.'

This resolution—though it had no special reference to the Archbishops' proposal, which was not then announced—was sent to each Bishop. The English Church Union informally repudiated responsibility for this meeting, and the names of those who were present have not been disclosed; but it would be interesting to know on what principle they were invited, and how many of them were not members of the Union. Mr. Bayfield Roberts, the vicar of Elmstone, a member of the Council of the Union, moved the first resolution; and the view presented by him at the Branch meeting of the Union at Brighton, the organising secretary being present and not objecting, is on the same lines. We quote from extracts, on authority which will not be questioned:—

'Supposing the Archbishop decided that in his opinion incense was unlawful, what were they going to do? If they were true to the Church they would disobey him (loud applause). . . . The Archbishop of Canterbury was not the spiritual authority in this matter at all. He was the Metropolitan, and the proper Court of Appeal was the Synod of the Province, and if they took it up and

\* 'Notes of my Life,' p. 351.

judicially interpreted it there would be an end of it. But he wanted to be perfectly honest and say that if the Provincial Synod forbade incense it would forbid that which was Catholic and oecumenical. And they could not obey that; they would disobey (applause).’\*

On the other side of the page from which we have just quoted is a full report of a great representative gathering of the Church Union in London, at which a document, variously called a ‘Declaration,’ a ‘Humble Petition,’ and a ‘Statement,’ was read. This document is couched in language which must be rare in ‘humble petitions’ to the Crown, and is suggestive rather of an ultimatum or a challenge. It was at once forwarded to the Archbishops and Bishops, and its objects cannot be hidden. It was also forwarded to the newspapers, where ordinary members of the Union saw it for the first time. Even the delegates had no opportunity of examining it, and there could be no expression of opinion on it. Every care was taken that it should not be known until the proper moment, and then it was agreed to unanimously, a fact which shows that the President and Council have their subordinates well in hand, and that the doctrine of Passive Obedience is not unrecognised in the ranks of the English Church Union. Then we have another paper, undated, but sent to the ‘Times’ on March 4th by the Dean of St. Paul’s, who is not a member of the Union, but had received this memorandum, which had been sent to every clerical member of the Union, and is signed by the initial of its President, ‘H.’ The kind-hearted Dean, with his natural longing for peace, commends this paper; but it is fundamentally opposed to the principle which the Dean has held and taught through a long and honoured life of service to the Church, and which he led the Lower House of the Canterbury Convocation to assert unanimously at its last session, when it desired—

‘to express its loyalty to the Bishops and the doctrines of the existing Prayer Book, and its determination to do all that lies in its power to secure obedience to both the written and living voice of the Church of England, thereby assuaging the prevailing anxiety.’

Does the Dean suppose that Lord Halifax means this? Let us note first what is not said. It is a great meeting of the Union. The President has before him the resolutions of the

\* The ‘Church Times,’ March 3rd, 1899. Those who remember the tone of a partisan meeting and of the partisan press in August 1890, discounting the Archbishop’s judgment in the Lincoln case before it was delivered, will be struck by the parallel.



Holborn meeting, presided over by a prominent member of his own Council, and sent to every Bishop on the bench. Does the Union disapprove of these resolutions? Has the President a single word to say against them? Again, the President had before him the report of the Brighton meeting, in which Mr. Bayfield Roberts used such definite language in the presence of the official Secretary of the Union. Is this the policy of the Union or is it not? Has the President one word to say in condemnation? The inference from this silence can hardly be doubtful.

Let us further note what the President *does* say:—

‘Don’t misunderstand me. I think it will be our wisdom and our duty to avail ourselves of this opportunity [of reference to the Archbishops]. But, obviously, no one can pledge himself beforehand to a decision of which he does not know the contents. If, for example—I put an impossible case, as I hope—even a Bishop should say that, according to the present law of the Church of England, divorce with remarriage is not contrary to the present law of the Church of England, he could hardly expect the clergy to accept a statement so contrary to the fact.’\*

The significance of this example, chosen in connexion with the proposed reference to the Archbishops, will be the more striking if it is remembered that, just three weeks before, the Archbishop had sent a letter to ‘Father’ Black which was widely published in the press, and contained the following passage:—

‘The Book of Common Prayer does not pronounce marriage indissoluble. It declares that whom God hath joined together no man may put asunder. Our Lord’s exception in the case of adultery shows that a divorce in such a case is not man’s but the Lord’s.’

What, again, we may ask, is the attitude which these professors of obedience and disobedience intend to maintain in the face of the decisions of both Archbishops that the ceremonial use of incense is unlawful? The Archbishop of Canterbury has declared in his recent Charge, which was rightly regarded as delivered not only to his own diocese, but *urbi et orbi*:—

‘It is the rule of strict ceremonial that makes it unlawful by the Church’s law to elevate the consecrated Elements in the Communion Office, to use incense ceremonially, . . .’†

\* Speech at the Grafton Galleries.

† ‘Charge delivered at his First Visitation,’ 1898, p. 27.

Still more definite is the utterance of the Archbishop of York:—

‘I proceed now to a kindred question of some difficulty—the use of incense in the services of the Church. In so far as this is a ceremony not prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer, its introduction into any parish church is an infringement of the principle which the Church has enunciated in dealing with this matter. It is clear that upon the principles laid down by the Church, the ceremonial use of incense, as in the censuring of persons or things, cannot be sanctioned, and on this point the *judgment of the whole English Episcopate* has been unanimous.’\*

Opposition to these declarations would involve not only a conflict with the Archbishops, it would also involve a conflict with the decision of the Archbishop of Canterbury’s ecclesiastical Court, which has never been subject of appeal, and is now law. Twice over, Sir Robert Phillimore, who was a duly and canonically qualified Dean of Arches, whose jurisdiction has never been questioned, and whose learning was as conspicuous as his churchmanship, pronounced the ceremonial use of incense to be illegal.† Several points in these judgments were matters of appeal to the Judicial Committee, but the decision upon incense was not one of them, and it remains, therefore, as a legally binding judgment of the Dean of Arches, that is, of the Archbishop of Canterbury’s Official Principal.

Such are the decisions of constituted authority. But what is the temper of the Union? Read the language employed in the Humble Petition to the Sovereign:—

‘We have asserted, and we assert again, . . . . We have maintained, and we shall continue to maintain . . . . We have denied, and we deny again . . . . It is hateful to us even to seem to be in opposition to the Bishops . . . . These are the principles which the members of the Union have maintained in the past, they are the principles they will continue to maintain in the future.’

The Memorandum begins by saying:—

‘The government and ruling of the Church is entrusted by our Lord to the Episcopate, the successors of the Apostles. The Bishop rules his diocese *jure divino*. He is bound to *hear his clergy*, but he is the supreme authority.’

But it concludes that—

‘As to the decisions of the Metropolitan, no decisions of Bishops or Metropolitan can be assented to *explicitly beforehand*—obedience

\* ‘An Advent Pastoral Letter,’ 1898, p. 15.

† ‘*Martin v. Mackonochie*’ and ‘*Sumner v. Wix*.’ Phillimore, ‘*Ecclesiastical Judgments*,’ pp. 87-91 and 154-157.



to them must depend on what they are; there can be no such thing as absolute and unconditional obedience to any power but God.\*

It is strange how extremes do meet. It was, perhaps, the signature 'H.' which reminded us that we had seen the President's argument in summary before. We turn to Hooker, and there we find it quoted from T. C. (Thomas Cartwright), the Puritan controversialist. If H. would meet H., we refer him to the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' viii. 8, 6, where he will find the argument demolished by one of the first and greatest of Anglican divines.

If now we combine the statements of the Holborn non-Union meeting of Union members, and those of the Brighton Branch meeting, and those of the London Central meeting, and those of the President himself, confirmed, as we are sorry to observe, by his address on Ecclesiastical Courts at the Church House,† and if we ask what this new theory of obedience really is, does it not come to these expanding circles?—(1) the Bishop, who is absolute in the diocese, but with appeal to—(2) the Provincial Synod, which is absolute in the Province, but with appeal to—(3) the National Synod, which is absolute in the national branch of the Catholic Church, but with appeal to—(4) an Œcumenical Council, which has not met for centuries, and probably will not meet for centuries, but—(5) acting for it until it does meet, and superior to it after it has met, the Council of the English Church Union, and its pope—we shrink from naming him, but the initial is obviously H. This is, we venture to assert, not the 'loyalty' and 'obedience' which the Dean of St. Paul's has at heart, and which he led his brethren in Convocation to express.

The conclusion appears obvious that, to substitute order for disorder, to strengthen the hands of constituted authority, and, by establishing a judicature acceptable to law-abiding Churchmen and citizens, to evade a disastrous conflict, early legislation is imperative.

There remains the further question: Is such legislation practicable? That it cannot be undertaken without the

\* Memorandum signed 'H.' In this connexion it is worth while to note the late Lord Selborne's reference to the Union some twenty-five years ago. 'I have never liked the society system, even in those fields of action in which Churchmen of all ranks, and of all shades of opinion, accepted and made use of it. This new extension of it to doctrine, worship, and discipline, seemed to me to be an intrusion upon the episcopal office, repugnant to the Catholic profession with which it was accompanied.' ('Memorials Personal and Political' (1898), i. 339.)

† The 'Times,' January 10th, 1899; cf. a letter to the 'Times,' March 21st.

support, if not the active co-operation of the Government, is obvious. Is the Church justified in asking such help from the Government, and would the Government be justified in giving it? Ministers will not need to be reminded, Churchmen must be conscious, and in the course of this article it has been made clear, that legislation on such subjects is not to be entered upon without counting the cost. But the present Ministers and their supporters know what Churchmen can do when their energies are fairly roused in a great cause; and the question therefore resolves itself into the simpler form, Can anything like thorough and united support for such legislation be expected from Churchmen? Would they, in plain language—for it ultimately comes to this—rally round the cry, ‘Justice for the Church,’ as they rallied to repel the attack of disestablishment?

There is happily at hand a fair means of testing this feeling. If it be true that a meeting of the National Synod is to be summoned, together with the Houses of Laymen of Canterbury and York, the whole Church of England will be as fully represented as is now possible. Is it too much to hope that this assembly of varied elements will follow the example of the Commissioners upon whose labours the Archbishop’s Bill is based, and weigh their many differences in the spirit of unity and peace until they come to a harmonious and definite decision? The strident voices of extreme men on either side we have already heard and are likely to hear again; but they will produce little effect on the massive common sense of the English Church and people, which will cry: ‘A plague on both your houses!’ and will have neither the Bill of the Church Association with its non-Church allies, nor the Declaration of the English Church Union with its tocsin of disunion. The Elizabethan settlement has from the first been a legitimate compromise which is necessary to the comprehensiveness of a National Church. The Archbishop’s Bill offers without sacrifice of any principle a *via media* which is also a *via vera*, not *vera quia media*, but *media quia vera*.

Few persons would think the Report or the Bill ideally perfect. We have shown that we do not; but constitutions grow, and are not made. Men and facts have to be taken as they are. We are not writing on a *tabula rasa*, but adding to the chequered history of many centuries. No one would claim finality for the Bill in its present form: the very object of thought and deliberation is to amend. But it must be remembered that a Court which shall be in principle approved by the English Episcopate and the National Synod, will be, in the



the opinion of many competent authorities, a spiritual Court, though it consist entirely of laymen. Witness, for example, Canon Body, a trusted counsellor of the English Church Union:—

‘Spiritual sanction’ is ‘synodical recognition.’ ‘The Court that comes to me claiming my allegiance in sacred things must come to me clothed with credentials given to it by the sacred synods of the realm.’\*

This view is also stated in the answer of Canon Wilkinson (now Bishop of St. Andrews), who spoke as follows on behalf of himself and others:—

‘What I and my friends feel is this: “We do not care comparatively what the constitution of the Court is, provided it comes to us from the deliberations of the Kingdom of God, as represented by the Church of our country in her spiritual capacity. We care not comparatively what the special plan is, provided it comes to us confirmed by our Church, after she has been permitted gravely to consider the subject.”’†

The same view is expressed in the formal declaration of the Union in 1884, repeated by the President in 1899: ‘Any scheme for the reconstitution and regulation of the Ecclesiastical Courts can acquire spiritual validity only from the legislative authority of the Church herself in her synods.’‡

On the other hand, if doctrine is referred to the Episcopate, it will be referred to men all of whom will have been nominated by the Crown. The spiritual sanction will exist in the lay Court as in the Episcopal advisers; the Royal Supremacy will be secure in the spiritual advisers as in the lay Court. And what surely can be claimed is that, if the National Synod and House of Laymen are guided to a decision which, if not what each man would desire, is yet what each man can in the spirit of the Divine Head of the Church accept,§ every loyal Churchman will receive this decision as binding upon himself, and spare no effort to give it the legislative effect which by common consent is needed for the peace of the Church.

Lord Halifax rightly laid stress, in the presidential address to which we have referred, upon the respect due to the opinion of Canon Carter. As we read the venerable Canon’s letter,

\* ‘Minutes of Evidence,’ Q. 3535 and 3563.

† *Ibid.*, Q. 1787.

‡ ‘The Church Times,’ March 17th, 1899.

§ ‘Notwithstanding, lest we should offend them, . . . give unto them for me and thee.’ (Matthew xvii. 26, 27.)

memory travelled backwards to another letter from him which is still more appropriate to the present distress :—

‘It is a subject of deep regret that, through a combination of circumstances into which it is impossible now to enter, the Court of Appeal has assumed its present shape, and that both the original constitution and the amended state of the existing Court are due to Acts of Parliament, *without any reference to the Church in Convocation*. But it is fair to note that the Church made no protest or remonstrance against these proceedings, neither through her Convocation nor through her Bishops in Parliament. We can hardly deny, therefore, that the arrangement has been virtually accepted through our representatives. And further, if we had now permission to constitute a Court consisting of the spirituality alone, according to the terms of the compact under Henry VIII., we should have the extremest difficulty, in our divided state, in forming one satisfactory to the whole body of the Church—most difficulty of all in forming one satisfactory to High Churchmen. It is hardly a secret—the belief is rife—that the Purchas judgment is due to the influence of the episcopal members of the Court—that had it been left to the lay members it would have been more favourable to the Church party. Churchmen have considered it a boon that by the recent change Bishops are excluded from the Court as judges, and regret that they still remain as assessors. I write this with shame and sorrow; but it is needful to contemplate facts when we are anxiously considering present duty. It ought also to be remembered that High Churchmen, in the St. Paul and St. Barnabas case, welcomed the judgment of this Final Court as against the then adverse action of the Arches, and gladly profited by it. It is hardly fair now to regret the very existence of the Court because the facts happen to be reversed. We cannot play fast and loose, triumphing when the Court is favourable to us, utterly condemning it when unfavourable.’\*

If Lord Halifax will really guide himself and his well-trained party by the principles of Canon Carter, he will do much to solve the question of a Final Court of Appeal, and render an inestimable service to the Church which he loves, if not always wisely, yet always well.

Soon after the Public Worship Regulation Act came into effect, some High Churchmen of the day—a band of learned and devoted men they were—thought it right to establish a quarterly ‘Review’ for the purpose of setting forth from a literary standpoint the position which they claimed, and this ‘Review’ has since had a most honourable career. The first number naturally dealt with the new Act and High Church policy, and these are the concluding words :—

\* See whole letter in the ‘Guardian,’ March 18th, 1874.

‘But



'But whatever shape the discussions may assume, we trust that they will not take the form of questioning the legitimacy of the tribunal itself—not as a maker of Church law, but as an expositor of the legal meaning of existing documents. Church and State have played too long into each other's hands in England to make it decent for either partner abruptly to repudiate the connection. . . . If, in dealing with the questions that must come before them, our Judges will take the pains to realise the Church of England in its historical continuity and the fulness of its traditionary doctrine; and if on their part Churchmen will condescend to range themselves behind that Church and not usurp its name for the ventilation of their own individual fancies, all will be well. With mutual suspicion, with popularity-hunting, with intentional extravagance, a tempest may be stirred up, under which even so gallant and well-appointed a barque as the Church of England—we mean, of course, in her capacity of the recognised and established teacher of the realm—may heave over and sink to the bottom.'\*

The eminent layman who wrote these words 'being dead yet speaketh.' Of all the great services which he rendered to the Church none will be greater than this lesson if the present generation of Churchmen will seriously take it to heart. The Church of England has now an opportunity which many of her wisest sons have longed and worked for during many years. If she can consolidate her forces, she must, from her unique position at home and abroad, win victories in the years to come, compared with which those of the years that are past are but as the seed to the harvest. But consolidation cannot take place on either wing: it must be on central lines. It is for those whose enthusiasm and devotion have carried them to extremes to hear the voice of the leaders whom they believe to be divinely appointed; and to hear in it the voice of God.

Since the above article was put in type we have received a copy of a letter which has been addressed by Lord Halifax to the Bishop of Winchester and deals with some of the questions which we have discussed.† As addressed to the Bishop, it may safely be left in the hands of one who has a fulness of knowledge in these matters which is happily guided by the wise judgment of a statesman; but, as issued to the public, it might seem wanting in respect for one with whose opinions we have been obliged to differ, if no reference were made to it.

The letter contains nothing which has not been accessible to all students of the subject, and nothing therefore which leads us

\* 'Church Quarterly Review,' No. I., pp. 229-30.

† 'The Rights of the Church of England under the Reformation Settlement. A letter to the Lord Bishop of Winchester. By Viscount Halifax. 1899.

to modify any opinion which we have expressed; but the writer has done good service in reprinting some documents, especially Bishop Blomfield's Bill and Speech of 1850. The letter is from Viscount Halifax, not from the President of the English Church Union, and is therefore to be regarded as an *obiter dictum*, not as an infallible statement *ex cathedrâ*. We are glad to miss the defiant tone of more formal utterances; and yet even this more temperate statement is vitiated by a scarcely veiled threat of disestablishment of the Church, 'because its rulers had been incapable of perceiving the time of its visitation'; and by the underlying fallacy that, while the Bishops in virtue of their sacred office and responsibilities are the ultimate authorities under God for the doctrine and the discipline of the Church, they are to be taught their duty by a layman who has been called to no special office or responsibility.

Lord Halifax lays great stress, as we have done, on the historical essays which Bishop Stubbs contributed to the Report of the Commission of 1881. The great wisdom and sound judgment and churchmanship of Bishop Stubbs led him to sign the Report, though it did not embody some of the main principles for which he contended, and in doing so he set an example which wise men will follow.

The spirit in which clergy and laity alike should approach this question may be expressed in words which will, we are assured, command the general assent of Churchmen and we believe of Lord Halifax. Canon Wilkinson, from whom we have already quoted, was asked:—

'I understand you to say any Court would do, provided it obeyed the spiritual authority as represented by the synods of the Church?'

He answered:—

'Provided it had been recommended to the conscience of the Church by the synods of the Church. I look upon the Lower House of Convocation as constituted to assist the Upper House and to do such works as are entrusted to us; and I believe with the most perfect confidence, your Grace, without a shadow of doubt, that if the Upper House of Convocation, in solemn synod, having considered all that has passed and all that is now known on those subjects, did deliberately recommend—after taking the advice of the Lower House, and considering carefully the suggestions of the Lower House—if it recommended any Court, it would be so prevented and guided by the Holy Spirit that it would not recommend, for the conscience of the country generally, any Court that we could not obey.\*'

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\* 'Report,' Q. 1790.



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